The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 8, 1962

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Fashion afloat! Margo wears a gay "signal flag" top with white duck tapered slacks. Both by Jantzen.

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● A Sydney woman tells us that Richard Burton's fame as an actor was predicted in 1945 by his young brother Graham, who, with other homesick British Servicemen, used to visit her home.

BURTON'S real surname is Jenkins, and Mrs. Maldwyn Rees says Graham Jenkins, then 18, used to speak a lot about his brother.

"Graham felt Richard would make a great name for himself in the theatre and charged us to remember his brother's name was Richard Burton," writes Mrs. Rees.

"Graham came to our Bondi home, as many hundreds of Welsh and American Welsh servicemen did, in search of a 'Welsh' home and atmosphere.

"We saw quite a lot of him—whenever his naval unit called at Sydney it was the Rees' home for him and two of his close friends.

"I befriended hundreds of homesick boys, and that is how Graham and his friends came."

Referring to Joseph Holt's article about Richard Burton (in our July 4 issue), Mrs. Rees says that it isn't correct that Richard was the youngest of the thirteen Jenkins children — she says Graham was the "baby" of the big family.

"I found Joseph Holt's article very interesting — I hope you will forgive the correction.

"In Sydney's Welsh community are many folk who came from villages near where Richard Burton was reared."

Our cover

Paris-inspired matchbox suit worn by Janice Wakely, one of the three Australian mannequins in our All-Australian Fashion Parades. It is in the new season's fabric, gazar, which is like silk lint in texture.

The bloused bodice partially hides the flat bow and ends at the front of the left hip.

The loose-swinging jacket has a little flat collar coming from the front of the neckline. The picture hat is of the gazar and has plain rouleaux set at intervals on the drooping brim.

The two other Australian girls in the parades, Joan Green and Kaia Stanford, model some of the fashions in our preview (page 29).

Picture by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

A READER from Adelaide, after reading our article "A Peep Into American Homes" a few weeks ago, has pointed out some of the drawbacks which, she says, the Australian housewife puts up with.

One is "the silly and dangerous bit of bent tin that passes for a dustpan."

"A real dustpan, strong and well made, which will do the job safely at one time is hard to get here," says the reader, Mrs. F. Baker.

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DAWN TURNS THE CORNER

– after year of heartbreak

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Life has recently dealt more than a fair share of black moments to Dawn Fraser, but she has come up smiling and still looks like being one of the shining swim successes at the Commonwealth Games in Perth in November.

SPEED SWIMMER Dawn Fraser giving a sunshine smile during the Australian Championships in Melbourne this year.

SHE'S so full of determination and confidence, in fact, that she aims to celebrate by becoming the first woman in the world to "crack the minute" for 110 yards.

To break through this speed barrier has always been thought physically impossible for a woman, but Dawn has never known the meaning of "impossible."

If she had, she could never have become a competitive swimmer. And she could never have kept on swimming after the heartbreak of the past year or so.

During this time she's been widely (many think wrongly) condemned by swimming officials as a "bad sport" and "poor ambassador" because of an incident during the 1960 Rome Olympics. She's been banned from overseas tours.

Her father, to whom she was deeply devoted, has died of cancer, and her marriage plans have toppled.

But Dawn has never lived on easy street. From her schooldays in the Sydney suburb of Balmain she has had to have a champion's courage to get anywhere.

When she was just 13 her big brother Don, who'd taught her to swim when she was five (and predicted she'd be a champ), died of leukemia; her father was sent to hospital with acute bronchial asthma; her mother was seriously ill with heart trouble.

Left school early

Dawn defied truant officers to stay home from school and look after her mother. She finally got special permission to leave school before the legal age.

Later she took a job in a dress factory. Her daily routine was breakfast, training at Drummoyne baths, the factory, more training, then to a milk bar where she worked at night to save enough money for proper training.

In 1955 she went to Adelaide to train with Harry Gallagher, got a job as floorwalker in a city store, and, working normal hours with regular meals, was able to give her best to swimming for the first time in her life.

A year later she won a silver and two old medals at the Melbourne Olympics. rom then till the Rome Games in 1960, en she broke the Olympic record to win 100-metres event for the second succes- time, Dawn's world was solid gold.

She cracked so many records she was called "Crackers" Fraser. Every time she put on racing togs she won new praise, new fans.

If there was any sadness in Dawn's life it was that training kept her in Adelaide and her visits to Sydney were not frequent enough to satisfy this real family girl.

Otherwise everything was rosy. She was feted during overseas trips, she had skads of friends, and on the eve of her departure for Rome she announced her engagement to a Sydney boy.

During the Games, Dawn collected suggestions on a wedding gown from the famous Fontana sisters, a gold medal, and enough criticism to make the average competitive swimmer give up.

The trouble began when Dawn, sick and over-worked, refused to swim a heat for a team-mate, then allegedly slapped her face.

It was the end of the golden era. "The black rot certainly started then," Dawn said.

Throughout 1961 the controversy raged. Then came the end of her engagement — something she'd "rather not talk about."

A bright start was made to 1962, when she was the Australasian winner of the 1961 Helms World Trophy Award.

But this sparked another controversy among sports officials who claimed that, though Dawn might have deserved the award in earlier years, she'd won nothing but trouble in '61.

Dawn, already shaken by her father's death, could have been forgiven for throwing in the towel then.

Instead her main ambition now centres on the Commonwealth Games.

She is training hard in Melbourne, and when I phoned her recently from Sydney she was full of enthusiasm and confidence.

Just back from a weekend in Victoria's snow country, she said: "It was my first time on skis, and I wasn't too hot. I've got a lot of bumps and bruises, but no broken legs or anything that would keep me from trying to crack that minute in Perth."

Her present world record for the distance is 60.2 secs.

"I have great hopes of success in Perth because I've never felt fitter and my mental attitude is right," Dawn said. "Without the right mental approach you can never hope to get anywhere in swimming.

"A few months ago I wondered whether any of it was worth the effort. But now my old determination is back again."

Most other Games swimmers will train in Queensland, but Dawn thinks she'll be better off down south.

Men sprinters

"Not that I don't envy them the Queensland sunshine," she said. "But the men's and women's teams are training separately up north and I need the hard competition of men sprinters in working up speed."

Dawn is training under Harry Gallagher's supervision at the new William Appleton Sporting Centre in Burwood, Melbourne, where she also plays half an hour's squash every day and uses all the gym equipment including trampolines.

Pacing her in the water is South African Warwick Webster, who recently returned to live in Australia. They'll be joined later by Olympian David Dickson, of Perth.

Much of Dawn's happiness is due to her new interest in her non-swimming career.

The store for which she works in Adelaide recently made her a fashion supervisor, and is training her as a fashion buyer, specialising in sportswear.

"It's a fabulous job. I just love it," said Dawn. "And the beaut part is that when I told them I wanted to train in Melbourne they said I could transfer for that time to their store at Chadstone, in Melbourne.

"I'm gaining more experience as a fashion supervisor there, but they've made it a 10-to-4 job so I can fit in my training, etc., without getting overtired.

"Boy, I've never had it so good."

Being in Melbourne also gives Dawn the chance of visits to Sydney to see her mother.

"This makes me happy, too," she said. "I hope one of these days I can have Mum with me. I feel I've been too far away from the family, but for the next few months we'll have to see how I get on with both my work and my swimming."

Dawn, who will be 25 in September, won't commit herself on whether she'll still be competing by the time of the 1964 Tokio Olympics.

"I've learned my lesson about planning too far ahead," she said. "You can get let down badly, and I've had enough heartache.

"At present I'm feeling so confident of my swimming that Tokio sounds possible.

"But I've given a lot of my life to swimming. Maybe the day will come when I'll feel I should get some return by becoming a pro. and teaching children."

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NEXT WEEK

30 Spring Hairstyles

From London, Paris, New York, Sydney

Wondering about a new hairstyle for spring? A four-page pull-out in our next issue gives you the answer.

In it are 30 new styles from the world's leading hairdressers — from London, Paris, New York, Sydney.

And this spring there's wide variety in hairstyling. London likes simple elegance by day, extreme sophistication by night.

In New York, the newest is the "instant" hairdo — short, silky, and dead straight.

Take the pull-out to your hairdresser and ask her to copy the style you like.

• Hats and bags to crochet

With the "How to Crochet" feature in this issue (page 51), you'll be able to make a choice of two high-fashion hats and seven handbags.

These nine designs to make in the new raffia straws (like those at right) are shown in color next week with easy-to-follow patterns.

• New season's suits

Suits with blouses revealed by jackets ajar, suits worn with cartwheel hats — these are some of the important factors in spring fashion.

You can see them next week — designed by Pierre Cardin, Maison Dior, Pierre Balmain, and Italy's Capucci.

• Mammoth TV color pin-up

—the two "doctors"

The TV color pin-up you've been wanting — Dr. Casey (Vincent Edwards) and Dr. Kildare (Richard Chamberlain) across two pages of our TV section.

• Serve poultry

Because of reduced costs, poultry is now within the range of family budgeting.

Next week, how to roast a bird, the stuffings and seasonings to add flavor, recipes for varied casseroles, and suggestions for using left-over chicken meat in appetising dishes.

• Why are you bossy?

Your place in

Brothers and sisters "condition" your personality

• The youngest brother of brothers: "His best match is with the oldest sister of brothers, a woman who is able to assume the senior role."

One mother quarrels frequently with her youngest daughter; another mother quarrels with the oldest. In one family the husband lets his wife make the decisions; in another the wife defers to her husband's judgment.

ONE sister delights in being the centre of attention, the other prefers to keep to herself.

A child's place in the family—whether he or she has older or younger brothers or sisters, or both—can give important clues to his or her relationships in adult life.

Ten years of clinical research and a study of the family structures of 400 individuals have convinced Viennese-born psychoanalyst Walter Toman that relationships within the family circle condition each human being in the new relationships they form outside the family.

Dr. Toman in his book, "Family Constellations," claims that relationships outside the family will be most successful if they resemble those of the childhood family unit.

For example, if a man with a younger sister marries a woman with an older brother, they are getting in marriage the same kind of age and sex pattern they had at home. He is used to a girl his junior and she is used to a boy her senior, so it will be easy to adjust to each other.

But if a man with a younger sister marries a woman with a younger brother, there will be conflicts if each tries to assume the senior role.

In families of two children, eight brother-and-sister combinations are possible. A boy can have either an older or younger brother or an older or younger sister. A girl can be paired in the same ways.

Each of these eight basic combinations produces a boy or a girl who, Dr. Toman says, grows up with a unique set of personality traits.

The boy with an older brother will be quite different from the boy with a younger brother or with an older or younger sister. The girl who has a younger brother will be different from the girl with a younger sister or with an older brother or sister.

Dr. Toman describes these eight basic brother-and-sister types. Although you will find many familiar traits, these portraits are not a final standard against which you should measure yourself or judge anyone else.

But they do offer some insight into people, and you may recognise something of yourself or your friends.

The oldest brother of brothers

Often tries to be a leader. He likes to be in charge or at least to be a member of the leading clique.

He is a good worker, but an even better director of the work of others. He enjoys teaching them what to do and how to do it. He can inspire them and take the greatest hardships on himself.

• The oldest sister of brothers "looks after the men in her life."

Although he identifies himself with people in positions of authority, he often mocks them with sarcastic comments.

With women he acts tough. He scoffs at romance and tender emotions, yet is romantically pleased if women fall in love with him. He tends to treat girls like younger brothers. In fact, he prefers them to be boyish.

But the truth may be that, although he cannot admit it, he is searching for the one among them who will belie her appearance and behave in a "motherly" way.

His best match would be a girl who had older brothers, who admired and adored boys—or, more precisely, just one boy: him. She should be his inferior in two ways—in being a youngest sister and in being "only" a girl.

But usually a girl who is the youngest after several boys has been spoiled rather than disciplined. She has learned to be adored rather than to adore.

He may get along adequately with a woman with younger brothers, since he is partly and secretly looking for a mother—the only female, after all, that he has ever had in his family. Their chief problem would be to resolve the conflict over who outranks whom.

He may be happy with middle sisters, too, if they have older brothers, or with an only child whose mother was a youngest sister. His worst match would be with the oldest sister of sisters.

The arrival of children, especially boys, makes life easier for him under all circumstances, and for his wife, too, unless she comes from a family of girls only.

He is genuinely concerned about the welfare of his wife and children, but tends to be too strict and bossy.

The oldest sister of sisters

Can stand on her own feet, can take care of others, and will, whenever possible, act as a boss. She may pretend to be more sure of herself than she is, and talk with certainty and finality.

She is a responsible and competent worker and she "gets things done." She tends to identify with her superior, who must be male if she is to accept his authority.

She cares less about wealth and possessions than about "her" people, which includes her children and anyone else who submits to her reign. If she has no one to take care of and direct, she may feel useless and depressed.

The fact that she behaves somewhat like a male makes it hard for boys to love her. They rather fear her and often co-operate simply to avoid her wrath.

She rebuffs advances for quite a while and generally appears so strong and independent that, no matter how beautiful she is, men do not think of her as a woman who wants to be conquered.

Her best match would be a man with older sisters only. He would tolerate her domineering manner and might even welcome it.

She may also get along well enough with a middle brother who has an older sister or with a youngest brother of brothers or even an only child. Her poorest match would be with an oldest brother of brothers.

The arrival of children offers a special relief—she can let go of her husband and devote her energy to them.

The oldest brother of sisters

Is likely to be a ladies' man. He is fundamentally absorbed in his role as a lover. If necessary, he will undergo stress and hardship, but at the end of the road there must be a woman—or two or more.

He is kind and considerate and can court a woman for a long time without getting discouraged, and he is seldom, if ever, ashamed of what he does for a woman.

He is a good worker as long as there are female colleagues. He prefers a superior position because it is easier to establish relationships with women.

Since he wishes to guard any privileges he has won, he is a responsible worker. If he holds a position of authority, his philosophy is live and let live. Work is one thing; recreation, women, and love are another.

The marriage of an oldest brother of sisters and the youngest sister of brothers can be a perfect one. He is accustomed to girls his junior, and she to boys her senior.

His sisters are likely to agree with his choice and accept the chosen girl. Her brothers can relinquish their sister to a man who has been in their position in his own family.

The oldest brother of sisters cares well for his children, but his wife always comes first.

He is a good father, neither overbearing nor indifferent,

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the family makes you what you are

and an excellent guide—in implicit ways—for his children's developing relationships with the opposite sex.

He is usually not "one of the boys." Although he gets along with other men, he prefers the company of women.

The oldest sister of brothers

Is dedicated to looking after the men in her life. She does this, however, as inconspicuously as possible, although she is actually a strong and independent person.

Men flock to her and willingly attend her social affairs, confident that she will always listen to their problems.

She may not be the most diligent of workers, but she is fine to have around an office because she creates an atmosphere that is conducive to good work.

If she arouses antagonism at all, it is because she tends to be patronising.

As a woman she is neither temperamental nor self-centred. She seems so reasonable, responsible, and friendly, so uncomplicated and yet capable of handling complications, and acts with such common sense that men may not realise that they are in love with her. The situation reminds them so much of home and mother that they do not think in terms of marriage.

Her best match would be the youngest brother of sisters. Both are accustomed to the opposite sex and would have little trouble accepting each other as man and woman, and they supplement each other in rank.

A good marriage is likely with the youngest brother of brothers, a middle brother who has an older sister, or an only child.

Among the poorest matches, relatively speaking, would be the oldest brother of brothers, since they would be in conflict over sex as well as seniority.

The oldest sister of brothers will like children, and they will come to her rather than their father when in trouble.

The youngest brother of brothers

Is often capricious and wilful, capable of amazing his elders and antagonising them as well. He uses them to prove that he can liberate himself and achieve independence, only to rush back into their arms as soon as he has succeeded.

He may be an unpredictable worker, functioning excellently at times and deplorably at others. Much depends on his moods, and these in turn depend a great deal on how things are going with his friends and family.

He may function well in artistic or scientific fields, provided his external environment is taken care of by an understanding sponsor or a motherly female.

He spends money easily, often more than he can afford, because he believes more will always be coming from somewhere. Material possessions mean little to him compared to having sympathetic relationships with people—which means being understood by others.

He tries hard to understand others, but frequently with notable lack of success.

He wants women to understand him and yet he seems incapable of understanding them. He is at heart the perpetual cavalier—so much so that he behaves with little masculine firmness and is shy, awkward, even naive.

His best match is with the oldest sister of brothers, a woman who is able to assume the senior role and who is accustomed to handling somewhat dependent boys. She must be maternal but subtle, guiding him unobtrusively.

He may also be satisfactorily married to a middle sister who has had at least one younger brother. His poorest marriage will be with a girl who has had older sisters.

The arrival of children may be hard for him to take. He wants his wife's love to centre on himself.

As the children grow up he will slowly become used to them, but he will do little planning for the future. He will leave this to his wife. He may well be his children's best companion, happier to be a friend than a father.

The youngest sister of sisters

Likes adventure, entertainment, and change, and seeks them actively. She frequently discards beliefs, achievements, even friends. She is likely to retain a youthful spirit well into old age.

At work she can do her best with a male boss who is fatherly enough to overlook her comparative undependability and old enough not to qualify as a potential lover. She is best at jobs requiring special but somewhat automatic skills, where decisiveness is not important.

She is generally attractive to men, but eventually her capriciousness may weary the men around her.

If she marries a compatible husband, she may be able to move successfully from being a teasing, unpredictable, even irritating girl to being a dependable wife and mother.

Otherwise she may resort to the capricious flirt, and, after convincing herself that she has married the wrong man, seek the romantic attention of other men.

Her best match would be the oldest brother of sisters. He might be a little puzzled by her urge to compete with him about everything, but if he recognised that she did not really have to win—that she merely wanted to have her say in the matter and get credit for that—or if he let her win at times, they might get along very well.

The oldest brother of brothers would not be as good for her. Although they might succeed in agreeing on such things as budgets, business, and the home they want, he might have trouble awakening the woman in her.

• *The youngest brother of sisters: "While he assumes that women seek no reward other than pleasing him, he often repays them with great charm."*

The worst match would be with the youngest brother of brothers. Each would need leadership, and they would unconsciously try to make a senior out of their child.

Even if she marries very favorably, the youngest sister of sisters may have some trouble with her children. More than most mothers, she may want help from a maid or teacher, or may turn over responsibility to her husband.

She may also welcome help from her own mother, enjoying the feeling that she still remains something of a child.

The youngest sister of brothers

Can usually attract men more successfully than other girls can. She tends to be everything a man wants a girl to be: feminine, friendly, and kind, sensitive and tactful, submissive but not subservient, devoted, and a good sport.

In some cases she may be on the extravagant side, or somewhat oblivious to a man's feelings, and occasionally quite selfish—although seldom on serious issues.

She is the ideal employee, the best person to work under somebody's guidance. She gets along well with male fellow workers, but women may not like her because they sense she is not on their side.

Her instincts will tell her that it would be a bad mistake to marry the youngest brother of brothers, because he is too erratic and awkward with girls and because neither can turn to the other for guidance.

The youngest brother of sisters would be wrong because he would tend to take her for granted. The oldest brother of brothers could be a second-best choice, although he might lack the understanding of feminine ways that mean a lot to her.

Her best match would be with the oldest brother of sisters. Their attraction for each other would be mutual.

His firmness and even domination would be acceptable to her as a masculine trait; her compliance would seem to him a highly desirable feminine trait.

She may not want children for herself but rather to delight her husband with them. To the extent that he is delighted, she will be a good mother.

The youngest brother of sisters

Is frequently adored by girls. He evokes their maternal instincts; whatever he undertakes, they generally enjoy helping him by looking after his physical needs—cooking, sewing, choosing his clothes, keeping his affairs in order.

He doesn't always get such service, but he expects it, and when he has it, takes it for granted.

He has, after all, always had women looking after him; there was never a time when he did not have sisters. But while he may unquestioningly assume that women seek no better reward than the simple satisfaction of doing things for him, he often repays them with great charm and by adoring them simply because they adore him.

The woman he wins will have to be kind, flexible, and maternal, capable of getting along quite well without his support except in emergencies. If she attempts to have a career of her own, he may be unhappy. He prefers her as a faithful wife and mother.

The perfect match for him would be the oldest sister of brothers; such a girl is used to boys her junior and he to girls his senior.

He might also marry the oldest sister of sisters, but such a woman might not fully accept him as a man. She might rebel against being assigned the female role—kitchen, church, children, and hostess; he might feel misunderstood and turn to his sisters for consolation.

His poorest match would be with the youngest sister of sisters. Neither could give the other the guidance and support that each one needed.

He does not make an exceptionally good father for infants and youngsters, but as the children grow up they will establish a satisfactory relationship with him.

Many other types

There are, of course, many other types of brother-and-sister relationships. But these eight basic types can be used to develop other personality patterns.

Suppose that a son is the oldest in his family but that he has both brothers and sisters—will he be like the older brother of brothers or the older brother of sisters?

His personality will probably blend elements of both types. If he has more brothers than sisters, and particularly if they are closer to him in age, he will be more like the oldest brother of brothers. If he has more sisters, he will be more like the oldest brother of sisters.

What of the middle child? In an all-boy or all-girl family, the closer the child is to being the eldest or the youngest, the closer he comes to developing the personality of a senior or junior child.

The middle child's development is even more complicated when sex is taken into consideration. If, for example, the middle child is a girl, and if she has two older sisters and two younger brothers, how will she develop?

The likelihood is that her personality will blend some of the traits of the youngest sister of sisters and other traits of the oldest sister of brothers.

An only child follows a different line of development. He is almost always the favorite of adults and he often has a heightened sense of his own importance. Beyond that, only children tend to adopt features characteristic of the parent of the same sex.

An only daughter whose mother was the youngest sister of brothers, for instance, may have many traits of a sister with older brothers.

Dr. Toman thinks children can also be affected by the sibling position of their parents.

• *The youngest sister of brothers: "She gets along well with male fellow workers, but women may not like her because they sense she is not on their side."*

This influence stems primarily from the fact that when the parents were children developing their own personalities in relation to their brothers and sisters they also developed attitudes about how boys and girls should act. These attitudes may help them understand their own children or may lead to conflict.

A mother who was the oldest sister of sisters, for example, tends to control the lives of those around her. She sees this as a woman's role. She may therefore have some difficulty understanding her own daughter if there are older brothers in the family, because the daughter may prefer to follow orders rather than give them.

The mother's failure to realise that the girl is developing into a different kind of woman could contribute to an unfortunate mother-daughter conflict.

Relationships with parents, brothers, and sisters—those individuals with whom one has lived longest and most intimately—are, of course, a major influence in shaping personalities. But these elements can be combined in an astonishingly large number of ways.

Out of these different combinations emerges the individual: a human being with traits shared with countless other human beings, but each unique.

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GIVE YOURSELF A "COFFEE-BREAK"

NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break! At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it! Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company. Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee. Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.

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Models were really out of the bandbox

● International mannequins Jill Stinchcombe, Carol Ashmont, and Emmanuelle Gassion flew into Sydney with apologies for "looking so unglamorous."

By **CAROL TATTERSFIELD**

THEY needn't have bothered. Despite a 34½-hour trip from the other side of the world, they looked stunning.

"Vogue" models from London, New York, and Paris, respectively, they are here to take part, with three Australian mannequins, in the All-Australian Fashion Parades presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium.

They walked from their Qantas V-Jet at the unattractive hour of 7 a.m. looking as though they'd just stepped out of the proverbial bandbox.

How did they do it?

"We took off our make-up as soon as we got on the plane," said Jill matter-of-factly, "put up our hair in rollers, and relaxed till the last leg of the trip, from Fiji to Sydney. We spent that time putting on fresh make-up and trying to make ourselves look presentable."

They were still wearing the same clothes in which they had taken off, and each outfit was just right for travel.

Carol was wearing an unmistakably American, loose-fitting dress of beige wool jersey teamed with four strings of jet beads and matching black accessories —including very high heels.

Jill, obviously a lover of strong colors, was wearing a Frederick Starke suit of brilliant mustard linen with little patent-leather shoes of 1920s style. Round her hair she'd tied an immense turquoise silk scarf.

With her pale make-up, no lipstick—"I wear it only when I have to"—and eyebrow-hiding straight fringe, she looked very "Chelsea."

Emmanuelle had all the casual chic you'd expect from a Parisienne, in her pink silk shirt-blouse, pleated tartan skirt—English, bought in Paris—and magnificent full-length beige suede coat slung nonchalantly over her slim shoulders.

Never met

Her shoes were two-tone beige and black patent leather, in the new "sling-back" style, worn with bare legs and a marvellous tan she had got during a recent holiday in Monte Carlo, on the Riviera.

Though the three girls have all worked for the same fashion magazine they had never met until they were bound for Australia.

"Meeting each other was a delightful surprise," said Jill, speaking for all of them.

Jill and Emmanuelle had "previews" of each other the day before the plane left in London. Emmanuelle had flown from Paris to meet the plane and the two girls dined together in a smart London restaurant.

They had their first meeting with Carol when she joined their plane in New York.

Carol, at 21 the youngest of the trio, was wide-eyed about the jet trip.

"It was my first trip away from America and really my first flight across an ocean," she said in a soft American accent. "The sunrise and sunset were marvellous."

Carol and Jill are delighted that Emmanuelle is with them; during the two months' tour they hope to brush up their French.

For Emmanuelle, who doesn't speak much English, the trip is a good opportunity to learn the language. "I must buy a dictionary straight away," she said.

Another of Emmanuelle's first purchases will be some wool—for knitting. "Blue, I think," she said. "It's my favorite color." The French girl is famous for her knitting in models' dressing-rooms during slack periods.

"I will try a pattern from The Australian Women's Weekly and knit something for my five-year-old daughter, Olivia," she said.

Though the girls are excited and thrilled about their Australian tour, each has had to part with something she loves.

Emmanuelle, who is divorced, has had to leave her daughter, Olivia, in Paris. She is staying with a friend.

"However," said Emmanuelle, "I took her to the Riviera with me and we had a wonderful two weeks together."

Jill left behind her fluffy Maltese terrier, Trevor. "He's with my mother," she said. "Later he'll go to stay with a boy-friend of mine."

Trevor is following in Jill's footsteps as a model. "He is camera-conscious," she laughed, "like other members of the family, and he has had one or two jobs already, though he's just a year-old beginner."

For Carol, it was a wrench leaving her apartment.

"My family lives in Pennsylvania," she explained. "Because of my work in New York with the Plaza Five Agency, I got a three-roomed apartment there with a cousin. We've had it since May, and now it's nearly re-decorated."

Carol has a lot of modern paintings in the apartment and wants to collect more during her stay in Australia.

"I'd like to paint, myself," she said. "But there's never any time."

She has come to Australia with three big wishes — to see the Jenolan Caves, in N.S.W., to visit Mount Isa, in Queensland, and to see some aboriginal stockmen. "They say they're wonderful horse-riders," she said.

Jill has many Australian friends-of-friends to look up. "I don't know them myself, but I'm dying to meet them," she said.

Emmanuelle has only one immediate personal job to do here. She wants to buy a toy kangaroo for her daughter.

Winter swims

In Jill's wardrobe are a leather suit and a leather dress — "I adore leather" — and a few ensembles by Mary Quant, the avant-garde London designer.

Jill also has brought her favorite pair of false eyelashes. "I'm wearing them," she said. "They're two old pairs stuck together, and I adore them. Eyelashes to me are like animals — quite alive, and if you don't watch them closely when you take them off they'll fly away!"

Emmanuelle has included two bikinis in her luggage. Swimming is her favorite sport, and she feels the Australian winter is mild enough for her to try the surf.

Carol's wardrobe is sophisticated and comfortable, with a few ensembles and a couple of black cocktail dresses.

Each had something to say on the fashion scene of her own country.

Jill said that the beatnik look had almost gone from London and was being replaced with a prettier, chic "girlie" look. "I'm trying to grow my fringe to get rid of it," she said. "It's too 'beat'."

In America the teenage craze is the "ya ya" short skirts. "Skorts, we call them," said Carol. "The Jackie Kennedy look is also strong with the teenagers." Carol herself likes neither "skorts" nor the Jackie Kennedy look.

On the question of the proposed Paris move to a longer skirt fashion, Emmanuelle was adamant. "Even if the couturiers do bring them in," she said, "the Parisiennes will not wear them. Skirts are still very short and women have become used to wearing them like that."

MANNEQUINS (from left) Carol Ashmont (America), Jill Stinchcombe (England), and Emmanuelle Gassion (France), who will appear in our All-Australian Fashion Parades, arriving by plane in Sydney.

"BAG OF TRICKS"...

FRENCH model Emmanuelle Gassion's handbag stole the show when the three girls arrived in Sydney.

Completely reversible, it is really two bags joined together. One side is white leather and the other black. To reverse the color from white to black — or vice versa — Emmanuelle lets go one handle of the bag (see picture, left), allows it to drop down in a full circle, and picks up the handle again (below)—so that the original outside color is then the lining.

She calls it her "sac-a-malices"—translation, "bag of tricks."

OPENING PARADE

● Farmer's Rose Room Restaurant has been completely redecorated for the gala premiere of our All-Australian Fashion Parades next Saturday night.

To give an all-Australian atmosphere, the restaurant will be decorated with masses of golden wattle against pale green drapes.

Two small fountains will be framed in flowers and colored lights, and the centre of the whole decor will be a large map of Australia studded with sand, coral, shells, pearls, and minerals.

Proceeds of the gala opening will be given to the Children's Medical Research Foundation.

As the honorary director, Sir Lorimer Dods, and Lady Dods will leave the same day for a conference in Lisbon, the Foundation will be represented by the deputy honorary director, Dr. J. Steigrad, and Mrs. Steigrad.

The managing director of Farmer and Co. Ltd., Mr. E. L. Byrne, will welcome the guests.

Cocktails at 6.30 p.m. will precede a six-course dinner. Here is the menu:

Savories; oysters with cream and caviare; fillets of John Dory with Supreme sauce; small chickens stuffed with rice and pate de foie; asparagus spears with Mousseline sauce; delices tropicales (sugared pineapple, strawberries, ice-cream with chartreuse); macaroons and coffee.

No tickets are left for the other three evening sessions, but there are still a few tickets available for the afternoon parades from Monday, August 6, to Wednesday, August 15, 3 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. Tickets, 7/6, including afternoon tea, are available at Farmer's Information Desk, ground floor, near escalators.

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EXTERIOR view of the holiday home of Professor Harry Messel and his family at Lower Portland, Hawkesbury River, N.S.W. The house blends completely into its bush setting.

WEEKENDS ARE FUN

● At this holiday home beside the Hawkesbury River, N.S.W., Professor Harry Messel, head of the School of Physics at Sydney University, his family, and friends relax at weekends and during holidays — with water-skiing, barbecues, and informal entertaining.

ALTHOUGH Professor Messel was born in Canada, his vital and dynamic personality has made him well known throughout Australia. By personal effort and high-powered drive he has raised millions of pounds for research and equipment at the school.

The peace and tranquillity of the lovely willow-fringed Hawkesbury River at Lower Portland provide a perfect setting for this distinctive home of Professor and Mrs. Messel and their three young daughters.

German-born architect Hans Heile, who was with the Professor to show us round, designed the house to fit into the setting. Before planning began Professor Messel stipulated that the natural beauty of the site should not be impaired and no trees removed.

"I love it here, it's so peaceful and yet so stimulating. I come up here every moment I have off from work and lecturing," Professor Messel said.

"You've done a good job, Hans," he said, slapping the architect on the back. "I believe a house should be functional, and this one is perfect for our needs."

One of the most delightful rules of the household is observed strictly by Professor and Mrs. Messel, their daughters, and guests. It is an old Eastern custom: Shoes must be removed before entering the house.

Visitors are given straw scuffs to wear indoors. A footbath is provided for guests returning from the boatshed below after water-skiing and there is a large shoe-box for storing visitors' shoes at the entrance.

Water for washing is pumped from the river and a tank to hold drinking water is cleverly concealed at the back of the house behind a wall running from living-room to kitchen.

Professor Messel pointed out an old shed on his land, which, he said, was the original trading-post for this historic old district.

"We're repairing it and will use it as a store-room for skiing gear. There's a lot of history in the area, especially in this site."

Focal point of the house is the sunken pit around the barbecue — the scene of many spirited discussions.

"You should have been here last weekend. We cooked a whole beast on the spit and there wasn't a scrap left at the end of the evening," Professor Messel said.

The children's bedroom and guest bedroom are situated at either end of the house, so they will be as far away as possible from the living area.

Professor Messel said, "This house shows what can be done within a small area. It has been designed to give maximum usable space without clutter of any kind."

— *DAWN RUSSELL*

Rosella Recipe Magic from the LEILA HOWARD Test Kitchen

A new way to enjoy

ROSELLA SCOTCH BROTH

You've always loved the flavour and goodness of Rosella Soups. Now try Scotch Broth in this exclusive recipe from the Leila Howard Test Kitchen. More than ever, you'll appreciate the **double strength** of Rosella Soup . . . Rosella Soups are so highly concentrated to give twice the quantity from every can. Please your family with "Snacktime Puffs" tomorrow.

SNACKTIME PUFFS: Make a thick fritter batter with 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 egg yolks and 1 16-oz. can undiluted Rosella Scotch Broth and 1 tablespoon Rosella Tomato Sauce. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and ¼ cup chopped parsley. Drop in rough dessert-spoonfuls into heated fat or oil and deep fry until golden brown all over. Drain on absorbent kitchen paper and serve with a piquant sauce made from ½ cup Rosella Fruit Chutney, 2 tablespoons Rosella Tomato Sauce and 1 finely chopped onion or gherkin.

FISH PORTUGAISE: Poach 2 lbs. fish fillets in water, white wine, sliced onion and bay leaf for 10 minutes. Drain and strain stock. Arrange fish in greased ovenproof dish, keep hot. Saute sliced onion and green pepper in butter or oil until tender. Stir in 1 16-oz. can Rosella Tomato Soup and 2 cups stock (blended with 1 tablespoon cornflour). Heat until bubbling, pour over fish and serve with fluffy potatoes or cooked rice and Rosella Garden Fresh Peas.

Rosella Vegetable Soup is a popular choice.

Other Rosella Double Strength Soups are:

- Oxtail
- Asparagus
- Tomato
- Celery
- Mulligatawny
- Chicken
- Pea with Ham
- Tomato/Vegetable
- Scotch Broth
- Mushroom

Rosella double strength soups

RS19-62

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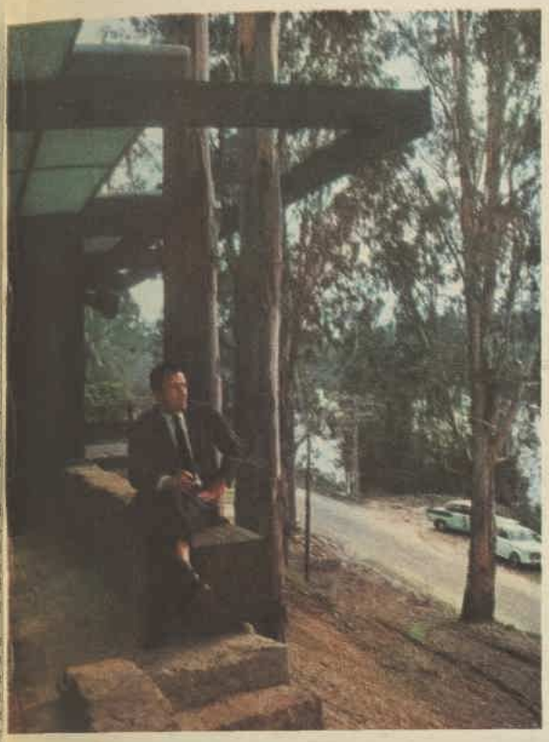
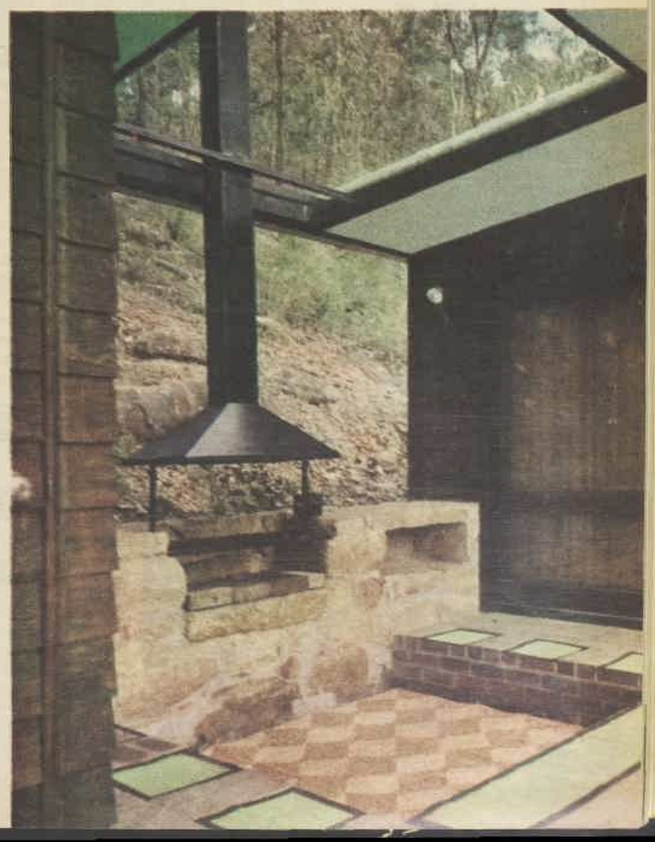
FOR THE BAREFOOT PROFESSOR



TRANQUILLITY of the river and bushland is absorbed by Professor Messel as he sits in the entrance to his weekend home. Steps are of local stone quarried from the riverside site.

NATURAL TIMBERS and casual grass matting and bamboo chairs blend perfectly with gaily printed drapes and bedspreads. All beds in the house are double bunks to give more space in small rooms. Ceilings are beamed, painted black.

COMFORTABLE bucket chairs, a large divan, air-conditioning unit, practical coffee table make this living area (above) a restful corner. Glass doors lead to the barbecue pit.



BARBECUE PIT (right) of natural stone and brick paving is ideal for outdoor entertaining. Guests sit on grass mats round the sunken pit.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg

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With a duke as England's cricket tour manager, fans can truly say . . .

DUKE OF NORFOLK

Well played, Sir!

From DIANA GIBSON, in London

IF Bernard Marmaduke Fitzalan-Howard doesn't fill the bill as manager of the English cricket tourists this year, something is radically wrong.

For the cricket-visit "boss" is a born leader—he is the 16th Duke of Norfolk, England's premier Duke and Earl—and a proven organiser of great talent.

The Duke (the Queen and Princess Margaret call him "Uncle Bernard") is, among other things, Earl Marshal of England, Lord of the ancient manor of Arundel, Lord-Lieutenant of Sussex, and a turf identity.

He has also organised two coronations—those of King George VI and the Queen.

The Duke's work in this country is so important, in fact, that he needs the Queen's permission to leave England.

With such obvious administrative ability and the intelligence and charm with which people credit him, the Duke, who is 54, could have probably risen high in the business world.

Indeed, as he said recently, "It's not my fault I'm a duke."

But a duke he is, and as a duke he must live.

Wealthy man

He has been called "Your Grace" (on the less-regal level of the cricket tour it has been agreed he'll be addressed by players as "Sir") since he was nine, when he succeeded his father.

At 21 he inherited the family seat, Arundel Castle, Sussex, an impressive 900-year-old building, 50,000 acres of farmland, and other estates in Yorkshire.

(On the subject of the form of address, a clergyman visiting Arundel once, it seems, made the frantic request: "May I say grace, Your Grace?")

The Duke is a wealthy man—his personal fortune is reputed to be about £17,000,000—but not from rewards for his duties to his country.

He is paid only £20 a year as Earl Marshal.

He pays no rent, however.

In 1957 Parliament passed a bill (drawn up by the Duke — another indication of his ability) taking over Arundel for the nation.

But there was a stipulation that the castle would always be the Earl Marshal's home.

Dignified and powerful though he undoubtedly is, the Duke has always recognised the sporting blood that runs, with the blue, in his veins.

He loves to doff his country tweeds and don white flannels and blazer to play on the private cricket pitch at Arundel.

He is also president of Sussex County Cricket Club and a former president of the M.C.C.

And, while the Duke is a familiar figure to many in his various resplendent uniforms and robes of office, he is probably better known as a morning-dressed, top-hatted racehorse owner.

His biggest annual entertaining effort is during the four-day Royal Ascot meeting, when friends watch with him from his private stand.

Despite his many pressing duties and interests, the Duke is a devoted family man.

He, the Duchess, and their four daughters (there is no son; the title will pass to a distant cousin) live in a specially built mansion in the grounds of rambling old Arundel Castle.

The Fitzalan - Howard womenfolk share the Duke's love of horses. They are all expert riders. The Duchess has won many prizes and, generally, loves sport.

Wife's advice

In fact, it was the Duchess who, says the Duke, finally talked him into accepting the Test-tour appointment.

There have been suggestions in London, unconfirmed so far, that one of his daughters might accompany the Duke on tour.

His friends as well as his family are convinced that the Duke will make a "right royal" success of his cricket leadership.

As one said: "You see; this will be the best tour ever.

"Everyone will be directed, charmed, and coaxed into the utmost efficiency at all levels.

"After all, anyone who managed to organise a couple of coronations could hardly make a mess of cricket."

This suggestion might, to an ardent cricket fan, seem a bit over the fence.

But, considering the Duke's record, it's probably not far out.

ARUNDEL CASTLE . . . Duke's family seat.

THE HOME TEAM

DUCHESS of Norfolk is a keen sportswoman, interested in horses and showing dogs.

LADY JANE, youngest of the Duke of Norfolk's four children—all girls.

OLDEST daughter, Lady Anne. One child might accompany the Duke on tour.

SOCIAL

FIRST Paris model in the wardrobe of Miss Eugenia McGrath, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony McGrath, of Woollahra, is a fabulous white voile-and-lace, hand-worked, and wonderfully pleated christening-gown.

It was sent from France by her maternal grandmother, Mrs. James Burt, of Birmingham, Alabama, U.S.A., who has been visiting Europe.

Eugenia, who has inherited her mother's brunette colouring—she has two inches of dark brown hair at the age of one month—will be christened as soon as she "grows" into the gown.

Incidentally, the arrival of Eugenia and her baby cousin Nicholas Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Cole's third son, who was born a fortnight later, brings the number of grandchildren for Mrs. Walter McGrath, of Bellevue Hill, to sixteen.

★ ★ ★

NEWPORT-BOUND to cheer Australia's challenger, Gretel, on her way in the America's Cup, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Albert are sailing for the United States this week in the Mariposa. Mr. Albert, who is Rear-Commodore of the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, and his wife will make the return trip home by air after the big race in September.

★ ★ ★

SOME lovely pieces of old family silverware which the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, intended to give to his daughter Rosemary and son-in-law Lieutenant Nicholas Evelegh, R.N., as a wedding present last month are still locked up in Sir William's bank in London. When he and Lady Oliver arrived in England for the wedding they were unable to hand over the silver because Sir William had left the key to his bank vault in Canberra!

★ ★ ★

IN London for "the season," Mrs. Arthur Grundy, of Roseville, and her daughters Rosemary and Chrystobel have had a ringside seat at Royal comings and goings, with a flat right opposite the Royal Mews in Buckingham Palace Road. They've watched the Horse Guards riding back and forth every morning for the Changing of the Guard at St. James's Palace, besides frequently seeing the Queen drive past. After attending the last Royal Garden Party, they planned to make another tour of the Continent and then return to England for more sightseeing before returning home.

★ ★ ★

AFTER their wedding at St. Christopher's Pro Cathedral, Canberra, on August 4, Noel Sloan and his bride-elect, Patricia Turner, will "soak up sunshine" honeymooning at Magnetic Island.

★ ★ ★

GUESTS in glamorous evening gowns and dinner suits will take off their party shoes and step into olive-green canvas rubber-soled bowling lace-ups at the gala dinner preview of the new Rushcutter Bowling Centre on August 1. First to try their skill at bowling will be the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Gough and Sir Charles Moses. Mrs. Cecil Traill, president of Woollahra Torch Bearers for Legacy, which will benefit from the function, confides that Mrs. Jann Ryrie, Mrs. David Lloyd Jones, and Mrs. Richard Harford will spy out the most attractive girl among the 500 guests and award her the title of "Belle of the Bowl" and a prize of a model hat.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the sunglasses with such elegant gold metal oblong frames bought recently in Italy by Mrs. Ross Roberts, of Killara.

BETWEEN DANCES. Midshipman Rod Fayle with Miss Christine McCook, of Glen Innes, at the Royal Australian Naval College Graduation Ball at H.M.A.S. Cresswell.

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ROUNDABOUT

By Mary Coles

EYE-CATCHING net hat, tried on by Mrs. Timothy Park after Danish luncheon and hat parade, was admired by Miss Janis Hart (at right). The function, held at the Vaucluse home of the Danish Consul-General, Mr. Niels Stenderup, and Mrs. Stenderup, was arranged by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.

AFTER their marriage at Shore Chapel Mr. Tony Ayers and his lovely bride, formerly Miss Pauline Hardman, at reception at Princes given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hardman, of Parramatta. The young couple will make their home at the Palm Beach holiday house of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Ayers, of Clifton Gardens.

ABOVE: From left, Mr. Keith Marr, Miss Vicki Moo, Miss Jennifer Readford, Miss Kaye Price, and Mr. Rod Power with Miss Lynne Hyman, who was chosen as "Miss University," at the Coronation Ball at the Sydney University Union. The ball was arranged to raise funds for the International House Appeal and World University Service.

NEW United States Ambassador to Australia, Mr. William C. Battle, and his charming wife at the annual dinner of the Australian-American Association at the Australia Hotel, which they attended during their first official visit to Sydney last week. Mr. Battle was guest speaker at the dinner.

PICTURED from left are Miss Gael Higgins, of Point Piper, Miss Susan Burrows, of Orange, and Miss Judith Overend, of Neutral Bay, who were among guests at the opening of the Jean Colvin Hospital for cancer patients in Loftus Road, Darling Point.

AT LEFT: Mrs. Douglas Pettinger, of Killara, and Mrs. Geoffrey Finley, of Edgecliff (right), at the champagne party showing of model hats at the Angus Steak Cave to raise funds for the newly formed Sydney Hospital Women's Committee.

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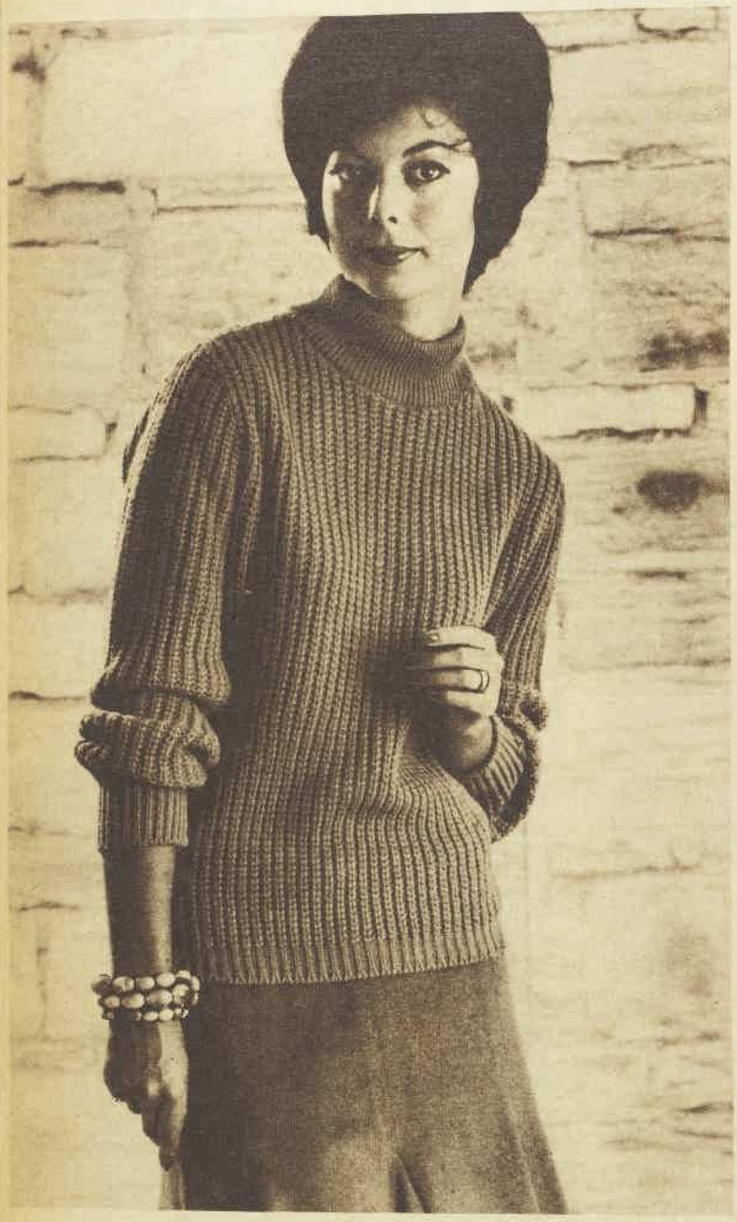
This elegant bulky-knit needs special washing care ...LUX care!



Only one sure care for woollens

— that's lukewarm Lux suds. Harsh washing products can spoil a precious woollie in just one go. But Lux is the natural washing care that suits natural fibres, as nothing else can. It's all pure, mild soap, with not a single harmful chemical to shrink, mat or harden springy fibres. Hand-washed woollens and machine-washed things, too, keep their softness and colour far longer, when treated to gentle Lux care.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux

FATHER

"Have you tried sleeping-tablets?"

MOTHER

"Are you sure that I can't help, dear?"

It seems to me

By

"TACTFUL," the woman in the bus was saying. "Whatever else she isn't, she's tactful."

At that minute the bus stopped at my destination, so I didn't hear any examples of the absent friend's use of tact.

It sent my mind back, though, to a landlady I knew when I first came to Sydney.

I had been tramping round looking for a bed-sitting-room. There were not many at the price I was prepared to pay. And I had the foolish delusion that light and air could be obtained for the price.

It was a depressing day. Many of the landladies I encountered knew in advance that what they had to offer would not cause any cries of rapture, so they were defensive from the start.

"Well, that's it," they would say, flinging open a door, "and, by the way, we don't allow any noisy parties."

Perhaps I should have been flattered that they issued this warning, but I knew it was a standard reaction to the sight of any youthful female.

At about the tenth try I met a different kind of landlady. "I think you'd like it here," she said cheerfully. "They're a very nice, quiet lot of tenants."

It happened that the room did have a little light and air. Compared with some of the bedsitters I had seen it was a palace.

But the landlady's speech clinched the deal. She meant exactly the same as all the others—that she didn't want noise. But she put it tactfully.

★ ★ ★

WOMEN make 99 per cent. of the complaints received by retail stores, according to an executive.

I'd like to know what percentage of them are acting as agents—"You go and fix it, dear."

★ ★ ★

THIS year marks the 50th anniversary of the invention of permanent waving, so I read the other day.

The first waves took two full days. I don't know what happened at night. Maybe the customers sat and dozed. Husbands used to growl about the cost when they discovered that the word "permanent" was not to be taken literally.

You can imagine the arguments that must have raged among the promoters of waves about the logicality of the word "permanent."

"Absurd," the literal ones probably said. "People will be annoyed or they will laugh."

The stubborn characters, more concerned with hair-waving than the niceties of words, stuck to their guns. Some people were annoyed and some did laugh. And then both the process and its name became so commonplace that "perm" developed its own meaning and was included in the dictionary.

THAT possum mentioned in our "Worth Reporting" column a few weeks ago was dead unlucky. He lived in one of the eastern suburbs of Sydney, and his hosts, weary of his incessant noise on the roof at night, were looking for a kind way to get rid of him.

If he'd taken up residence a few blocks away he might be living the life of Riley.

This second fellow called on some friends of mine one night round six. They offered him bread and jam, which he ate with evident pleasure, and an apple. Then they rang the Museum for advice on his diet.

Possums loved sweet food, the expert told them, and would eat any given amount of bread and jam. "But too much," he added, "makes them obese. They like angophora blossom" ("He'll have to get those for himself," interposed the caller), "and fruit is good for them."

The possum is so fond of the bread and jam, daintily washing his paws afterwards in the bird bath, that his hosts haven't had the heart to cut off the supply.

Sure enough, he's growing obese. The other night when he leapt on to his usual hibiscus branch he broke it. Some frivolous guests suggested a martini, since he lived in a sophisticated suburb, and a visiting naturalist remarked that a possum would probably enjoy sweet sherry.

My friends, however, drew the line. They know that many people consider it foolish to encourage visiting possums. To harbor drunken possums might rate as anti-social.

★ ★ ★

FISHERIES authorities in the United States are launching a campaign to push the sales of mullet because it has been found to have a high content of unsaturated fat. This, the fisheries think, may lift its popularity. It is also to have a new name, lisa, Spanish for mullet.

At first the news (to mullet) seemed exciting,
The younger ones especially were elated.
They felt it put them up with bream and whiting,
The word spread quickly: "We're unsaturated."
But one coarse fish, so old his scales were yellow,
Said, "Mullet's mullet, though you call it lisa,
And let me just remind you, little fellow,
The path of glory leads but to the freezer."

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She talks to the "Brain"

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● With the arrival of the electronic-brain age into Sydney's commercial life has come a new highly paid career in which women are already competing on equal terms with men — that of "computer programmer."

IN simple language a programmer "acts as an interpreter, turning business-office language into electronic-brain language."

That's how the job was described to me by Miss Nance Loney, one of the first three women programmers at a centre which the Australian General Electric Company has set up in the city to demonstrate a computer and train operators.

Electronic "brains" — which can do anything from invoicing and accounting to working out graphs and orchestrations for musical instruments from the composer's original tune — are really electrical "morons."

They cannot function without full, accurate instructions.

It is the programmer who translates mountains of office files and account books into the neat pile of postcards, punched with little rectangular holes.

These are fed hundreds at a time into the computer, coming out at the other end only seconds later in the form of invoices ready to be posted.

It can equally readily produce an up-to-the-minute profit-and-loss account every hour of the day from instructions fed to it by the programmer.

There is a terrific shortage of trained people in the electronic computer field, which is why programmers can command salaries ranging from £1250 to £2500 a year, women getting equal pay with men.

The programmers needn't have been to a university—although Nance Loney has a Science degree from the University of Western Australia.

She became a methods engineer, dealing with time-and-motion study at a textile works. Then she did a diploma course in automatic computing at Sydney University, working under the guidance of Professor Harry Messel.

"I love anything to do with mathematics, or crossword puzzles, or puzzles of any kind requiring logic," she told me. "Since I took up programming, I think it's wonderful to get paid for something I love doing so much."

Equally successful at programming, her co-worker Janet Harris shows that lack of a university degree is no bar to the job.

HERE'S A GOOD NEW CAREER FOR GIRLS

She went to a grammar school in England and left at 18 with her general certificate of education at advanced level — equivalent to the school Leaving.

"I studied mathematics and economics as a part-time student at London University, but I had no diplomas or degrees when I arrived in Australia two years ago," she said. "I did have an absorbing interest in mathematics.

"When I took up computer programming I'd never seen one in my life."

I was told at the Centre: "There are plenty of young people with the mathematical mind we are looking for who would make good programmers.

"But they don't think of this career, because they either don't know enough about electronic machines or believe they are not clever enough even to think about working with them.

"We like potential trainees to have at least the Leaving Certificate, preferably with honors in mathematics or algebra.

"It is not so much that mathematics are essential in the job, but we find that young people good at these subjects have the right kind of mind to deal with and understand electronic 'brains.'

"A trainee must have great accuracy, a logical mind, and a good memory."

I saw for myself the great need for accuracy when the winking battery of lights on the computer started frantically playing up.

"There's something wrong," said one of the operators, and, removing a card, showed me where the date had been inaccurately punched on it.

From the time a trainee programmer begins learning it takes about three weeks for her to be able to write a workable programme, but it will take a further six months at least to know whether she will make a really competent one.

This compares favorably with the average length of training for a competent shorthand-typist. Few stenographers know within six months whether they will ever reach the speeds that will give them top-bracket secretarial salaries.

MRS. JANET HARRIS beside the main section of the computer. The office is clinically clean and bright, and the machine is a pale coffee color. It's not spectacular, but it's worth £200,000.

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They'll travel by the stars

By NAN MUSGROVE

● King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit of Thailand will leave their country for their State visit to Australia on a day chosen as auspicious by the Court astrologers.

QUEEN SIRIKIT OF THAILAND sits on a gold couch in her drawing-room at a reception to delegates to an education conference. The Queen is wearing traditional Thai dress in turquoise silk with matching shoes. The room is gold and white. In background are State portraits of the Queen in traditional Thai evening dress and King Phumiphon.

MISS KAY KINANE, Federal Education Programme Officer of A.B.C.-TV, said this on her return last week from nine months in Thailand on a Colombo Plan job.

"Although the King and Queen are very Westernised, they do bow to the ancient customs to some degree," she said.

"They would never leave the country on a day the astrologers said was not propitious. It would worry the people.

"King Phumiphon is a very serious young man. He is a dedicated monarch and has done a great deal for the country.

"He is very shy, and some people think he doesn't give as much as the Queen; but the people of Thailand think tremendously highly of him, and he gives unsparingly of his time.

"Both the King and the Queen are very democratic. They will have no part in such ancient customs as the people throwing down their handkerchiefs for them to walk on; they drive round Bangkok quite freely and without ceremony in a yellow car.

"King Phumiphon goes out among his people a great deal. He is very interested in rural affairs and goes to the country quite a lot.

"Queen Sirikit's main interest is in education and the welfare of children.

"She is intensely interested in the outback children of Australia, and told me she hoped she might visit some of them during her visit here.

"She didn't ask empty questions for the sake of asking; she was really interested in the problems of their education, and how their mothers coped."

Miss Kinane spent her time in Thailand introducing education to the Thais via TV and radio.

Long talk

She met Queen Sirikit in Bangkok at a reception the Queen gave to delegates at a UNESCO conference on education.

"I had a long talk to Queen Sirikit," she said. "She is charming and so intelligent, and carries herself beautifully.

"She looks lovely in repose, and when she opens her mouth to talk you discover that she has a naturally smiling mouth and expression.

"Photographers in Bangkok say they will have their big scoop the day they snap her without a smile.

"She is always happy and meticulously groomed, with her hair beautifully done.

"Her clothes are wonderful. She generally wears Western clothes, but within the Palace and at purely local functions she wears traditional Thai dress.

"Life within the Royal palaces of Bangkok is very colorful.

"There are two palaces—the ancient Grand Palace, used for State occasions, and the Garden Palace, where King Phumiphon, Queen Sirikit, and their children live.

"The reception I attended was at the Garden Palace.

"The reception rooms there were simple, in contrast to the brilliant reds and gold and ornateness of the Grand Palace.

"The carpets and curtains were a beautiful apple-green, the chairs of white and gold. Venetian glass in the same apple-green and clear crystal was used as decoration.

"The color in the rooms came from the brilliance of the flowers. These were traditionally arranged—brilliant red-and-apricot hibiscus blooms stuck one inside the other to make long colorful plumes.

"The four Royal children go to school in a special school in the grounds of the Garden Palace.

"They are very bright. About 50 pupils attend the school, mostly the children of members of the Court.

"The King insists on the strictest discipline for his children, especially for the Crown Prince."

Miss Kinane said both the King and the Queen were very interested in the role of TV in education.

"Traditionally, education in Thailand comes from listening to a monk talking," she said.

TV's role

"The idea of education from activity has not penetrated the country districts at all; the teachers have to learn how to use the stimulation of radio and TV.

"TV has been going for about eight years in Bangkok. Its standard is very good; they don't rehearse at all, but manage marvellously.

"They don't even rehearse live plays; the chief speaker in drama is the prompter, who leads the players line by line.

"The studios are always open to visitors, who wander in and out as they wish.

"I learned a lot from the Thais. I think they are like Australians in many ways—in their lack of pretensions, their love of family life and friends, the way they like to sit and talk.

"The outstanding things I noticed were their gentleness and courtesy. It was very seldom you heard anyone talk about anyone else.

"If someone did say anything about anyone, you could be sure some other person present would put in a kind word for him.

"Kindness is taught in their schools. They actually have lessons in respect for teachers and for the aged, and are taught kindness for all people."

KAY KINANE, Federal Education Programme Officer, A.B.C.-TV, who has recently returned from nine months in Thailand, with three Thai dolls dressed for The Khon, a classic Thai dance in which traditional masks are worn.

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average ★ Average No star — poor

★★★ A TASTE OF HONEY

Light handling of its sordid theme and a script devastating with comic candor give powerful impact to this moving British drama. The simple, frank plot has five excellently cast characters — led by Dora Bryan (a selfish, flighty mum) and commanding newcomer Rita Tushingham (her neglected school-age daughter). Abandoned by flashy boy-friend Robert Stephens, Rita rebels in a brief affair with colored seaman Paul Danquah. Alone and pregnant, she finds touching affection in young Murray Melvin.—**Embassy, Sydney.**

In a word . . . DYNAMIC.

★ A FEVER IN THE BLOOD

Rivals for election as State Governor, Efrem Zimbalist Jr. (a judge), Jack Kelly (the D.A.), and Don Ameche (a senator) throw energy into campaigning roles. But their vitality doesn't compensate for the dull plot. The story is blown up to two hours of poorly edited scene-switching before concluding in a dragged climax.—**Esquire, Sydney.**

In a word . . . WIELDY.

★ ★ ★

JOANNE WOODWARD has covered her bleached hair with a brown wig because she says, "Blondes are going out of vogue since Marilyn Monroe upset the whole town."

★ ★ ★

EDDIE FISHER may really be interested in Ann-Margret. When the actress and her parents visited Las Vegas while Fisher was there preparing his nightclub act, Eddie took the trio out sightseeing three nights in a row. When they returned to Hollywood, Eddie and Ann-Margret hired bicycles and rode the entire length of the Sunset Strip—three whole miles.

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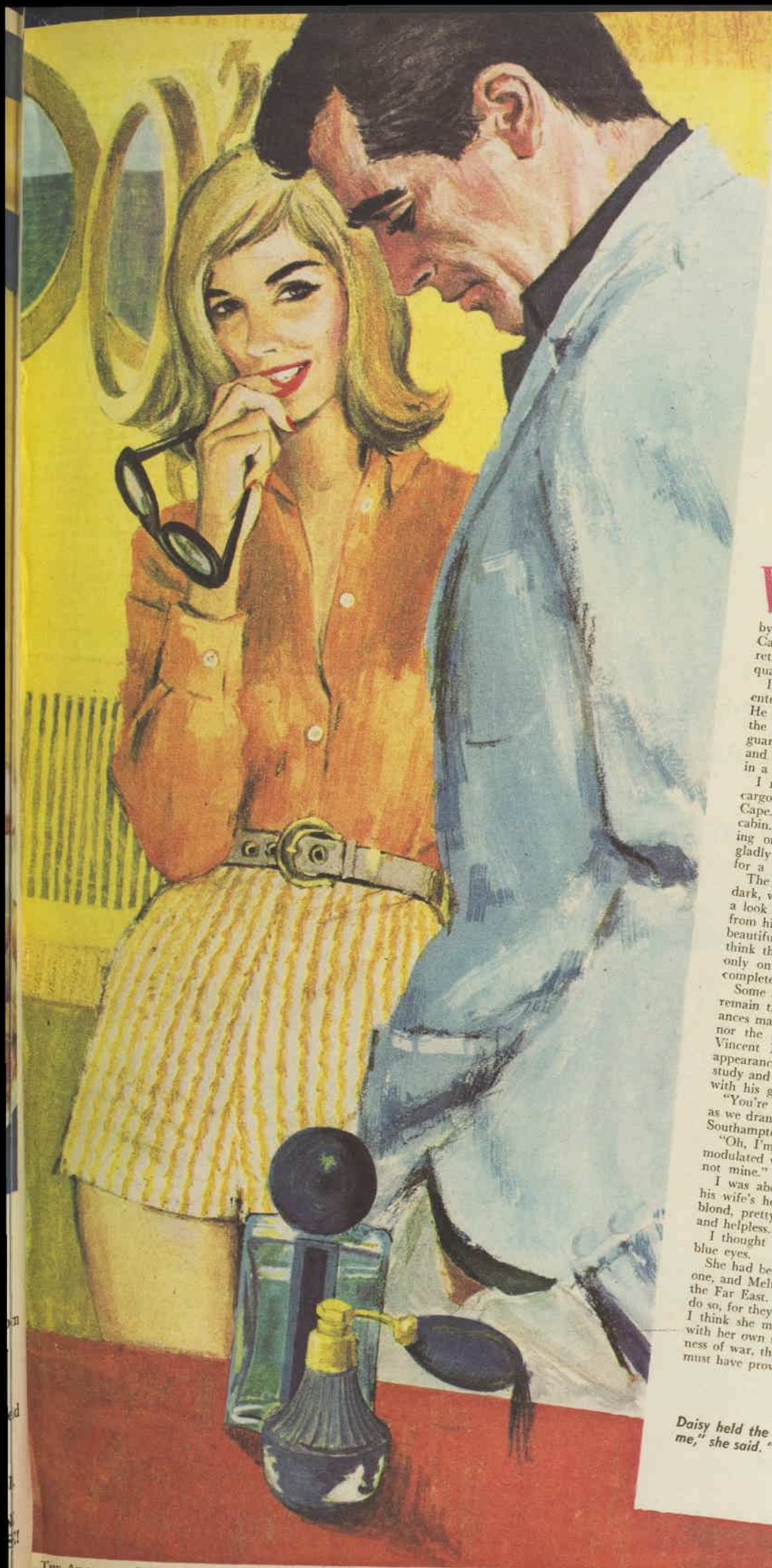

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

Maybe this would be remembered as the greatest role of his career . . . a sophisticated short story

By GLYNN CROUDACE

VINCENT MELROY, you may remember, was one of the few actors who returned to London from Hollywood at the outbreak of war. Ironically, the romantic hero of so many celluloid adventures was turned down by the doctors when he tried to join up. He was graded Category C, but, instead of thanking his lucky stars and returning to the States, he joined E.N.S.A., whose headquarters were in Drury Lane.

I first met him at the end of the war, when he was entertaining the troops in Singapore's Memorial Theatre. He had just completed a ten-month tour of Burma and the Arakan, and he looked as if he had been in the vanguard of the Fourteenth Army. He was nothing but skin and bone, and those vivid blue eyes of his burned feverishly in a face gaunt with fatigue and yellow with mepacrine.

I ran into him again a few weeks ago on board the cargo liner Capricorn, bound from Southampton to the Cape. He and his wife had the luxury suite next to my cabin. It pleased me when he recalled, without any prompting on my part, our last meeting in Singapore, and I gladly accepted his invitation to join him that evening for a drink.

The years, I thought, had dealt kindly with him. His dark, wavy hair was now silver at the temples, giving him a look of distinction that he had never had before. Apart from his eyes — of that vivid blue that seemed almost too beautiful for a man — his features were nondescript. I think this was an advantage; it compelled him to depend only on his talent, and enabled him to identify himself completely with the part he had to play.

Some actors — even some of our most famous actors — remain themselves, no matter how brilliant their performances may be. Neither the rich trappings of a Tudor King nor the rags of a tramp can disguise them. But when Vincent Melroy portrayed a character, his own voice, appearance, and personality ceased to exist. Concentrated study and the most meticulous planning went hand in hand with his genius.

"You're looking better than when I saw you last," I said, as we drank our whiskies together that first night out from Southampton.

"Oh, I'm as fit as a flea," he replied in his beautifully modulated voice. "This sea voyage is for my wife's health, not mine."

I was about to make some conventional inquiry after his wife's health when Daisy Melroy joined us. She was blond, pretty, and, somehow, she contrived to look frail and helpless. Her soft white hand lingered in mine.

I thought I saw a thinly veiled invitation in those clear blue eyes.

She had been an actress herself, though not a very good one, and Melroy married her shortly after his return from the Far East. I wondered what on earth possessed him to do so, for they were the most ill-assorted couple I ever met. I think she must have set a silken snare for him, baited with her own seductive body—poor devil, after the dreariness of war, the desire to settle down with a pretty woman must have proved too strong for him.

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Daisy held the sunglasses in her hand. "How stupid of me," she said. "They were in my handbag all the time."

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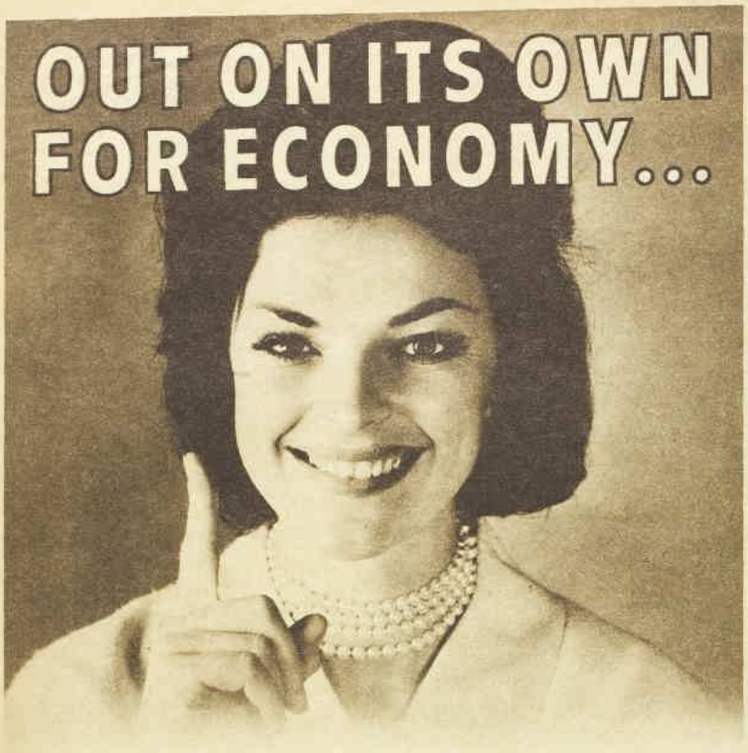

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Worth Reporting

BEHIND the announcement of the Duke of Kent's appointment to Hong Kong lies the story of a skilful soldier enjoying his military career and a young wife determined that royal duties will not disturb a happy family life.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent and their six-week-old son will fly to Hong Kong in November, where the Duke, a captain in the Royal Scots Greys, will be second-in-command of a unit.

The appointment puts any possibility of a non-Army job for the Duke far into the future.

Their close friends say that on his marriage he was promised at least five years free from royal duties. It was understood that he would then be considered for appointment as Governor-General of Australia.

During the stay in Hong Kong, expected to be about a year, it is probable that the Duchess will join regimental wives' clubs and attend monthly meetings.

"She is marvellous with people," a cousin said recently. "She really enjoys women's institute meetings and things like opening bazaars, but she simply hates fuss."

The Kents will live either in Army married quarters or a house hired by the Army, and will be mixing again with officers and their wives, who, as personal friends, kept their engagement secret months before it was announced.

SOPHIE TUCKER . . . red hat, mink stole, beads (and heart) of solid gold.

WE descended several flights of stairs into the gloom of a large room below street level. Ghostly music wavered in the air. A witch greeted us at the door. Black cats hung from the roof and fiendish masks stared from the walls.

A spook served bewitching beverages such as Toad's Toddy and Devil's Delight. We met Nannygirl, a blue-blood Siamese cat who wore a necklet of crystal beads.

It was the Haunted Cocktails evening organsied by The Companions, younger set of the Royal Commonwealth Society.

The Companions (branches in every State) are an educational as well as social group. And the most interesting people belong.

We had such a time we overstayed. Our broomstick got a parking ticket.

THE KENTS and baby Edward . . . family life comes first.

Happy returns to Atherton

ATHERTON, Northern Queensland, is 75 years old—and the town is starching its petticoats for the celebrations.

Or perhaps "cleaning its webbing" would be a better term, for Atherton is well remembered by thousands of soldiers who were in camp there during World War II.

But the first settlement, before the wars, was known as Prior's Pocket. It was on the route between the Herberton Mineral Field and the coast; a good place to camp overnight before pushing on up the last steep range.

Hotels were built, and gradually stores appeared, and a main street. Sawmills grew out of the jungle, homesteads dotted the countryside, and the Tinaroo Council was formed.

Now Atherton is one of the most modern inland towns in Queensland, with a population of more than 3000. It is the centre of the rich Atherton Tableland.

During the 75th Birthday Celebrations (beginning October 6) there will be processions, dances, music and drama events, and sports meetings, organised under the leadership of Mr. T. McGeehan, son of Neil McGeehan, one of the first Atherton inhabitants.

Sophie Tucker off-stage

WE were talking to Miss Sophie Tucker, Red Hot Momma of Show Business, who, after 58 years on the stage, is making her first appearance in Australia.

"And let me tell you," said Sophie in her famous gravel voice, "this is a great country and a great bunch of people you've got down here. I love it."

Sophie is a philanthropist in the grand manner.

She maintains the Sophie Tucker Foundation in Israel, which teaches trades to young people. She has playgrounds and youth centres all over America, and is the only Dame of the Grand Order of Lady Rattlings, which looks after retired theatre folk.

At 73, 74, or 77—no one knows for sure—she has a wonderful sense of humor. She says exactly what she thinks.

On remarriage: "Who, me? At my age? I don't want to be a laughing stock."

On health: "I'm the only girl in the business who doesn't carry a fully equipped medicine chest. I have good health and I look after it."

On ambitions: "I've always wanted to do a dramatic play. I haven't yet, but there's still time. And I've always wanted to be in a circus. I tried once, but I couldn't make it up to the trapeze."

On food: "I love it. But I watch what I eat, believe it or not. I've always been a heavy gal."

The stage: "Even now I'm a nervous wreck before I go on, but when they turn those footlights on and the audience applauds — that's really living."

On other entertainers: 'Guts and originality make a first-class showman. Dinah Shore, Eydie Gorme, and Eartha Kitt — now, they're real stylists."

Art from outer space

STRAIGHT from seeing America's Friendship Space Capsule in Sydney's Hyde Park we went to the Chatswood studio of artist Peter Panou—and it was as if we had travelled on the Friendship to outer space.

Lining the studio walls are Mr. Panou's "orbital" paintings — strange, mystic, representing, Mr. Panou says, his "affinity with infinity."

"They are reproductions of visions I have," he said.

"Not long after I first began to get my visions three years ago I painted my 'Device of Cosmic Radiation.' Nine months later American scientists first produced an instrument to capture the sounds and rays of cosmic radiation.

"Their machine is very similar in shape to a small form in my painting."

Mr. Panou's paintings will be on exhibition in Sydney late next month.

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The Brief Life of AUBREY

A short story by MARGOT LUKE

IT was the sort of situation that would never have cropped up in a sensible marriage at all. If Sherry had married Donald Quentin for his money, for instance, all would have been well. But she had married him because she loved him, and the fact that really he had rather a lot of money didn't hit her with its full, delightful force until the question of housekeeping arose.

True, during their engagement he had been simply fabulous. Best seats at the theatre, utterly incredible meals, and where an ordinary fiance turned up with a box of chocolates Donald would arrive with something specially ordered from Ceylon or Hawaii.

But once the honeymoon and the first settling down in the flat had been achieved, Donald suddenly expected Sherry to come down to earth. He gave her the housekeeping money and mumbled vaguely about a dress allowance which they would still have to work out. The housekeeping seemed rather a lot, and Sherry mentioned this hesitantly.

Donald raised his untidy eyebrows and said: "A lot? Well, really, darling, you are a little optimist, aren't you? I have it on the best authority that two people living a reasonably civilised life can't hope to manage on less."

Sherry smiled at him, secretly amused that he had said "best authority" when really he meant "mother." Mrs. Quentin had yet to be convinced that Sherry was good enough for her son, and, although they were both intensely aware of it, the subject was tactfully avoided.

"All right, if you insist," she laughed. "But don't blame me if I feed you so well that you have to spend the best part of your spare time on the squash court battling with your waistline."

Sherry adored cooking. She experimented and invented, and at the end of the first month she proudly looked back on a long line of successful meals with not one burnt offering to spoil the record. The only thing wrong was that her housekeeping didn't balance. There were ten pounds left unaccounted for. Over, not under. Evidently she hadn't reached Mrs. Quentin's standard yet. She wondered if Donald had noticed. Guiltily she planted the money in a copy of "Aubrey's Brief Lives," which was one of their largest books. Donald had had it for years and never opened it.

In desperation that night she finished dinner with crepes suzette flaming like an Olympic torch. It was impressive.

"Dinner all right, darling?" she murmured later as they sat curled up together in an armchair.

"Delicious," he sighed. "Superb and extravagant. Are you managing all right on the housekeeping? You're not secretly using up your own hard-earned savings for extras, are you?"

"Oh, no!" she said, shocked. "In fact . . ."

"Well, that's all right, then. I feel as if we're still living in the style of the European honeymoon restaurants. I suppose we'll float down to earth gradually. By the way, Mother has finally invited herself to Sunday dinner. I feel it's a good sign."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Sherry agreed drowsily.

"And, darling——"

"Yes?"

"Don't go all Continental on Sunday's dinner, will you. Something with a bit of quality to it. Wholesome. Nothing extravagant or frivolous."

"No crepes suzette, you mean?" she asked innocently.

He sighed contentedly. "I knew you'd understand."

The Sunday dinner turned out better than Sherry expected. Everything was solid and traditional and good quality. Mrs. Quentin looked over the flat like a very discreet inspector from the Ministry of Health, but she seemed pleased with what she saw. At the end of her visit she even bestowed a rather frosty smile on Sherry, and suddenly she knew how much she really longed to be accepted as a true daughter-in-law.

Even so, she was glad when it was all over, and while Donald was driving his mother home Sherry walked around the flat, feeling lightheaded and irresponsible.

Gently she patted "Aubrey's Brief Lives," and for a moment wondered whether she ought to transfer the money into the "Complete

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It's not too many husbands who will be as generous in the matter of housekeeping as Donald, but his wife really found the whole problem beyond her capabilities.

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Continuing . . .

THE BRIEF LIFE OF AUBREY

from page 19

Works of William Shakespeare," which was even fatter, but then she remembered that Donald loved arguing about quotations with people. So she left it where it was.

She promised herself that next month she would do better. Perhaps she ought to buy outlandish things in tins, and hothouse fruit. But the wanton spending of money didn't come easy to her; she had been trained too carefully by her mother, who had had to bring up a family of five healthy children with a tremendous capacity for devouring food.

At the end of the second month fifteen more pounds joined the first ten, because all the basic supplies that last forever had been bought. Frowningly Sherry went over the little regiment of jars containing exotic spices and wondered what on earth she could find to add to them. Hungarian paprika, ground dill, tarragon, rosemary (that's for remembrance, she told herself). It was maddening to feel all the time that there was something she had forgotten, some aspect of civilised living her husband was doing without.

She longed to tell him. It seemed such a silly situation, but something held her back. It was something between pride, fear of ridicule, and stubbornness. But when at the end of the third month another fifteen pounds had to be added to the hoard, she got really worried. "Aubrey's Brief Lives" had reached saturation point, and soon she would have to open a branch account.

Mrs. Quentin had now established a tradition of inviting herself to Sunday dinner once a month, and, although Sherry had yet to detect any sort of warmth in her smile, there did seem to be a touch of approval in her manner.

During the third Sunday dinner Mrs. Quentin dropped her bombshell.

"Aubrey's looking incredibly bulky these days, had you noticed?" she said to Donald. "Practically bursting at the seams. There's something very wrong there."

Sherry dropped a fork and stared at Mrs. Quentin.

"Why — what on earth's the matter with you, child?" She turned to Donald. "She's as white as a sheet."

"Are you all right, darling?"

"Yes," Sherry said, feeling numb. "Yes, of course."

"About Aubrey," Mrs. Quentin continued.

Donald was still looking with deep concern at his wife, and when Mrs. Quentin mentioned the name Aubrey yet again, he saw a red flush creeping slowly up Sherry's face.

Aubrey? Sherry and his cousin Aubrey? Oh, no. Ridiculous. She hardly knew him. Quite impossible. Yet, throughout the meal he remained rather thoughtful, and he drove his mother home earlier than usual.

The subject of Aubrey was not mentioned again, but during the next few weeks Donald developed an unsuspected talent for getting out of after-office meetings, and insisted on taking Sherry on a mad social whirl. Dinner out four or five nights a week, cocktails, sudden telephone calls for lunch. Judged as a campaign, it was far more intensive than even his courtship had been. Sherry couldn't understand it at all.

At the end of that month twenty-five pounds were left. At least this time she had a good excuse, they had hardly eaten at home at all.

"Darling," she enquired, finally, "when are you going to stop this crazy rushing about? I thought you liked my home cooking."

"I do. Very much."

"I can't understand, then, why—"

"Why we've been going out such a lot? Are you tired of it? Really tired?"

She nodded. "Yes, I'm sorry, but you know, I'd really got into the swing of housekeeping."

HE smiled, and with a funny, intense look he said, "And you're sure you aren't secretly pining for the bright lights?"

She shook her head. "Not in the least. It'll be nice to have a big night out once a week or so, but that'll be ample."

He came and looked deep into her eyes. "You are happy, aren't you, darling?"

"Yes, of course."

"And if there's anything worrying you, you will tell me, won't you?"

"Darling, of course. But what's brought all this on?"

He kissed her. "Forget it," he said lightly. "Just a thought I had."

"Talking of worries," she said with a rush, "I won't need any housekeeping money next month — I've spent practically nothing these past few weeks."

"Oh, is that all," he laughed. "Why don't you just buy yourself some little thing with what's left over and start afresh next month."

"But you're giving me far too much," she said. "You'll just have to cut it down."

"Nonsense," he said. "You're managing beautifully. Just keep things going exactly as they are." He went to the door and came back to kiss her again. "Just keep everything exactly as it is, and we'll live happily ever after."

She couldn't tell him then.

At the end of that month she had nearly eighty pounds, and she could bear it no longer. Donald had said, "Buy yourself some little thing with what's left over." All right — she would. She had thought about it long enough, and she knew exactly what to do.

Pearls. That was the answer. The difference between a little string worth two or three guineas and those of about £25 was quite marked. But she found it really hard to see any obvious marks of superior quality between those and the ones priced around the eighty-pound mark. So why should Donald be able to spot them?

That evening for the first time in months she could watch Donald stand in front of the book-case without having her heart hammering in her throat. "Aubrey's Brief Lives" was back to normal size, and she was wearing her pearls, which Donald hadn't even noticed.

Sherry went around congratulating herself for a full week, and then began to wonder how she would tackle the situation in future. The thought of having to buy pearl necklaces three times a year filled her with mild hysteria.

By Sunday she had bigger worries. Much bigger. Mrs. Quentin. If Donald didn't recognise a good string of cultured pearls, his mother certainly did.

"And are they some sort of half-anniversary present?" she smiled.

Donald laughed. "Don't rush things, mother. We're only in our fifth month now. No—Sherry bought those at the end of last month out of the housekeeping. She was a clever girl that month. Got her husband to feed her on the expense account.

"She must have been an exceptionally clever girl," said Mrs. Quentin dryly, studying the pearls.

"How do you mean, mother?"

"Well," Mrs. Quentin looked faintly puzzled. "Although, of course, I wouldn't claim that they are valuable pearls, I can't imagine where you'd get anything as good as that for much less than a hundred pounds."

Sherry shook her head. "No, oh, no," she said desperately. "Nothing like that." Pleadingly she looked at Donald to save her, and then, while she was still staring at him, she saw his face change. Before her eyes he turned into a stranger.

One moment he looked bewildered and faintly amused, and then he turned into someone she had never seen before. Cynical, bitter, almost sneering.

"Donald!" she gasped. "Don't look like that!"

"Why not?" he demanded. "You don't expect me to enjoy being made a fool of, do you?"

"What exactly . . ." Mrs. Quentin asked vaguely.

"Donald, I can explain . . ."

"Oh, the explanation is quite simple, I imagine," Donald smiled tightly. "One word should cover it—Aubrey."

Sherry stared. "You knew all the time."

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that! I tried to tell myself I was imagining things. Told myself I was crazy. And I was! Completely crazy to close my eyes to the situation."

"But it's all right now," Sherry pleaded. "Don't you see, now that you know we can start working it all out properly, and it need never happen again."

Donald looked at her speechlessly. Then he turned to his mother. "I'm afraid a family crisis has broken loose, mother. I'll take you home, and then I have another urgent call to make."

Mrs. Quentin shook her head. "You sound demented, both of you. Would you mind explaining . . ."

"Not now, mother," Donald said firmly.

"But it was your mother's

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"Lucky thing this storm is so bad we can't go to school!"

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DAY OF THE CAT

An appealing short short story

By CAMILLA R. BITTLE

I will be as lazy as a cat all day, Amanda thought, and I'll do exactly as I please.

THE day Amanda Hollingsworth decided to become a cat started like any other day. The alarm rang and she roused her family. Then she went down to the kitchen and started breakfast. It was a beautiful day. She wanted to stretch, arch her back, yawn in the warm sunshine. I feel like a cat, she thought.

The toaster popped, the coffee bubbled, and then, as usual, her family all descended at once, and almost immediately three things happened.

Jake, her husband, said, "I won't be home for dinner."

Tom, aged fourteen, said, "The track meet's in Westfield, Mum, and I said you'd drive."

Donna, almost twelve, said, "Tomorrow's Saturday—can I have a party?"

In the first place, though Amanda knew why Jake wasn't coming home to dinner—he had to work late—it had been happening more and more often lately and she didn't like it. There was no use trying to discuss his business, because he came home to get away from it, and, furthermore, there were people who understood it better than she did. What bothered her was the fact that some of the people who understood Jake's business talk were people who wore black dresses, pert hats, and very high heels. This was what she didn't like.

In the second place, much as she approved of athletics, she did not like the way her son ordered her about. It wasn't only that he treated her like a chauffeur; he also treated her like a laundress, cook, and errand girl. She loved him dearly, but she sometimes wondered if he loved her.

As for Donna, here she was almost twelve and demanding a party in a tone that meant she expected to contribute just one thing—the guests.

Amanda felt a prickle of irritation. She thought of a cat they once had who would nurse her litters to the saucer stage, and then, with tail in the air, turn her back on the lot and walk off to lie in the sun. The kittens had learned to feed and wash themselves.

"Sorry, darling," she said to her son across the table. "You'll have to take the bus."

His mouth dropped open in surprise, but she ignored this and turned to Donna. "You may have a party," she said. "When you get home from school you can make biscuits and sandwiches, anything you want to."

"But, Mother . . ." Donna wailed.

Amanda closed her ears, although it was hard to turn her back on this still-kitteny child, and dealt her blow to the man of the house.

"Never mind about dinner," she said sweetly. "I won't be here, either."

Jake's paper crumpled into his lap and dismay registered on his face, but Amanda only rose and headed for the sink. She called back cheerfully, "I just didn't want you to worry about it. I have plans."

Of course, she didn't have plans. She had simply done what most women want to do from time to time — she had turned her back on her family. She was tired of being a servant. I shall be a cat all day, she thought. I will do exactly what I want to do. I'm going to lie in the sun, and then I'm going down town and get my hair done and have a manicure. I'll snoop around in every little shop, and I'll eat when and what I want to.

By five that afternoon she was wearing a new permanent, bright scarlet nails, and a smart new black suit. To make the whole thing complete she bought a wisp of net for her head, black shoes with heels like ice-picks, and a purse and gloves. Then, because she had often heard Jake mention the Parisian Room and because she had decided to spend the whole day in selfish pursuits, like a cat, she waved for a taxi.

The Parisian Room was very grand indeed. In fact, suddenly feeling quite small, she shrank against the branches of a great potted fern and ordered a cup of tea. She ordered it twice because the waiter wasn't sure he had heard her, and his haughty appraisal stirred a sort of hissing anger in her. She had a perfect right to be there and to order a cup of tea. If she was going to be a cat, she decided, she ought to feel like a cat, and a cat simply wouldn't give a darn. Just as she arrived at this conclusion she saw her husband.

He was seated across the room, perfectly placed for viewing, and he was not alone. Quite the opposite. Jake was with a woman — one who was wearing a sleek black suit, a mere scrap of a hat, and the one shoe that was visible was as pointed as a colfie's nose and heeled with a black nail.

Rage began to bubble inside Amanda, and when the tea arrived she knew she didn't need it. So this was business! Ignoring the aromatic brew, she began to watch Jake. But, oddly, her anger, like the tea, began to cool. Something was amiss. In the first place, Jake didn't look very happy. In the second place, he glanced twice at his watch. A bewitched man never remembers the time.

Amanda looked at her own watch. It was after six, which meant it would be almost dark before she could get home. Cat or not, she could not be indifferent to her young. It was all very well to push their noses into the saucer, but it was heartless to let the poor things choke.

She gathered up purse and gloves and left the restaurant, and thirty minutes later the aroma of hot chocolate and the sound of Donna's record player greeted her.. In the kitchen Amanda saw the remains of a twelve-year-old's idea of supper. She retreated to her room, shed her new black outfit, and pulled on a skirt and sweater.

As she descended the stairs Tom bounded up the walk and crashed into the house.

"How about some supper?" she asked.

"I had a couple of hot dogs at the bus station," he said. "Got to hurry. They're coming by to pick me up for bowling."

Feeling deflated, she meandered into the kitchen. She wasn't very hungry. Obviously she should have thought of it sooner, but the truth of the matter was that once the kittens were out of the box they were quite happy to stand paw-deep in milk and lick their own whiskers. A fig for the mother cat, thought Amanda — who needs her?

The thought had such a sour twist that Amanda decided to return to womanhood, and as she put on the coffee she began to think of ways to become indispensable once more. She was making a sandwich when she heard Jake's car. It was so early she wondered if the Parisian Room had run out of truffles and meringues. That was dreadfully catty of me, she thought, and so she hurried to the door and held out her arms.

Jake scooped her up, kissed her, and sighed: "What a day! Everything went wrong."

"What about your dinner plans?"

He pulled his tie loose and groaned. "What dinner?" he said. "We never got beyond the cocktails. They sent a birdbrain this time. Some of these gals who come out as consultants are all right, but not this one."

"What did she look like?" Amanda asked.

"They all look alike," he said wearily.

She made another sandwich, and when they'd eaten they took their coffee into the living-room. They were just settling down on the sofa when suddenly three things happened.

A horn blared outside and Tom came hurtling down the stairs. He stopped at the door. "I can't find my sweat shirt," he said. "I've got to have it in the morning."

The door slammed behind him and the phone rang. Donna pounded along the hall, snatched up the receiver, and said, "Hello." There was a pause, and then she lowered her voice and said, "Well, I made the biscuits and some sandwich stuff, and now I think I can get Mother to take me down to the Record Bar to pick up that new one . . ."

Last of all Jake's arm came down across her shoulders and he pulled her close. "You just don't know how good it is to be home," he said.

Ah, but she did know. She had walked alone all day long, and she knew exactly what he meant. She had resolved never to try to be a cat again, but, resolution or not, there was just one thing left to do — purr. And purr she did.

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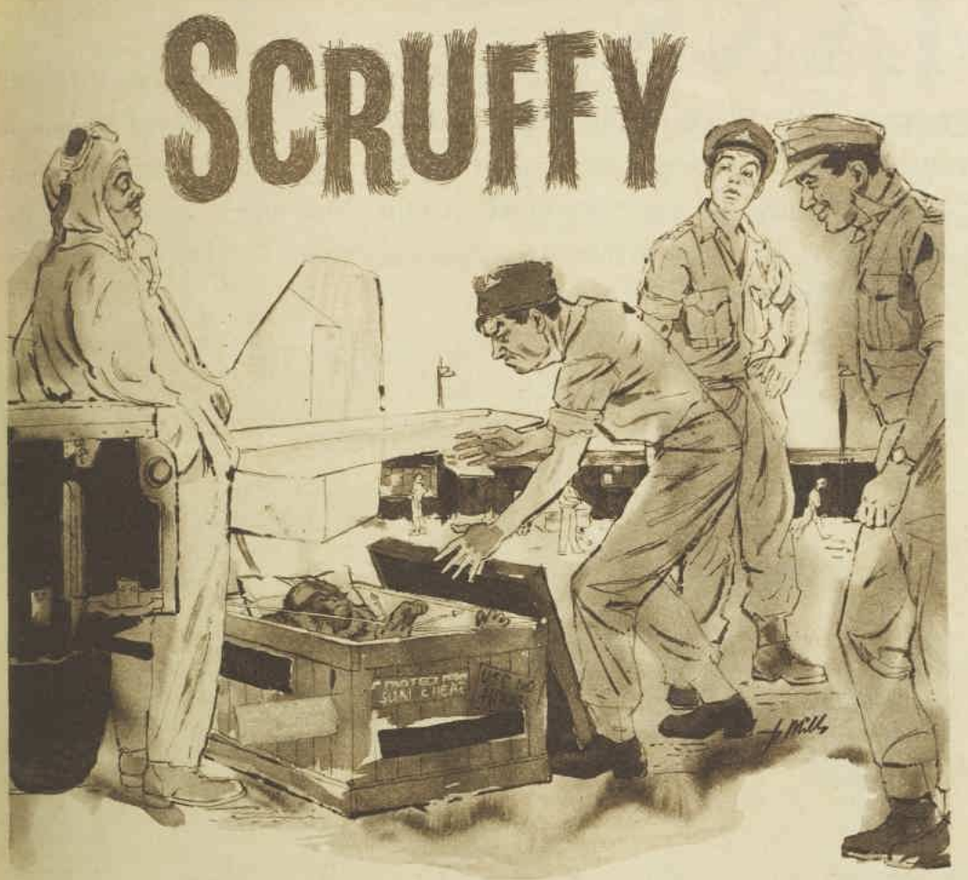
The Air Force comes to the rescue — part four of our serial

SCRUFFY



"Asleep!" Lovejoy said with disgust, as Cranch, Tim, and Major McPherson watched. "She's dead—and been dead for hours!"

AT the end of 1939, CAPTAIN TIMOTHY BAILEY and GUNNER LOVEJOY, of the Royal Artillery, were in charge of the Barbary apes which roam freely over Gibraltar. But when war was declared BRIGADIER GASKELL forbade Tim to make any more requests for the apes. Being fond of them, especially SCRUFFY, the leader, Tim worried for their welfare. It was then he met FELICITY, daughter of ADMIRAL and LADY FRENCH, and they fell in love. Felicity joined the Wrens and, after training in England, hoped to return to marry Tim.

Working in the Navy Optical Repairs Department on the Rock was ALFONSO RAMIREZ, a Gibraltarian of German ancestry. He secretly hated the British, especially Felicity, who had laughed at him; Lovejoy, who had spurned his friendship; and most of all Scruffy, who had stolen his wig. He planned to kill him with a large firecracker while a parade was being staged. Scruffy was unharmed, but the incident spoilt the parade, so the Brigadier sacked Tim from his position as Officer-in-Charge of Apes.

When Felicity returned, Tim felt he was no longer worthy of her and did not meet her. Later, bitten by Scruffy as she fed him, she angrily sought Tim and told him, only to discover he had nothing more to do with the apes. However, their differences were made up and they were soon married.

About this time Ramirez learnt from Lovejoy the apes were dying off, and he gave the news to the Germans, who broadcast it. MAJOR CLYDE, of the Secret Service, heard it in London and flew out to see MAJOR McPHERSON, Senior Security Officer on the Rock. They decided Tim must be reinstated, but Felicity demands better quarters for themselves as well as the apes. Clyde arranges for the Prime Minister to cable the Brigadier and everything proceeds smoothly as a result. NOW READ ON:

THE first council of war following the reinstatement of Captain, now Major, Bailey as Officer-in-Charge of the Apes took place in the office of Major McPherson and Gunner Lovejoy.

For the first time Tim was loaded with plans, maps, and statistics none of which was going to be thrown back at him. Also he had a bandaged thumb.

Major McPherson raised an eyebrow and queried, "Hit it with a hammer moving in?"

Tim shook his head. "Welcome home from Scruffy," he replied happily. "Got me in the same place. Nothing like a bit of human blood for old Scruff."

McPherson took the chair. "Okay, Tim, let's hear."

"It really breaks down into two parts," Tim began. "Surviving Apes, Care and Protection Of, and New Apes, Purchase Of and Transporting To."

"That's right, boy," Major Clyde said with a straight face, "keep it all official."

"You don't belong to the same army I do," Tim said. "Eventually all this is going to wind up in some Colonel's in-basket; maybe even the Brigadier's."

"Not the Brigadier's," Clyde remarked. "He's been short-circuited. Own request. Anyway, he's as happy as a sandboy. We are getting him enough cement to duplicate the pyramids. Also he's asked for steel to armorplate his bunkers. You know what getting steel is like. We've bunged it under additional fencing for apes' cages. The old boy is purring like a kitten. He goes around muttering to himself the new password to Brigadier's heaven—'The P.M. wants it'."

"War can be beautiful," observed Major McPherson.

Tim said, "Give us the gen on your end of it, Lovejoy."

"Yes, Sir," replied the Gunner, and arose in the manner of the Company Chairman about to reply to the toast at the 25th anniversary banquet. "And I may say, Sir, that no one is 'appier to 'ave you back on the job than John C. Lovejoy, though it would have been better for everyone if they could 'ave got around to it sooner."

He produced his usual grubby bit of paper and read, "Queens Gate pack, there's old Scruff; Tony, though he ain't much use since Scruffy got to him last night—almost tore 'im in 'alf; Pat and Bill, Judy and Muriel, and a young female hapelet as yet unnamed; I'd say she wasn't looking too fit right now since she lost her mother."

Major Clyde let out a whistle. "Seven!"

"The Middle Hill pack is worse off than that," the Gunner said gloomily. "They're around on the weather side of the Rock. There's Frank — he's the leader, he's in pretty good shape; Sammy, Jim, and Ike, though I wouldn't give you much for them, they've all had a mauling at one time or another, and there's two male hapelets."

"No females," said Major Clyde.

"Thirteen altogether. That's a jolly number. Wait till the Jerry catches on to that happy notion."

"And, speaking of that," Major Clyde suggested, "what about your security, McPherson?"

"The apes' village will be out of bounds," McPherson

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By PAUL GALLICO

Nora was naughty yesterday

Look at her today

HAPPY AND WELL THE LAXETTE WAY

When your child is crabby, naughty or nervy, it may be constipation that's upset her normal happy nature. If she pushes food away; if she torments her brother; if her temper flares up, she's showing her distress. Aren't you glad you can make her happy and well overnight — the Laxette way?

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LETTER BOX

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Bed-time bribes

A BABY-SITTER, I'm amazed at the methods some mothers employ to coax their children to bed. When baby-sitting for one couple who forgot to tell me the bribe they use, junior sobbed for an hour at bedtime, between tears asking for his sleeping pill. I was just about frantic when the mother rang to say if junior wouldn't go to sleep without his pill, give him one—they're harmless sugar-coated sweets. Sure enough, the lad was asleep in five minutes. Harmless now, but what will the next step be?

£1/1/- to "Emcee" (name supplied), Boulder, W.A.

It's hard to win

ONE evening hubby came home from the office earlier than usual and found me looking rather untidy. My hair wasn't done, my dress wasn't very clean, and I had no make-up on. Comparing me to the neat people he works with all day, he was irritated. Hearing his remarks, a friend visiting me rushed home, fixed her hair, put on a nice frock, and made up her face. Her hubby arrived home and said, "Where do you think you're going?"

£1/1/- to "Dawn and Val" (name supplied), Warwick, Qld.

Tough hospital treatment

THE current TV series of "Ben Casey" is most entertaining, but I do hope we don't hatch a crop of new M.D.s like Casey. Sick people need sympathy, not a "pull-yourself-together" attitude from doctors. My son was almost unmanageable after a lengthy hospitalisation; his usual sunny nature has given way to tantrums and the tears I feel sure he bottled up while in hospital. Many months later I discovered threats had been quite a usual accompaniment to the giving of medicines, injections, etc.

£1/1/- to "Ex-Patient" (name supplied), Wonthaggi, Vic.

Her husband's a bookworm

HAVE bright readers any suggestions as to how I can worm a little conversation out of my "silent partner"? He reads from teatime to bedtime. As soon as he finishes reading, he goes to bed. If I dare to interrupt, which isn't very often, his finger immediately marks the place he is reading and I'm given the "hurry-up look" and a brief answer.

£1/1/- to "Any Solutions" (name supplied), South Windsor, N.S.W.

Problem boys

IT'S normal for boys growing up to become sour and ill-natured, "Distraught Mother" (Vic.), whose formerly sunny-natured son is now a surly 13-year-old. The happier-natured the child, the more noticeable the change. I thought my youngest son might become a careless ne'er-do-well until he changed into a quarrelsome youth. I then knew he'd be as fine a man as any of his older brothers. Talk to your son as if he were a man, not a child.

£1/1/- to "Contented Mother" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

★ ★ ★

IN the development of young people there is what is called "the third stage," which occurs between 13 and 18 years. It's a serious change, accompanied by both intellectual and emotional aspects set off by the mind and environment. Usually, children in this age group become a litle dissatisfied with home life and want to annoy a second child. Your son wouldn't be so irritable if he had plenty of outside interests—study can have harmful effects if the child studies continuously. Get him on a football field or tennis court, where he can let off steam.

£1/1/- to "Secondary Teacher" (name supplied), Camp Hill, Qld.

★ ★ ★

RELAX! Don't let the lad see you are distraught, the situation doesn't warrant such drastic feelings. His behaviour is normal for his age. Just see he gets plenty of rest and good food.

£1/1/- to C. E. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

★ ★ ★

HAVE you considered the turmoil your boy-man is going through? Suffering conflicting emotions, sometimes he's a man and sometimes a little boy. As the mother of a boy (aged 15) and two younger girls, I advise you to give him plenty of privacy and try not to nag or compare his failings with your younger daughters' virtues. If you make the effort not to smother-love him, you'll have a wonderful bond between you when he emerges from his cocoon.

£1/1/- to "Also A Mother" (name supplied), Homebush, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WENT to see an eye doctor last week about some spectacles.

In the waiting-room I noticed a box of toys. It was evidently a place where they gave special attention to children. I got talking to the nurse about this.

"Yes, we have to keep the children happy," she said. "If they cry, Doctor can't examine their eyes properly."

"Do they cry much?" I asked.

"Some of them cry if they see Doctor in a white coat," she said. "They think he's going to give them a needle. He puts on an ordinary coat if they're upset."

The white-coat problem is an aspect of medical practice that is not talked about much. But you can see how it arises.

Children get more injections now than ever before. It is a good thing in the long run. They are protected from a number of nasty diseases like diphtheria and polio—or dick theria and bolio, as the needle-getters call them.

But when an injection is being given, it is hard to persuade children that the ordeal is worth while.

NEEDLEWORK

I remember the alarm and despondency at our place over the "bolio needle."

Wild rumors spread at school beforehand. One girl said the doctors threw the bolio needles at you like darts from across the room.

Another held that the injections were given to cause polio, not to prevent it.

On the day of the needles there were surprising reversals of form. Little girls who had been whinging for a week went through the ordeal without a murmur. Hugo Potts, who had been boasting that he didn't care a bit, keeled over and had to be revived.

All things considered, the doctors who give injections have a responsible job.

If the customers are dissatisfied, they will dislike doctors for years. More than that, they will be suspicious of anyone in a white coat—whether he is a barber, ice-cream seller, or cricket umpire.

Without doubt many doctors are skilful needlers. But they don't provide anything in the way of entertainment. It would be a good idea if a standby doctor or nurse did some tricks to amuse the children before and during the jab.

And needle doctors would do a good turn for other doctors—not to mention dentists, barbers, and ice-cream sellers—if they stopped wearing white coats.

It would be wiser to wear well-cut business suits when giving injections for bolio or dick theria. If they want to be really popular, the doctors should dress up as clowns, with funny hats.

One more suggestion for brighter bolio needles: abolish the queues.

Standing in a queue waiting to be punctured makes the boldest of us feel uneasy. If Hugo Potts hadn't been kept waiting in a queue, he might not have keeled over. He would certainly feel more at ease with ice-cream sellers today.

HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR

For some strange reason, some women still jib at the thought of having their hair coloured. Maybe it's because their Grannies said that ladies who 'dyed' their hair were not quite nice. In those days, that may possibly have been true, but it isn't so any more. Now, Grannies don't look like Grannies — and good luck to them!

Trend to permanent colour. According to overseas forecasts, the trend towards hair colour as an essential cosmetic is spiralling up and up, and swinging more and more towards the use of permanent tints — even for women without a grey hair in their heads! Fashion-conscious femmes now want more than simply an intensification of their natural colour — they are eager for a complete change — they are ready for variety which, as we all know, is the spice of life. And, speaking of spice, I must mention here the glorious L'Oreal of Paris Tintette browns — warm shades, full of life and richness, which capture all the subtlety of spices in colour. You'll just love the glowing tones of Tintette Light Chestnut, Dark Brown Auburn and Darkest Brown, three of the twelve true-to-nature Tintette colours which range from Light Blonde right through to Jet Black.

Tintette can do so many things! Want to match your natural hair shade and blend in the greys with never a whisper of difference? Want to lighten your hair a shade or two? Darken it? Make a complete colour change? You can do any of these things with L'Oreal of Paris Tintette, the gentle liquid creme colouring which you can use in the privacy of your own bathroom. Easily, quickly, safely and permanently, you can transform drab dullness to shining new beauty.

Say goodbye to tell-tale grey! The very first thing which betrays age is grey hair and, let's face it, we all have a secret desire to stay young-looking. And so we should! If you're a career woman, a smart, youthful appearance will contribute to your success . . . if you're a housewife, your husband will preen himself when people pay you compliments . . . whatever you are, looking younger will make you happier and add to your poise, your confidence, your personality. Grey hairs are a give-away, so banish them with L'Oreal of Paris Tintette — permanently and forever.

Worried about a 'dyed' look? Old-fashioned hair dyes looked heavy and artificial, but Tintette, because its clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft, looks so natural that no one will realise what has happened to you —they'll just notice how much younger and prettier you look.

Complete hair beauty treatment. There's a special reason why Tintette gives such translucent, natural, living colour to your hair — it is not just a hair colouring, it is a complete hair beauty treatment. Every time you use Tintette you pamper it with wonderful vitalising and nourishing ingredients which make it glossy, healthy and manageable — and leave it in perfect condition.

Have no fears! Even if you've never done anything more than shampoo your hair, you will be able to use Tintette. And if there should be an interruption before you rinse it off, don't panic, because Tintette contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stop-watch. No matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

Always use a soapless shampoo. With any type of hair colouring, it is vitally important that you should use a soapless shampoo, so I suggest that you keep your hair in good condition by always using L'Oreal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula and guaranteed soapless. L'Oreal Shampoo is a time-saver too, because it's a one-lather shampoo.

Free advisory service. *If you have any queries at all about hair colouring, why not write me about them? And enclose a 2 inch snippet of hair for personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use.*

Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oreal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne.

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The freezer holds 68 lbs. of frozen food. Unlike the frozen food chests of ordinary refrigerators *you can safely store foods here for months at a time* . . . because the freezer is *separately* insulated and refrigerated. Fabulous Foodarama *never needs defrosting* — exclusive "Cyclic" Defrost does it automatically. With the world's most advanced features, fabulous Foodarama is Australia's finest refrigerator —priced from 245 gns.

Right now your Kelvinator retailer is making it easy to own any of the 6 new Kelvinator models—priced from only 85 gns. (slightly higher in some areas). So see him soon.

Kelvinator gives you greater value . . . Kelvinator gives you unbeatable quality! If you had X-ray vision you could see all the hidden benefits in every Kelvinator appliance . . . exclusive benefits that Kelvinator include to give you years of efficient, trouble-free service. Right now your Kelvinator retailer is making it especially easy to own any Kelvinator appliance. See him and move up to Kelvinator quality.

Choose **Kelvi**

HOME

REFRIGERATORS • FREEZERS • WASHERS • AIR CONDITIONING

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Cleanest! THE KELVINATOR AUTOMATIC WASHER WASHES CLEANEST

Not only totally automatic but Kelvinator has the washing action that gives the greatest washing satisfaction. The unique off-centre agitator creates a washing action that combines *all* actions in one. It moves your clothes up, down and around removing every last trace of dirt . . . spins it out behind a special perforated liner—*doesn't strain it back through your clothes.* You'll enjoy the world's most advanced features, too.

Choose from two glamorous models both totally automatic, priced from 193 gns.

Bliss! ALL-YEAR-ROUND COMFORT WITH KELVINATOR ROOM AIR CONDITIONING

because it's truly *refrigerated* room air conditioning. Only a refrigerated unit can banish humidity—the greatest cause of summer discomfort. Kelvinator units reverse in winter, too—give you the most efficient and economical heating of all. Designed to add to any room decor, they're so neat . . . so thin they look built-in. Contact your nearest Kelvinator office for a free survey of your premises without obligation. With Kelvinator Air Conditioning you can live in perfect comfort all year round—you can comfort condition one room or an entire building.

Modern! DISCOVER THE NEW WAY TO LIVE WITH A KELVINATOR HOME FREEZER

A Kelvinator Home Freezer enables you to buy large quantities of food when markets are glutted . . . prices down. You store it safely away to enjoy during the months that follow. *You can save as much as 25% on your food bills.* You'll find freezer living so convenient, always having enough food on hand when unexpected guests drop in. The model illustrated above (VF 231) gives 300 lbs. of storage area in the minimum space and is powered by the mighty "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Choose from 3 spacious models priced from as low as 169 gns.

nator

APPLIANCES *for Better Living*

• TELEVISION

KL620

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In the wonderful world of fashion...

Australia can make it!

Every season the Australian Clothing Industry has the task of creating new designs, new styles, new colours and fabrics to meet the changing faces of fashion. And every season, new exciting clothes appear in the unique, striking styles Australian women have learnt to expect from the Industry. Each new collection adds another credit to the Clothing Industry's flair for creating distinctive, Australian fashions. But the Clothing Industry of Australia plays an even greater role than that of maintaining our reputation for fashion flair: it plays an important part in the nation's economy by creating secure jobs for many people, and by helping to support Australian primary industry. Today, the Australian Clothing Industry employs 1 in every 16 of the nation's total manufacturing work force, emerging as one of the largest single employers of labour throughout secondary industry. It pays its 70,000 employees an annual wages bill of £46 million. Its 3,737 factories use materials valued at £80 million yearly, and produce £156 million worth of garments. Look for the Australian-made label when you're shopping for next season's wardrobe—you'll find Australian-made fashion very much to your taste. *The wise Australian buys Australian.*

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OUR ALL-AUSTRALIAN Fashion Parades

A preview, here and on the next six pages, of parade models

THREE internationally acclaimed overseas "Vogue" mannequins and three well-known Australian mannequins will show 70 fabulous models in our All-Australian Fashion Parades.

The parades, presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium, will take place in August and September, in Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

Because Paris is the home of creative fashion, the parade clothes are based on the couture designing in the recent Paris spring collections.

The unifying link throughout the parades is elegance and brilliant color, from day into evening. Materials are lavish — both Australian-made and imported.

Reproductions of a number of the 70 models will be available after the parades.

Pictures in this section by staff photographer Jim Ellard.

● *Diaphanous flowery-printed chiffon is used for these two short-skirted party dresses. Both dresses are waisted and ruffle-trimmed.*

Continued overleaf

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Supp-hose

THE SHEER NYLON SUPPORT STOCKINGS — *that ease tired legs!*

Mother **deserves** the best — and here's a gift suggestion that will bring her happiness **plus blissful comfort** all year round! Supp-hose by **HILTON**. Supp-hose are **sheer** nylon stockings specially designed to banish leg-fatigue — give gentle support to tired, aching legs. A superb gift because they outlast 9 pairs of ordinary nylons — yet look like any other sheer nylons! Give Mother the **best** this year . . . Supp-hose by **HILTON**!

* 100% SHEER NYLON.
* FOUR FASHION SHADES.
* SEVEN PROPORTIONED FITTINGS.
* AT 42/- A PAIR THEY OUTLAST NINE PAIRS OF ORDINARY SHEER NYLONS.

Supp-hose Size Chart

	FOR SIZES	Supp-hose FITTINGS
SHORT OR SLENDER LEGS	8½ – 9 9½ – 10	A SHORT B SHORT
AVERAGE LEGS	8½ – 9 9½ – 10 10½ – 11	A AVERAGE B AVERAGE C AVERAGE
LONG OR AMPLE LEGS	9½ – 10 10½ – 11	B LONG C LONG

HH552

SUPP-HOSE – The sheer nylon support stockings — *that ease tired legs!*

Our All-Australian Fashion Parades

SHEER AND FEMININE

● *Big impact comes with the feminine edition of a wide self-ruffled cape collar in this prettily shaped lace dress. The lace features varying shades of soft caramel. The skirt has narrow, all-round sunray pleats.*

● *Informal short-skirted dance dress made in flowery chiffon, one of the season's most popular fabrics. The fabric is patterned in turquoise-blue and pale beige on a white ground. A deep bertha collar finishes form-fitting bodice; skirt has graceful fullness.*

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● These Parades fashions forecast the newest silhouettes and fabrics for spring - summer partygoers. The waist is back, and diaphanous sheers give an airy look to many designs.

● *Cool as a summer breeze is the vivid azalea-pink chiffon dress, above. An ultra-large self-material bow forms the entire bodice front. The skirt is full below a belted waistline.*

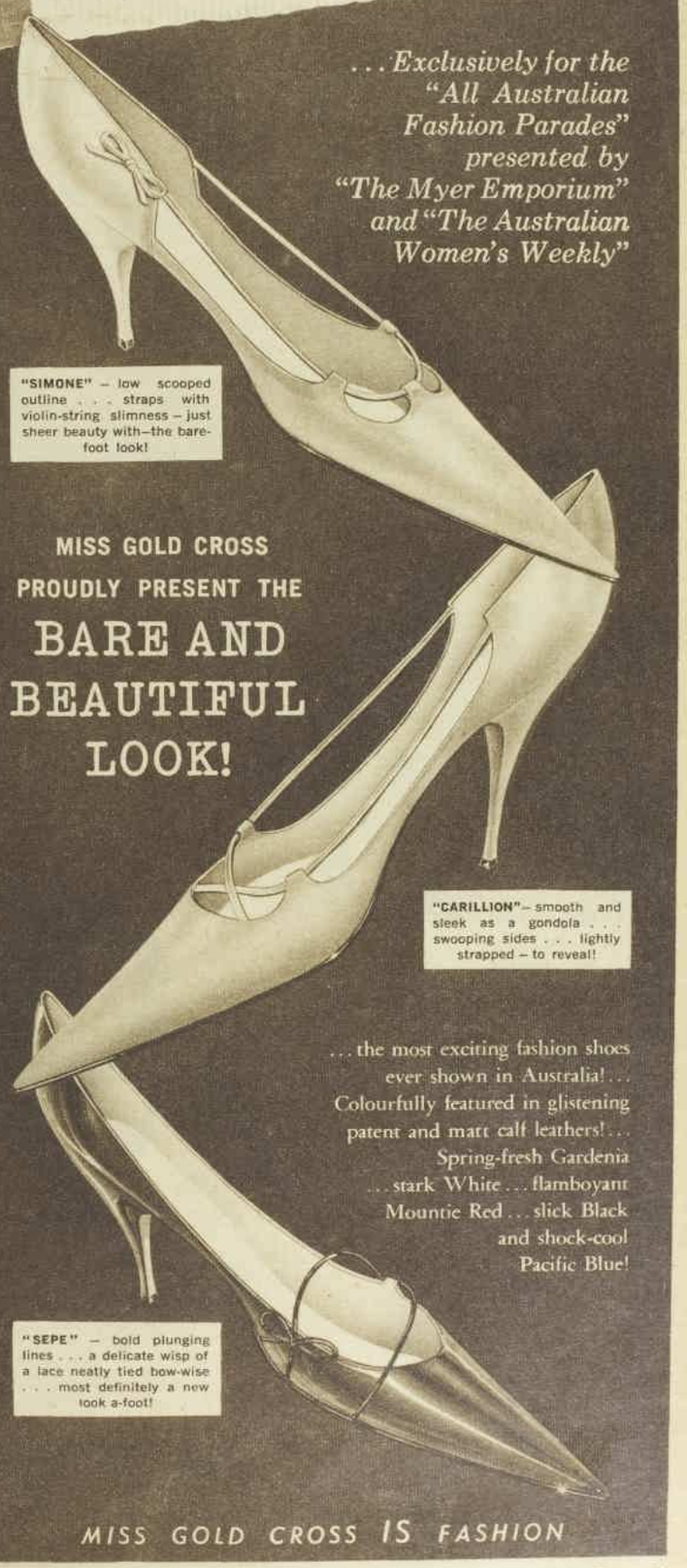
● *Floor - length formal (right) is made in superb navy-blue silk shantung. Cape collar has a deep border of chalk-white beads.*

● *This slim, widely belted one-piece chiffon dress has a flowing cape and fitted sleeves. The high draped turban is in matching chiffon.*

Miss Gold Cross

CHOSEN AS...
THE "MOST-EXCITING"
SHOES OF THE YEAR!...

...Exclusively for the "All Australian Fashion Parades" presented by "The Myer Emporium" and "The Australian Women's Weekly"



"SIMONE" – low scooped outline . . . straps with violin-string slimness – just sheer beauty with–the barefoot look!

MISS GOLD CROSS
PROUDLY PRESENT THE
BARE AND
BEAUTIFUL
LOOK!

"CARILLION"– smooth and sleek as a gondola . . . swooping sides . . . lightly strapped – to reveal!

...the most exciting fashion shoes ever shown in Australia!... Colourfully featured in glistening patent and matt calf leathers!... Spring-fresh Gardenia ...stark White ...flamboyant Mountie Red ...slick Black and shock-cool Pacific Blue!

"SEPE" – bold plunging lines . . . a delicate wisp of a lace neatly tied bow-wise . . . most definitely a new look a-foot!

MISS GOLD CROSS IS FASHION

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ALL-AUSTRALIAN FASHION PARADES

Lovely models from France, England, America and Australia keep their complexions radiantly soft with

'Young Touch'

the all-in-one moisturising compact make-up

EMMANUELLE GASSION from France says: *"Young Touch is so convenient for that quick touch-up; makes me feel so confident about my make-up, too."*

JANICE WAKELY of Melbourne says: *"I like Young Touch compact make-up because it never dries my skin and there is a shade for every season."*

JILL STINCHCOMBE of England says: *"Young Touch does not make me look artificially made-up, so important in my work; and the shades are just right."*

CAROL ASHMONT of America says: *"Like most fashion-conscious women I would not be without Young Touch because it comes in such lovely shades."*

KAIA STANFORD of Sydney says: *"My skin does not have that dry look since I started using this marvellous moisturising make-up—Young Touch!"*

'Young Touch' the first exclusive blend of pure silk powder and foundation, by Helena Rubinstein, preserves the skin's natural moisture and oils. It never dries the skin . . . does not cake, streak or turn orange-y. Young Touch—so much better for quick touch-ups—gives day-long radiance and softness to your complexion. In 8 flattering shades.

JOAN GREEN of Sydney says: *"Young Touch gives my complexion a fresh look and does not dry my skin. It's wonderful for a quick touch-up."*

Young Touch compact with mirror and puff, 16/3.

Young Touch refills with puff, 10/3.

Helena Rubinstein

All-Australian Fashion Parades sponsored by the Myer Emporium Ltd. in conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly

FARMER & CO., SYDNEY—4th-15th AUGUST (INCLUSIVE)
THE MYER STORES, QUEENSLAND—18th-28th AUGUST (INCLUSIVE)
THE MYER EMPORIUM LTD., MELBOURNE—1st-12th SEPTEMBER (INCL
THE MYER EMPORIUM (S.A.) LTD.—15th-21st SEPTEMBER (INCLUSIV

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Our All-Australian Fashion Parades

NEW SUIT LOOKS

● Keyed to elegant living are these five suits from our Parades. Chic and uncluttered, nearly every spring suit has its own specially designed blouse or overblouse. Silk is this season's favorite suit fabric.

Continued overleaf

● *Raw silk in alabaster-white is the material choice for this superbly tailored suit (right). The sulphur-and-white surah silk overblouse is matched to the Breton.*

● *Ultra-smart cape-suit ensemble (above) has wide side slits for easy arm movement. The vivid blue of the cape is matched to the bowler hat and the centre panel of the beige companion suit.*

● *Suit in jute-finished raw silk (above) worn with a pink blouse. The bow on the blouse is worn outside the jacket.*

● *Palest primrose silk suit (right) has a belted jacket and pleated skirt. The suit is highlighted with a chiffon blouse.*

● *High-fashion three-piece suit in glowing blue raw silk (right) has a matching stole banded in fuchsia. The chic, wide-brimmed, high-crowned hat is also in a fuchsia shade.*

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Our All-Australian Fashio

DIVERSITY A
ELEGAN

● The clothes shown illustrate the diversity of the 70 Au made model garments in the parades. The designing is cr brilliant. Color combinations are arresting, materials

Dress and coat ensemble is worn with a swathed turban matched to the wool in the straight coat. The waisted dress is made in self-patterned cloque silk. The band of smocking on the neckline of the coat is spring news.

● *White ottoman coat-dress is, like a number of spring fashions, firmly belted at the natural waistline. The black accent in the chiffon scarf and accessories is also current fashion.*

● *Romantic ruffles and frills are typical of the soft feminine look in this year's fashions. Above, a hem-length stole-wrap is made in tier upon tier of flame net. The stole is worn with a floor-length evening dress of dove-grey silk crepe.*

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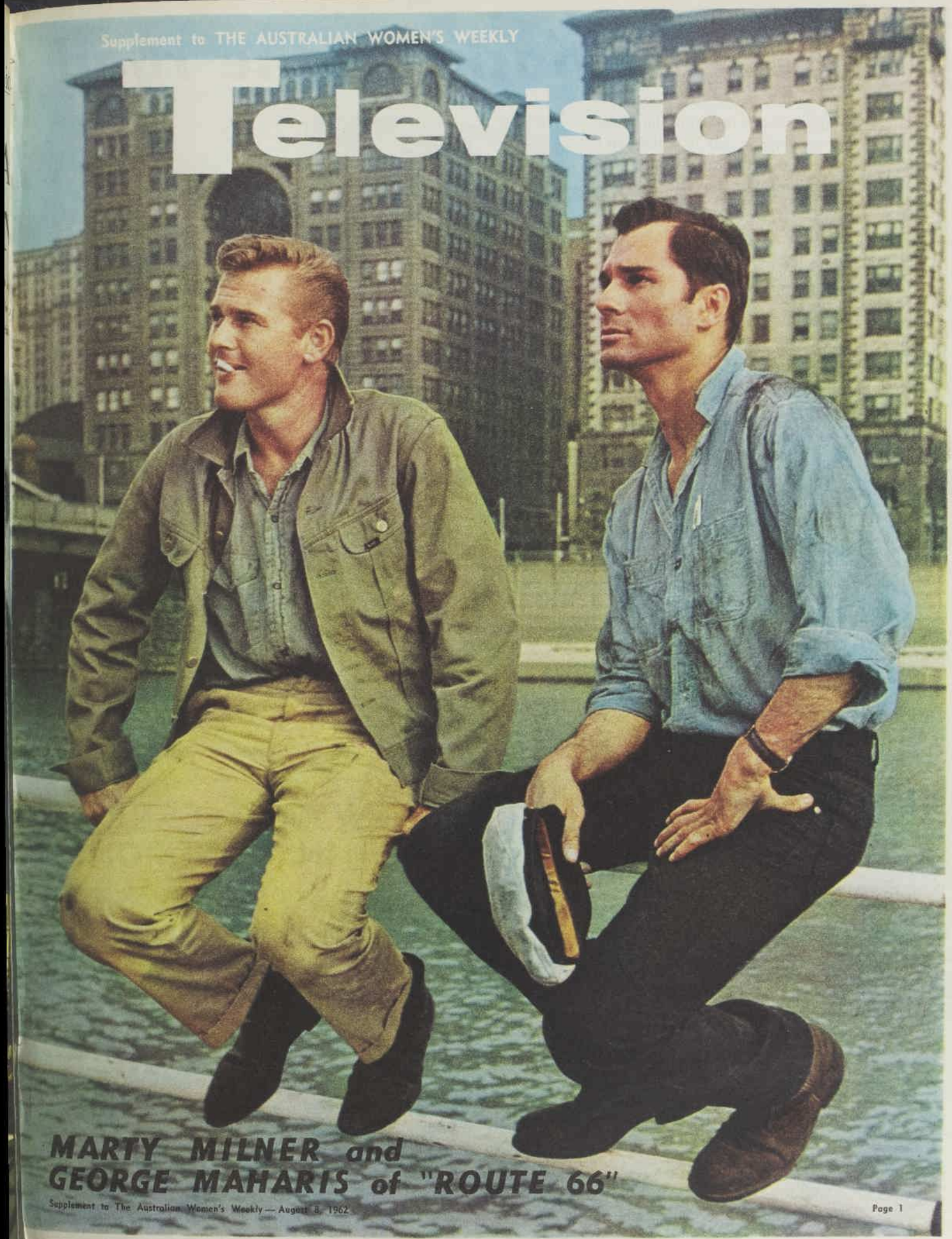
Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Television



MARTY MILNER and GEORGE MAHARIS of "ROUTE 66"

are Australian-made.

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George is back on the road

● George Maharis is behind the wheel of the shiny sports car in television's "Route 66" series again—having just recovered from a serious illness.

MAHARIS was stricken with infectious hepatitis in April.

He entered the St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, and producers of "Route 66" went round inoculating actors, technicians, and anybody who might have been in contact with the sick TV star.

Even a newspaper reporter who visited the set before George's illness was offered a shot.

"I felt terrible about that," said George, feeling as much compassion for the newspaperman as for the actors. "I felt like a plague, spreading hepatitis."

More than 50 people who worked with George during that time received shots, and Maharis indicated where when he said, "they couldn't sit down."

"I went to dinner at some friends' house and the whole family had to get inoculated," he said.

"There were three adults and they had to get adjusted to the fact that they might come down with hepatitis, anyway. What I really felt bad about were the two children."

Snoopers

During one month of his illness, Maharis was confined to a hospital room, a sign on the door warning visitors of hepatitis' contagious nature. But that didn't stop snooping fans.

"It's amazing how people knew what room I was in," he said. "I'd tell strangers to 'get out, you'll catch hepatitis.' But those people answered that they just wanted to visit."

Hospitalisation was a bore to Maharis, an active young man who can't tolerate idleness.

"I was supposed to convalesce for two and a half weeks, but I don't know what the word means," George said. "I've worked all my life and don't know what a vacation is.

"The first day on the set I worked 15 hours and the second, another 15. I was only supposed to work half a day. So the third day was Sunday, and I stayed in bed."

George attributes his recovery to the fact that he is not a member of Hollywood's late-night party set.

"I don't drink and my liver was strong," he said. "If I'd been drinking I would have been in bad shape."

"Route 66" stayed in the Hollywood area long enough for George to rest up for rough trips to location sites in Washington and Oregon, not to mention Alaska.

"I feel fine now," he grinned, "but the doctor says I should be careful. You know me, though. I can't slow down. I'm as high-powered as the sports car Marty Milner and I drive in the series."

At last report, the handsome Greek was swinging through long, tedious workdays almost as though he'd never had hepatitis.

Everybody knows that the "Route 66" series is filmed in cities throughout America, and when the company went out recently Marty Milner decided to take his wife and two children with him in the family station-wagon.

Milner figured they could stay together and have a lot of fun seeing new sights.

But the constant climate changes all the way from New York to Maine to Alabama caught them without proper clothes. Then hotels and motels frowned on taking children into their rooms.

"In Colorado," says Milner, "we decided that following 'Route 66' in a station-wagon was too rough. I took a short leave and brought the family home— as much as I hated to."

The wrong route

● Just before he was stricken with hepatitis, George Maharis and his freckled co-star, Martin Milner, returned to Los Angeles after a six months' tour of America filming "Route 66" on location. But it was only a stopover to make another episode at the International Airport.

Todd (Marty) and Buzz (George) were to have shot scenes aboard a jet liner, only George made a drastic mistake. He boarded a jet readying to take off for New York. The plane taxied on to the runway before Maharis, realising he wasn't in the script's plane, yelled "stop."

There was pandemonium among the passengers, but the hostesses rushed forward, the day was saved, and George made the right plane—one of a similar type standing near-by loaded with extras as passengers.

GEORGE MAHARIS as he really looks off TV. George, an American-Greek, staged a fit of temperament recently when someone referred to him in print as "that lovable ox-eyed Greek," until more informed people enlightened him. "Ox-eyed" is a highly complimentary remark in Greek.

MARTY MILNER (Todd in "Route 66") is one of the new-look young men on TV. He's not handsome in a pretty way; his handsomeness is rugged, tough, garnished liberally with freckles. Marty is married to Judy Jones, TV actress and singer. They have two children.

TOMMY HANLON'S *Thought for the Week*

TOMMY HANLON

Momma once said: Isn't it amazing about women. When a girl's first going with a fellow how she wouldn't dream of having him see her unless she always looked her best. A clean blouse or dress, her hair brushed, her face carefully made up. Then she marries the fellow. Now when he comes home from work she usually has her hair in curlers, no make-up, perhaps a ladder in her stocking (if she has any on), and wearing an old housedress. And then wonders why all the romance has gone out of her marriage. Are you guilty of this?

Momma's moral: Women are sort of like smart cars. When you meet them they are glossy. But once they are yours the duco wears off fast.

Each week in this supplement we will publish Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

WYATT EARP'S IN THE MONEY

● Even if Hugh O'Brian never works again he needn't worry.

HIS earnings from "The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp," plus shrewd investments, are enough to give him a rich living for the next 30 years.

What has Wyatt Earp done with his money?

He's not slow with a dollar (as many stars are), but he has husbanded his earnings wisely.

"I have a large interest in four bowling alleys," he said, "enough stocks and shares to keep me busy, and substantial real-estate holdings.

"And my house and car are paid for."

O'Brian is at present in Hollywood listening to offers from movie producers. So far he has found nothing to interest him.

In the meantime he is doing guest appearances on television shows, at 10,000 to 20,000 dollars a time.

"I have limited such appearances to six years," he said.

"If I did more I might as well get back into another series, but I'm definitely not going back to that for another two years."

O'Brian, who is going on 37, added:

"I have a 10-year plan for building my career in pictures.

"Rather than star in a second-rate movie, I'll do a supporting role in a topnotch film.

"In time the big roles will come my way."

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In this scene from the TV ballet "En Cirque," Miss Yo-Yo, the tightrope walker, played by Lay Kuan, from Singapore, does her "act" watched by the zany clown L'Auguste (Colin Peasley) in foreground, the White Clown (Laurence Bishop), the caged Black Panther, Roland (Bruce Morrow), and his trainer, Lili (Merilyn Byrne).

CIRCUS BALLET

● A.B.C.-TV has produced a delightful little ballet which conveys with infectious gaiety the excitement of the circus.

THE ballet, "En Cirque," will be shown first on ABV2, Melbourne, on August 12 at 10.5 p.m., and soon afterwards in other States.

Performed by dancers of the Victorian Ballet Guild under their director, Miss Laurel Martyn, "En Cirque" was produced at A.B.C.-TV's Melbourne studios.

The ballet was created for the Guild in 1953 by one of Melbourne's best-known dancers and choreographers, Alison Lee.

Principal dancers in "En Cirque" are Lay Kuan, who has come from Singapore to study with the Victorian Ballet Guild; Colin Peasley, Laurence Bishop, Bruce Morrow, Merilyn Byrne, and Alison Lee.

The Victorian Ballet Guild and Channel 2, Melbourne, have had a close association since December, 1957, when the Guild provided the dancers for Channel 2's production of Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors."

The Guild also did a performance of "Voyageur" to music by Melbourne composer Dorien le Gallienne for the opening of Channel 2's Melbourne studios in 1958.

In all, the Guild and Channel 2 have combined in 22 ballet productions, including some outstanding hour-long ballets.

Big ballet productions have included "Giselle" (1959), "Casse Noisette" (April, 1960), "Coppelia" (September, 1960), and "Sylvia" (March, 1961).

Miss Laurel Martyn, who did the choreography for the TV production of "En Cirque," has had long experience in Australia of getting ballets ready for television.

She says she enjoys the work immensely because, "You can do such wonderful things with ballet on television. It's a lovely medium."

— *Margaret Berkeley*

DID YOU KNOW?

THE Australian Broadcasting Commission has bought a new psychological series produced by America's C.B.S. Named "Touch of Fame," it will be screened on all A.B.C. stations later in the year.

Dr. Herman Harvey, Associate Professor of Psychology at the University of Southern California, deals with the life of a famous person in each programme and traces the motivation that impelled the person on his course. He then delves into the subject and the background for a basis for psychoanalysis.

Charles Darwin, Sigmund Freud, Leonardo da Vinci, Vincent van Gogh, Oscar Wilde, H. L. Mencken, Albert Schweitzer, Gertrude Stein, Thomas Wolfe, Ludwig van Beethoven, Lewis Carroll, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Edgar Allan Poe are among the subjects.

★ ★ ★

ONE-TIME child star Jackie Cooper had never received an award in his 37 years of acting until the American Medical Association honored him for his TV role of a Navy doctor in "Hennesey." The show has been nominated for five Emmys in three years, but has never won one.

★ ★ ★

THE estate of notorious gangster Al Capone has lost its court suit against Allied Artists for the film "Al Capone." The estate's lawyer says he will appeal against the decision.

The same lawyer, Harold Gordon, is handling the estate's suit against Desilu for production of "The Untouchables," which is due to be heard this month.

Gordon said he has been informed Desilu is issuing a movie called "The Scar-Faced Mob," and that he will include that in his case, too. The latest decision seems to have dampened his chances for the next round.

★ ★ ★

TELEVISION game shows using boards have gone out of fashion in the U.S. Panels are now in. One producer who recently came up with an idea for a board show had to add a celebrity panel before he was given a hearing by sponsors.

★ ★ ★

COMEDIAN Ernie Kovacs' widow, Edie Adams, is telling reporters everything will be clear in the tangled estate of her husband, who was killed in January when his car skidded on an ice-covered road and hit a post.

Friends of the Kovacs' intended to stage a TV special to raise funds, but Edie declined their offer.

She apparently has the family bank account well under control and has signed to do a series of eight specials next season.

★ ★ ★

ALREADY rich Robert Stack is believed to have sold his part ownership in "The Untouchables" for 1,400,000 dollars (about £700,000).

★ ★ ★

ENGLAND'S B.B.C. and the U.S. TV network N.B.C. have a joint project on the drawing-board under the title of "Waltzing Matilda," a one-hour series describing the adventures of passengers travelling from England to Australia on a bus called "Waltzing Matilda."

To protect their title, they have incorporated a company with the name Waltzing Matilda Ltd. The company has the right to carry passengers by bus from England to Australia and already it has had applications from a group of four men and a travel agent.

★ ★ ★

"TRIBES" of Indians have been descending on the cast of the new TV series "Empire," being filmed in New Mexico. Star Terry Moore bought a blanket from one Indian, then spotted him a little later driving off in a car just like hers — a big new convertible.

★ ★ ★

JAY ("Dennis the Menace") NORTH is currently working on a new series of the show while his agents are negotiating for his new salary demands.

JAY ("Dennis the Menace") NORTH and Mr. Wilson (the late Joseph Kearns) . . . money for his jams.

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THE ACCENT'S ON RED

● Color consultants are part of 1962 living. Blue, they say, is a cool color, soothing; pink is something else again; or avocado-green is the greatest. But not one will answer that £3000 question: Why are TV's well-knowns mad about red? They are. The pictures on this page prove it.

LEFT: T. Hanlon, formerly of the world-famous American Helldrivers, stunt men of car-driving, better known as Tommy Hanlon of "It Could Be You." Tommy surprises his old helldriving associates by choosing a scarlet baby car as the family bus.

BELOW: Kevin Colson, who started his career on TV at Sydney's Channel 7, left it for the stage and returned to the home screen as one of Melbourne Channel 9's bright young men; goes for red, too. His waistcoat, pillarbox-red, matches another P.M.G. accessory, the GTV reception-desk telephone.

GRAHAM KENNEDY, who is Mr. TV in person south of the Victorian border, is keen about clothes, has a sharp and expensive wardrobe. His red waistcoat is a cheering sight on Melbourne's cold, wintry days. Kennedy is compere of "The Best of I.M.T." ("In Melbourne Tonight").

BRIAN HENDERSON, compere of "Bandstand," looks like a square but isn't. He likes well-cut clothes, favors the Continental line, pointed toes, tight trousers, short coats with narrow lapels. But relaxing, nothing will part him from his conventionally designed scarlet cardigan.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 8, 1962

Teenagers' WEEKLY

ANN-MARGRET

—See page 3

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

are Australian-made.

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Daughter refuses to help

MY 18-year-old daughter, who receives £8/2/- a week, pays me £2 a week board. For this I am expected to keep her room clean, do her washing and ironing, make her clothes, phone for hairdressing and dental appointments, pay dentist and medical bills, drive her to the station when necessary, and provide deodorants, shampoos, etc.

Now I wouldn't mind doing this except that my daughter flatly refuses to do anything to help in the house such as setting the table occasionally, or even making a cup of tea.

She says when I paid her pocket-money she had to do these things but she doesn't have to now.

What do other teenagers think?—*"Puzzled Mum," Killara, N.S.W.*

TV fads

HEAVEN forbid that we should undergo another TV fad. Recently we had "Kookie" dresses, "Kookie" combs, "Kookie" bags, etc. Now it looks as if we're in for a Ben Casey fad, with the introduction of the "Ben Casey" shirt.

Girls wearing these shirts will make our business offices look like hospitals if they catch on.

Perhaps someone will start mass-producing doctors' kits "just like Ben Casey's" so we can all run around playing the neuro-surgeon, operating on each other's tumors!—*V. Rubensohn, Dural, N.S.W.*

Use for waste

A CLEAN, discarded lipstick container makes a compact sewing kit for a purse.

Cut a piece of flannelette 2 x 3 inches, using pinking shears. Arrange safety-pins, needles, and straight pins in a row across the flannelette. Force several plastic toothpicks through the flannelette. Wind lengths of white, black, and brown thread around them.

Roll the flannelette up tightly and slip it into the bottom half of the lipstick tube. Replace the top half.—*Lynn M. Daniel, Trinity Gardens, S.A.*

Next week

IN our next issue you'll find color pictures of Texas-style cowboy clothes guaranteed to make an impression deep in the heart of any fashion-conscious female. Our series "Architecture Through the Ages" continues with a survey of Gothic building in England. AND, there's a cover pin-up of a pretty little French film star, Pascale Petit.

Forgotten average

THERE are beauty contests for the good-looking, quiz shows for clever ones. But what about plain average me? What's there for me?—*"Just Me," Carlton, Vic.*

Sex equality?

IN this age of equal pay and equal opportunities for the sexes—in force or under way—it is high time we took stock of the situation. Why should the male be compelled by custom to pay for outings or dates with a girl?

And by the same token, why should he have to be the one to ask for a date?

No girl wants to be called a "gold-digger," but if both boy and girl are on equal money or if the girl is better off the girl is often under suspicion of being a "gimme" girl.—*"Call a Halt," Hornsby, N.S.W.*

World government

I HAVE been amazed to hear the opinions of some people arguing against Britain's entry into the Common Market. Surely these people must realise that the future of the world depends on the forming of a world government and that any movement toward unity among nations is not only a good thing but inevitable and necessary.

These people seem to think that Australia's guaranteed exports to Britain are more important than the future security and stability of the world.—*L. Kane, Melbourne.*

No humanities

IT is a constant source of despair to me to see teenagers studying nothing but science and mathematics at school. A course covering no humanities or arts is a course that condemns the student to a life devoid of understanding of the world about him.

Without a comprehensive view into art, music, history, and literature, the modern teenager will not be able to comprehend the world of the imagination and will sink into a rut from which he will never escape.—*J. D. Watson, East Bentleigh, Vic.*

Dating language

LANGUAGE for dating is something a girl learns—with experience.

When a boy says: "Let's go somewhere casual," he means, "I'm broke, so don't expect the Ritz."

When he says, "Once you've heard the L.P. you've seen the show," he means, "A theatre! Do you think I'm made of money?"

When he says, "I've almost forgotten what home-made coffee tastes like," he means, "What about inviting me up?"

But after six dates in a row like that, when I say, "Goodnight," I mean "Goodbye!"—*(Miss) L. Jardin, Coburg, Vic.*

Shirt-that-grew

THE Shirt-that-grew was the latest style,
So I had to buy one, too.
Dad's wearing it now, for in a short while
I outgrew the Shirt-that-grew.
—*Bronwyn Bullock, Lithgow, N.S.W.*

BEATNIK

"Oh, you crazy mad thing! Just what I've always wanted —dinner by candlelight."

Student teachers' pay

● "G.I. Student" (T.W., 11/7/62) complained that the trainee-teacher scholarship allowance is insufficient and that prospective teachers were being lost to other, more highly paid jobs. He got no sympathy from readers:

IT is a pity that "G.I. Student" did not decide to attend a university instead of a teachers' college. Then he would really know what being short of money means.

Remember, "G.I. Student," you will soon be through your training and earning much more than your friends who are now employed in industry. Spare a thought then for the uni. students who are still studying and receiving no wage at all.—*"Underpaid," Concord West, N.S.W.*

"G.I. Student's" ideas are selfish and ridiculous. The student teacher is paid for the privilege of receiving a two-year education which prepares him for a life-long career at an excellent salary and three months' holiday every year.

Instead of grumbling at imagined wrongs, student teachers should take up the cudgels for more teachers' colleges and better training facilities.—*"Ex-student," Bathurst, N.S.W.*

WHY does "G.I. Student" complain? He knew the conditions of his scholarship. If he were not prepared to accept them, why did he bother taking up his scholarship?

It cannot be that he has a burning ambition to be a teacher, because if this were so his enthusiasm would be enough to carry him over the training period. — *"Another Student," Merewether, N.S.W.*

IF the scholarship allowance were greatly increased, many people would be attracted to the teaching profession for the wrong reasons. At present, only those who are really interested in teaching become trainees—in spite of the low money.—*Ian T. Blyth, Melbourne.*

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

THE POUT

IN the offices of New York and on the beaches in California the American girl is talking about the sultry, new way to wear lipstick, called the "Pout."

The "Pout," they say, looks terrific. Granted, it's a novelty fad that's not here to stay, but the soft, curvy look that it gives to the teenage mouth is utterly fetching and lots of fun for a change.

The illustration above gives an idea how the new make-up looks.

Like to try it? Well, then, you need a lipstick brush and two lipsticks—one shade of lipstick for the upper lip and a lighter shade on the lower lip. It goes without saying, of course, that the two lipstick shades that you use must "go" happily together, otherwise the effect is apt to be chancy.

Now, with your lipstick brush—hold the brush as though it were a pencil, resting your little finger on your chin for steadiness—outline your top lip first, working from the corners toward the centre. Keep your lips slightly parted as you work.

Next, brush in the lower lip-shape in a way that encourages a slightly fuller curve at the centre. Be subtle and don't alter the natural shape too much.

Finally, dry your lips with a touch of powder, fill in upper and lower outlines with the appropriate lipstick color, allow it to set, then blot with tissue. That's all there is to it. —***Carolyn Earle***

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7 WAYS TO SHOW YOU LOVE HIM

● Someone asked me the other day, "How can I show my boy that I love him?"

By MARCH WINGATE

NOW, I can tell you how to do it, but I warn that you run the risk of losing him if you overact the part. That old male hunting instinct still likes to feel that its quarry is just out of reach—so beware and take heed.

In certain circumstances it is quite sensible to show a boy that you love him. I'll list a few of those circs., but don't make a circus of it or you'll frighten him away.

(1) He's in hospital.

(2) He has failed an exam or something else important.

(3) He's in strife at home or at work.

(4) He has a pessimistic lassitude which only you can cure.

(5) He's alone and homesick.

(6) It's his birthday.

(7) You love him so much that you don't care whom he marries so long as he's happy.

Let's sail along from there.

Take (1). Send him a chess set or a good book (no sentimental inscription, please. Just "Get well quickly, the world needs you," or something like that). You can also visit him and take him flowers . . . why not? And offer to run errands.

Take (2). Invite him somewhere and make sure you have the tickets. Make it so that he'll be doing you the favor.

Take (3). This is a long recipe. Artfully engulf him into your own homelife (but not possessively) until he straightens out his own problems. Even let him see some faults in your home.

Place to visit

It will be good for him to have a place to visit freely until he remembers that he has a good home, too, and would like to take you there.

If his trouble is at work, tell him some of your worst moments, and eventually he may decide that his job is much superior to yours.

Subtle, underplayed sympathy is the greatest love-gift to anyone in real strife. In fact, I don't know how anyone ever recovers from anything without sympathy — those Spartans and Stoics won't get me in their teams. However, you mustn't pile it on like almond icing on a wedding cake.

That active but rather wordless sympathy-state is where a man may fall deeply in love as patients do with kind nurses. (They build up a grievous hate for the rough nurses who keep repeating, "You have to help yourself.")

Take (4). See (3).

Not too far

Take (5). But don't take it too far or you'll drive him right back home again. Get him to talk of his own home with pride and (again) open the doors of your own home to him if you live with friends or parents.

I know countless boys with spending-money jingling in their pockets who call for girls and are never asked over the doorstep.

They stand at the door, like someone delivering the meat, while a selfish mother and daughter move about inside the house. Ask the boy in, out of that gold-digger's draught, and make him a cup of tea.

Feed the poor creature on nuts and olives in the lounge while you add the finishing touches to your face and change your handbag. If he's alone he won't eat much, I promise you. If you love him, don't leave him standing at the door.

If your mother is to blame for lack of hospitality, then educate her. Let it all be natural. Don't trap him . . . just a bite before you leave the house.

Take (6). Give him a good birthday present, well thought out, not too personal, and nothing that will prejudice his or your future if you stop going steady. The engraving of initials (boy's only) adds a truly loving touch. Don't add yours.

Surprise parties are also a good method to show love without frightening a boy away.

Take (7). Be like the Duchess of Kent, who before marriage confided to her cousin: "Eddie is my best friend. I plan things I know he'll enjoy. I don't need to think about myself when I'm with Eddie, and I would never ask him if he loved me."

That is a good way of showing love. Be a little sisterly, but not predatory, and put his interests before your own.

"Do you love me?" is disastrous.

Even far in the future, way down the marriage years, wives seldom ask their husbands if they love them, unless it is in teasing fun before handing over a present . . . such as (hands behind back) "I have a surprise for you, if you'll tell me that you love me."

Other than that, love inquisitions should not come from shell-pink lips.

For one thing, "Do you love me?" suggests that he probably doesn't, and it invites him to exploit that doubt in any way he sees fit.

If you're engaged, and so embarking on a long relationship, you are entitled to be more personal and more the huntress type.

Choose right time

But, still, go carefully. Many astute women who have been married 20 years and more tell me they only put their love into words in moments which call for sympathy.

Other times they are content to show their love by the occasional personal sacrifice and the provision of a comfortable atmosphere and good meals.

All men like to be invited to a meal . . . the way to a man's heart is still through his tum. As a young lady you would be wise to help your mother prepare the food when HE comes to call.

But as for ardent words of love in your teens—forget them. Label them POISON and place them out of reach of children.

Not that you're a child, but you get the message.

Show your love by all means, but don't SAY it too often.

Save those love-words until your husband-of-the-future has a very rainy day and wants your devotion expressed in words which only you can say.

Words which can frighten him away now can keep him by your side in years to come.

ANN-MARGRET with her principal pin-up boy, Pat Boone.

Cinderella—class of '62

From BILL WILSON, in New York

● She came out of nowhere, Hollywood's latest Cinderella and our cover pin-up this week, to a 500-dollar-a-week contract and a starring part in her first picture.

IT took Ann-Margret Olson only four months to get from Wilmette, Illinois, to Wilshire Boulevarde—but then, as well as being attractive, she could sing, she could dance, and she could act.

Her disc of "I Don't Understand" recently hit the top charts in Australia. Her other talents are currently on view in the film "State Fair."

Ann-Margret (she dropped the Olson — too long on theatre lights) is a transplanted Swede, born in Stockholm in 1941 and living in America since she was 5.

Stage-struck as long as she can remember, she has been taking singing and dancing lessons just as long. When she left high school she attended Northwestern University for a year and then became part of a co-educational jazz combo. Ann-Margret as vocalist fronted four undergraduate men on instruments.

The combo played one-night stands in the American Midwest and caught up on their sleep while attending lectures at Northwestern during the day.

This obviously unsatisfactory arrangement was resolved by half of the band giving up music, the other half — which included Ann-Margret —giving up lectures.

The band, taking up show business full-time, moved to Las Vegas and there comedian George Burns "discovered" Ann-Margret. This was made easy by the well-proportioned distribution of her eight stone over a height of 5ft. 5in.

Burns persuaded her away from her undergraduate colleagues and into his act at the Sands Hotel. The comedian noted that Ann-Margret was subsequently persuading gamblers away from the slot-machines to hear her sing.

A performer who makes it into a top act in Las Vegas is well on the way to Hollywood, and in due course a talent scout for Twentieth Century-Fox arranged a screen test for her.

The studio was looking for an innocent type who could belt out a song for its remake of "State Fair," and this was the role Ann-Margret was tested for.

During the test the stagehands and technicians applauded the little girl from Wilmette, and she was in. The applause was repeated by film critics when "State Fair" was released.

Now Ann-Margret has brought her mother and father out to Hollywood and into her flat. "My father is 60 years old, he's worked all his life as an electrician, and my mother used to help out by going out to do house cleaning—that's how I was brought up," said Ann-Margret.

"Now I'm going to do everything in my power to make them as happy as they made me."

First item in Ann-Margret's plans for her parents: to buy them a house. "My father always dreamed about a house — now I'll be able to get it."

First item in her plans for herself: to learn to cook.

The second item is to get over her only superstition. This requires that every time she prepares for a job, she has to bend over and get three swift kicks from her mother.

She feels she can get by without the kicks now.

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YOUNG GOLF CHAMPION

● *Teenagers throughout Australia are taking to golf — once a "rich old man's" sport — in a big way. On these pages we tell the story of the boom and illustrate some basic hints. Our "instructor" is New South Wales Junior Champion Wayne MacIntosh, of Sydney. Wayne, 16, is the title's youngest holder. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*

THE DRIVE:

"ADDRESSING" the ball, in line with his left heel and on which he keeps his gaze, Wayne dips right shoulder.

. . . The club, a wood, is drawn straight back from ball, Wayne's left arm is straight, right foot begins to take weight . . .

. . . Wayne's left leg and right arm bend to allow the swing to continue. His eyes stay with the ball, hips are turning . . .

THE SAND TRAP:

WAYNE'S feet are planted firmly, to stop slipping, in the shifting sand as he swings (above). Below, he follows through after putting his iron's head into the sand several inches behind the ball — because it was partly buried and to gain trajectory.

PROOF that golf is rivalling cricket, football, and other traditional teenage athletic pursuits is contained in these facts:

● The number of competitors in the N.S.W. Schoolboy Championships ten years ago was 60. This year it was 350.

● When Adelaide's W. K. Scott Cup (open to schoolboys under 18) was first played for in 1952 there were only 20 competitors. Last year there were 82.

● In Queensland recently 120 junior golfers entered a competition that last year attracted only ten entries.

● A Victorian school teams' championship, for which 60 teams competed in 1960, had 121 teams this year.

A driving force in the teenage golf boom has been the Golf Foundation of Australia, which was founded in Victoria in 1956 and has spread to most other States.

● Australian teenagers a new sort of swing

The Foundation is backed by sporting goods manufacturers.

Under the Foundation scheme, professional golfers teach young people at their schools (on sport days) and during holidays at special classes.

The cost to a Foundation learner is about 2/6 an hour.

Many private golf clubs also now take junior members—usually from 14 years on—at reduced fees. Mostly they charge juniors no entrance fees, just the annual subscriptions, ranging (according to the status of the club) from one to ten guineas.

While most of the new golf fans are boys, girls, too, are having a "bash."

EQUIPMENT: *Full set of clubs is a handful, literally. Wayne shows the maximum (by rules) number of clubs, 14 —from left to right: three woods, ten irons, a putter. The beginner, however, can get by with one wood, three irons (for long, medium, short shots), and a putter. A bag is needed.*

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TIPS FOR TEE-NAGERS

. . . At top of backswing, club does not drop below horizontal. Wayne looks straight down at ball over his left shoulder . . .

. . . Weight is transferred to left leg as downswing starts. Hips turn to be once more parallel to calculated line of flight . . .

. . . At impact all weight is on left leg, which is straight. Head has not moved, feet position is same as at shot's start . . .

. . . Momentum of stroke takes Wayne into the follow-through—the backswing reversed. BELOW: Wayne looks for result of shot.

are now "digging" of the golf variety.

In fact, during the first term of the current school year more Western Australian girls than boys were playing golf at schools.

Just why have teenagers suddenly fallen for a game that earlier generations of youngsters generally regarded as being for the middle-aged or rich—and even a bit "cissy"? Young golfers and their teachers offer these main answers:

- Interest aroused by television coverage of local golf tournaments and screenings of special matches between top professionals.
- Higher standard of living enjoyed by young people today—which means they can afford equipment and other playing costs, once rather prohibitive.
- Encouragement by fathers who see golf as the ideal family participation sport. Families—from grandmother to primary schoolchild—can play together, with handicapping offering even contests.

A great deal of money is not needed to start playing golf. Lots of expensive clubs are unnecessary—in fact are inadvisable for the beginner.

A set of five clubs—a wood (for driving), three irons (their heads angled for long, medium, and short approach-to-green shots), and a putter are all that are needed and could be bought second-hand for about £10.

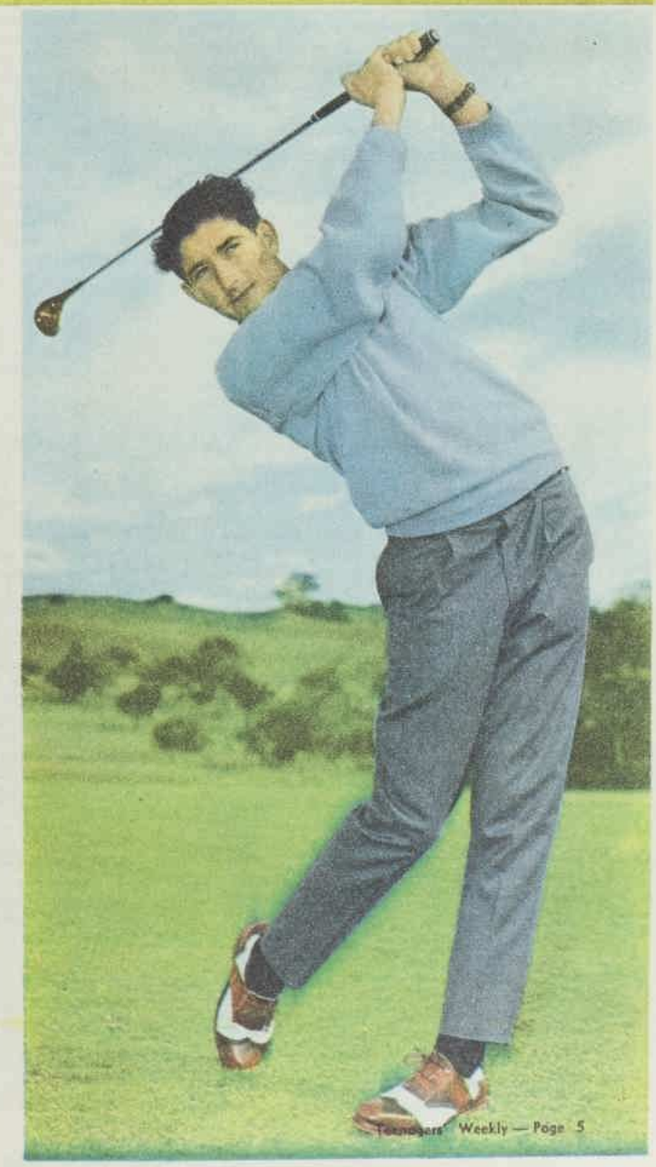
Other clubs—which cost between £2 second-hand and £5 new—can be added gradually.

If a number of different clubs are used in the early stages they encourage the beginner to vary his swing, which is bad. A uniform swing is necessary in a good golfer.

The only other essentials are rubber-soled shoes, and, if you wear shorts, long socks.

SINKING A PUTT:

LINING UP a putt, Wayne (left) calculates the power and direction needed to put the ball in the hole. He studies the contour of the green, allows for wind. RIGHT: He adopts no set stance, just a comfortable position. He aims along his mental "line," then will keep his eye on the ball until it is tapped home. Only the wrists move in putting.



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Skin care in the 7 sensitive teenage years

A clean, fresh complexion is one of life's most precious gifts to a girl, but it needs special care to keep it that way. Proper treatment in the seven sensitive teenage years not only helps to avoid skin blemishes, but lays the foundation for a lifetime of natural loveliness.

Teenagers for various biological reasons, are bothered with more complexion troubles than adults. Some teenagers' skin faults are made even worse by simple neglect; *they don't wash often enough.*

Cleansing with any good soap will help in these cases, but regular daily cleansing with Rexona Soap does something more towards solving complexion problems.

Rexona Soap will actually nourish the skin because it contains four medicated oils — oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, and Terebinth. These specially blended beauty oils cleanse deep down into the pores to lift ingrained dirt and stale cosmetics. At the same time, they have a gentle nourishing effect.

Remember that proper care of your complexion in the sensitive years can bring a lifetime of natural loveliness.

This is expressed in the radiant glow of a petal-soft skin. Incidentally Rexona Soap is as mild and fragrant as you could possibly wish.

Make sure you guard *your* natural loveliness with cool, jade-green Rexona Soap. It is one of the most important steps towards becoming the woman you want to be.

If you would like a free sample of Rexona Soap, write to *G.P.O. Box 3359 Sydney, N.S.W.*

X.164.TW12528

Louise Hunter Here's your answer

Wedding gift

"COULD you advise us, please, if it is correct for two friends to give a wedding present between them when they have received separate invitations?"

"Wedding Guests," Tas.

Strictly speaking, it is customary for guests invited separately to give separate wedding presents. But if there is something you would like to buy which you cannot afford individually it would be only sensible and practical to pool your resources and buy a joint gift. If you are friends of the bride I am sure she will not mind at all.

Romance dies

"I MET a wonderful boy at the beach during my last holidays and my friends told me he liked me. We spent a lot of time together and I grew very fond of him. He has written to me once since and I have replied, but he has not written again, and it is now three weeks since I got his letter. Do you think I should write to him again? He was marvellous and I do not want to lose him."

"Lonely," Qld.

Sad as it may seem, holiday romances often die a dismal death once you get back to the ordinary routine of working. If the boy doesn't write again, it is best to forget him and try to find someone closer to home.

Why the haste?

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for two years. He is 22 and I will be 18 in December and we want to become engaged on my birthday. My mother has given her consent, but my father will not agree, although he and my boy-friend get on quite well together. I have a good job and earn good money; I bank half my wages and pay board to my parents. My boy-friend's father has given him a house at half-price and he is already paying it off. Do you think I should become engaged in December without my father's permission? We don't want to marry until I am 21. Can he stop me from getting engaged?"

"Unfair," Tas.

Three years is a long, long time for an engagement. Legally, your father can't stop you from becoming engaged, though you would need his permission to marry before 21. But since you don't plan to marry until you are 21, why the haste to be engaged?

If you respect your father's wishes now, he is sure to give in eventually, as he and the boy get on so well together.

It will be much nicer to celebrate your engagement with the approval of both families.

Glamor job

"COULD you please give me some information on becoming a model? I know there are quite a few modelling schools in Brisbane, but if I went to one of these schools would it mean I could get a position as a model soon after? It would mean resigning from my present steady job to go to Brisbane, and I would not like to be out of work for very long. I am 18 and 5ft. 7in. tall. Several friends have told me that I am tall and slim enough to be a model."

M.J., Qld.

Modelling is a risky career. You might be lucky and hit the jackpot straight away or you might flop. It is up to you to decide whether you want to risk leaving your present steady job.

Talk it over with your parents and, if they approve, find a job and a suitable place to live in Brisbane. When you have settled in to the new job, take an evening course in modelling (there are several modelling schools in Brisbane). The school will be able to tell you if you have what it takes and, if you have, will help you find modelling assignments.

Be your age

"I HAVE been told I look like an 18-year-old and have a model figure. My parents keep lecturing me to act my age and stop trying to be an adult (which I don't, I just behave normally). A month ago I got sick of this and left home. I was doing quite well with lodgings and was looking for a job, but my parents told the police and they found me. They said if I left home again I would end up in a State institution. Now I am back at school and living with my parents. Recently my father took away all my fashionable clothes, high-heeled shoes, and make-up, and forbade me to speak to any boy, for the simple reason that one day I forgot to leave a message saying I had gone for a walk in the hills. I've been allowed out with boys since I was 11, so, naturally, I think it is ridiculous to be stopped now I am 15."

"Unhappy," S.A.

You may look like an 18-year-old, but you're not, and you certainly don't behave like one. You can't leave home at 15, as you've already discovered. Your parents are treating you as you deserve to be treated—as an irresponsible child—so forget about your model figure and try to be a model daughter.

Make up your mind to do as you're told. Otherwise, you'll feel even more ridiculous in a State institution.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Coming-of-age

"I HAVE two problems concerned with my twenty-first birthday party. There is a young executive who works in my building (but not in the same office) and I would like to invite him. He has only spoken to me on business matters, and I do not even know his first name. He is friendly, but has not shown any special attraction to me. Would it be too forward to ask him to my party? I am only having a small party and will not be able to ask everybody. In our office group everyone knows everyone else, and I don't see how I can avoid hurting some people's feelings."

"Twenty-one," N.S.W.

You don't have to ask the whole office to your birthday party. Single out your special friends and invite them, explaining that it is only a small party.

Since you have only a business acquaintanceship with the young executive in your building and don't even know his christian name, I think it would be best to leave him off your guest list. Let him make the first move if he wants to continue the friendship outside office hours.

A word from Debbie

• So you're shy?

If you mean that you blush prettily and smile sweetly that's not what I mean.

But if you stammer ungraciously and go red in the face—you really are shy.

You imagine you have a million faults.

You're too thin, too heavy, too tall, too short. You have freckles. You're so self-conscious you're uncomfortable.

You imagine everyone is staring and talking about you.

Now you probably do one of two things:

Fade into the background or talk wildly non-stop.

The cure? Easy does it.

The best way to relax in public is to take three deep breaths and then count 10 silently.

Next step, smile at the person nearest to you and say, if it's a girl, "You look wonderful in pink," or whatever color she's wearing; if it's a boy, "You look wonderful to talk to, but I'm shy and I need help."

At this stage, three more deep breaths, please, and suddenly everything is fine.

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LISTEN HERE — *with Ainslie Baker*

Singer is no sissy

● You never want to pick a fight with Wayne Cornell, boys. He has been doing gymnasium work and boxing three times a week for the past six years.

HE'S not a good guy to try and con over a secondhand-car deal, either, because when he had to leave school at 14 he worked for two years as a car-salesman trainee.

Now he's a full-time professional singer and is just beginning to become known on TV in all States. He has been doing a lot of work with The Joy Boys, and Pye will be releasing his first record any time now.

A few months ago he and Patty Markham sang a duet at a private party and it went over so well that they've since been featured together at the Col Joye Club in Sydney.

Now they've pooled their talents as composers and already have written several songs that they hope one or other of them will be able to record.

Patty's own most recent single is that very pretty and romantic "Autumn Concerto," backed by "An Affair to Remember" (Festival).

Local talent: One of the best things **Johnny Devlin** has done for quite a time is "Stayin' Up Late" (Festival 45). The idea's attractive, the tune's OK, and Johnny seems to be singing it right to you. The flip's a very pretty romantic ballad, "Angel of Love."

Pops: Your attention, please, for a really terrific LP. It's "Mad 'Twists' Rock-'n-roll" (London), and the people concerned are **The Dellwoods, Jeanne Hayes, and Mike Russo.** It's a bit of a send-up (some of the titles—"When My Pimples Turn to Dimples," "Agnes, the Teenage Russian Spy"), but the sound's so great that if some of the tracks were released as singles they could easily be top sellers.

SOMETHING quite different from **The Limelighters** is their R.C.A. LP "Through Children's Eyes," subtitled "Little-folk Songs for Adults." The recording was made before and with the vocal co-operation of an audience of junior schoolchildren. But there's plenty of The Limelighters and some of the songs are quaint and catchy.

PLENTY of emotion, an exotic beat, and a really lovely melody should give **Brian Hyland's** Ampar single "Sealed With A Kiss" appeal to all age groups. "Summer Job" ("taking care of the one I love") is more definitely teen-style — has a twittering girl chorus.

THE combination of **Sinatra** in his most romantic mood, Don Costa's highly artistic arrangements, and such all-time standard gems as "All Or Nothing At All," "Night and Day," "Come Rain or Come Shine," etc., makes the Reprise LP "Sinatra and Strings" outstanding of its type.

Jazz: Here's one for the real enthusiasts. It's "Great Jazz Reeds" (R.C.A. Camden LP), and among the celebrated reed-men you hear are **Sidney Bechet, Chu Berry, Charlie Parker, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Russell,** and **Johnny Dodds.** No need to say more.

ONE show you just mustn't miss is **"The Kenny Ball Show"** (Pye LP), a trad concert recorded in England in April of this year. Playing to an audience seems to agree with Kenny and his Jazzmen, who seem to give a little more than usual. Kenny and banjo-player **Paddy Lightfoot** share the six vocals. Included in the ten tracks are "Old Miss Rag," "Saturday Night Function," "Whistling Cow Blues," and others more familiar.

Operatic: If the thrilling voice of **Maria Callas** is not in your collection, the Columbia LP "La Boheme Highlights," with Callas singing the celebrated role of Mimi, could be just the thing for you. With the La Scala Orchestra and Chorus and another very fine soprano, **Anna Moffo,** as Musetta, it's a quality production.

Classical: "Piano Concerto Movements" (H.M.V. LP) offers an enjoyable way of becoming acquainted with some of the lighter classical composers. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir Eugene Goosens, and soloist **Benno Moiseiwitsch** play movements from piano concertos by Rachmaninov, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Schumann, Saint-Saens, and Tchaikovsky.

WORTH HEARING

HILL AND BAINTON: String quartets

THE Austral String Quartet of Sydney and Festival Records have shown commendable enterprise in putting out a competent recording of two works with Australian associations.

The two quartets (by Alfred Hill and Edgar Bainton) can hardly be called Australian in themselves, but both composers adopted Australia as their home and to that extent may be claimed as Australian composers.

The elder, Alfred Hill, was in fact born in Victoria in 1870 but had his musical education in New Zealand and Germany. The quartet heard here is an early work, obviously associated with New Zealand since it is based on a Maori legend. It is a most easy work to listen to, with a lyrically romantic quality.

Edgar Bainton was born in England but came to Australia in 1933 to be director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium of Music. He lived in Sydney until his death in 1956.

The Bainton quartet on this record was written in 1915, when the composer was in an internment camp in Germany. It may not seem as immediately appealing as the Hill Quartet, but it is a well-wrought work that repays study.

—Martin Long

OVA THE FENCE!

I SEE that women's fashion took on an egg-shape at the showing of a collection of clothes recently.

It seems that in Rome a designer named Luciani introduced a dress silhouette of a hen-fruity flavor, because of its barrelled skirt.

Even the buttons were shiny domes, and hoods were suitable for egg-heads, literally.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather! And, at first, I was unable to give Mr. Luciani's creations an ova-tion. (What a dumb-cluck idea, I thought.)

But then I came around to a way of thinking that, perhaps, the idea is something to crow about.

Girls, in many ways, are well fitted to wear egg-shaped clothes—and not just because many are as silly as ducks!

Here are some of the reasons I say the new outfits should be chirp at half the price . . .

For one thing, with girls, dressing is rather a scramble.

Then, isn't there that famous poem, involving a girl and an egg, "Oh, Mary, go and call the **cackle** home . . ."?

The egg-clothes, of course, would also have quite successful results (boy-wise) for girls who wear them.

The lasses would come out of their shells and become real chicks. And a lad might whisper huskily, "For you, I'd move heaven and **oeuf!**"

Naturally, a girl in these clothes couldn't very well take offence at a boy's advances.

What young rooster could resist offering a peck.

And a girl dressed like an egg is just asking to be **coddled!**

If you think I'm making too much of a yolk about a serious matter, consider that eggs go well with a bit of ham! I poached that one from Roger Bacon. Or was it Sigmund Fried?

— Robin Adair

RECORD OFFER REPEATED

● The response to the recent announcement of "BANDSTAND STAR PARADE" has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which the 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £3 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months.

The 8 records included in this offer are:

Brian Henderson—"Everything's Swingin' "; Johnny O'Keefe—"Oldies but Goodies"; Col Joye—"The Golden Boy"; Brenda Lee—"This is Brenda"; Paul Anka—"Swings for Young Lovers"; Dion—"Alone with Dion"; Buddy Holly—"Memories of Buddy Holly"; Lonnie Lee—"A Night Out with Lonnie Lee"; but possibly the most interesting is Brian Henderson's selection, "Everything's Swingin'," which includes The Joye Boys, The Delltones, The Leemen, The Crescents, Warren Williams, Rob E. G., Noeleen Batley, Patty Markham, Ray Melton, Johnny Devlin, The De Kroo Brothers, Paul Wayne, and Judy Cannon.

Each record is in its own color jacket and the full set is enclosed in a handsome red-and-gold embossed vinyl cover.

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ARCHITECTURE
through the Ages
By MORTON HERMAN 4. ROMAN

Roman bridge in France

AS the ancient Romans spread their empire through the whole of the then known world, they founded new cities and developed old ones. They built roads, bridges, and aqueducts to serve these cities.

In southern France water had to be brought 25 miles to the Roman settlement at Nimes, and in the first century A.D. the construction of an aqueduct was commenced.

At one point it had to cross a stream, so a bridge (now known as the Pont du Gard) was built. In its original form this was 882 feet long and at its highest point reached 180 feet above the river-bed.

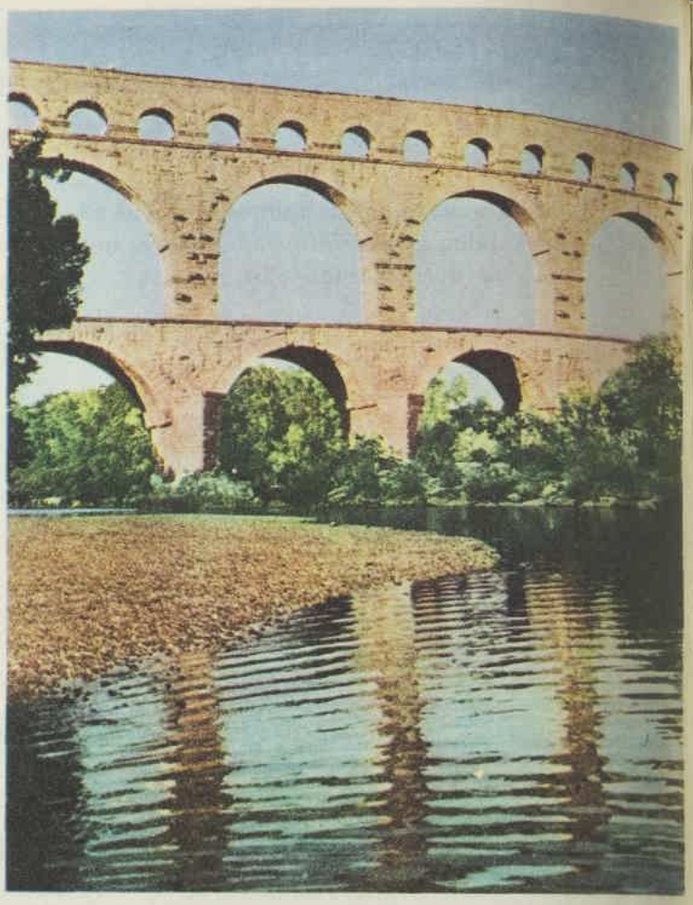
The three noble tiers of arches demonstrate the complete Roman mastery of this kind of building. The structure is widest at the lowest tier to allow a chariot-way along the upper surface of the arches.

The architects or designers of great buildings such as this are not known by name. Probably the Roman Army engineers of the district were responsible for all the works that we would now describe as civil engineering.

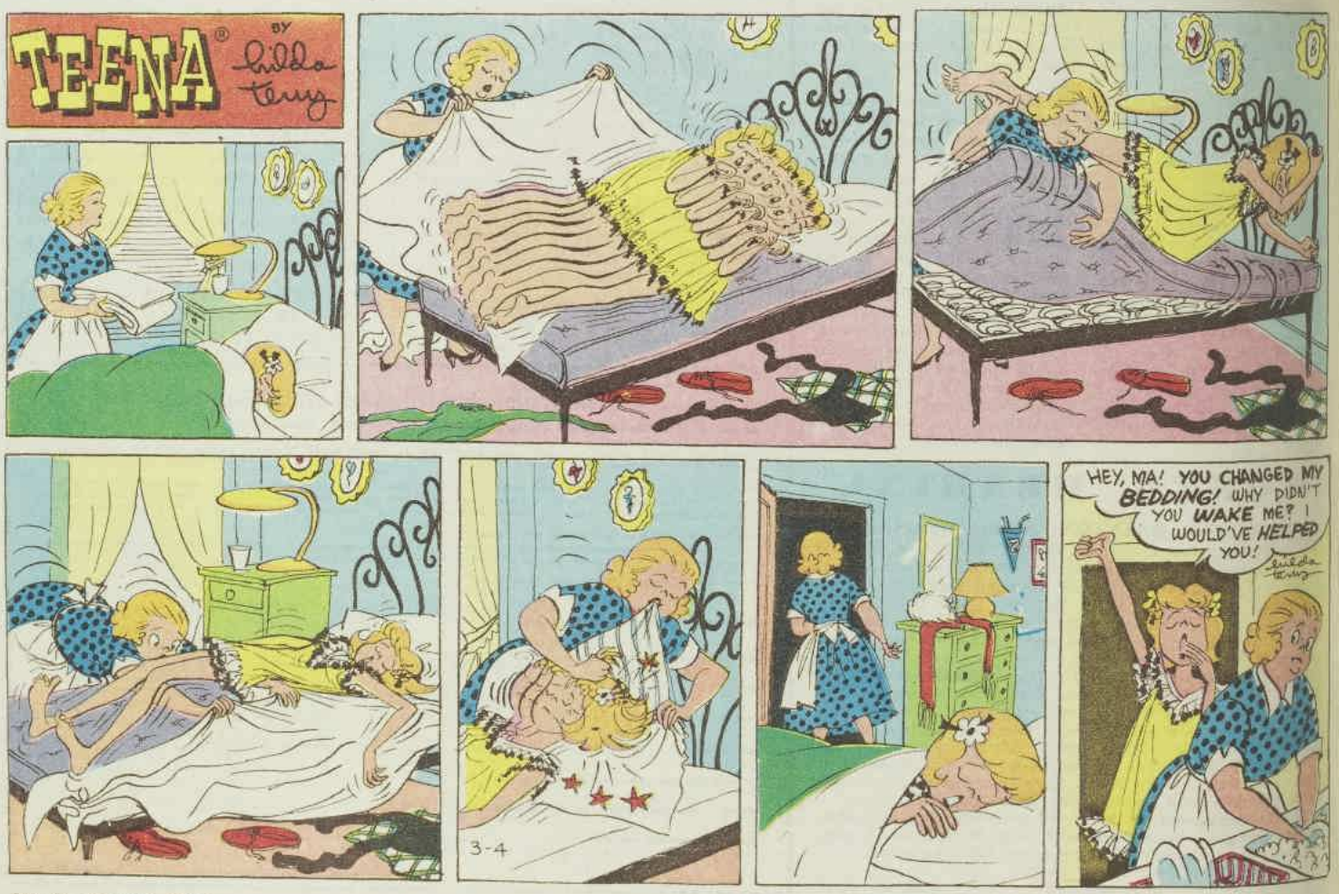
Though utilitarian in purpose, no one could deny the power of the imposing simplicity, the magnificent proportions, and the sheer architectural beauty of the Pont du Gard.

It is remarkable, too, in one other way — the stones used in its construction are not bonded together with mortar but laid dry one upon the other, depending on accurate fitting and dead weight to keep them in place.

NEXT WEEK: Gothic (England).



THE PONT DU GARD, at Nimes, France, probably designed and built by engineers of the Roman Army. From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames and Hudson).



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ND
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lian-
ively
vish.

● *Everywhere in dresses this spring is the recurring theme—ruffles, and more ruffles. The dress above, in coin-spotted blue chiffon, has a wide self-ruffle outlining the deep V neckline. The waist is circled with a bow-tied self-material sash.*

● *Plain and print (left) are combined in a dress-coat ensemble. The classic coat, in vivid yellow silk, is matched in color to the pattern on the silk dress and matching neck scarf. The wide-brimmed hat is made in the coat material.*

● *Arresting coat and matching dress (right) made in black-and-white patterned silk surah. The slim dress is waisted, the coat has graceful width. The accessories, like all those worn in these parades, are Australian-made.*

Continued overleaf

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Ask your family chemist for Baume Dalet — 6/- a tube.
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Baume Dalet A FOOT OINTMENT OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

Concluding

Our All-Australian Fashion Parades

SPRING COAT SHAPING

● Coats and coat ensembles are a sensational success this season. The trend is for simple cut and beautiful fabric. Details are at a minimum.

● Coat - dress ensemble (right) made in exotic white silk ribbon lace and lined in brown. The brown is repeated in hat and accessories.

● Superb gold-and-cream brocade coat like a rajah's (above) follows the lines of the body narrowly. Classic yellow wool knit coat (below) cut with a high collarless neckline and worn with a chic matching-colored turban-type hat.

Pacific FASHIONS

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which will include
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A view of Double Island, Great Barrier Reef, North Queensland.

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15 oz. can GOLDEN CIRCLE SLICED PINEAPPLE, 6 oz. (1½ cups) matured cheddar, grated, ¼ lb. macaroni cooked tender in salted water, then a knob of butter added, ½ cup cooked green peas, ½ cup chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped red capsicum, ½ cup diced celery, ¾ pt. thin white sauce, ¼ lb. crisply fried bacon, salt, pepper, cayenne. Lightly fry onion, capsicum and celery. Crush one pineapple slice and add to white sauce with 1 cup grated cheese, vegetables and chopped bacon. Fold through the macaroni and season to taste. Pour into ovenproof dish and top with remaining cheese. Bake until golden brown, top with remaining pineapple slices, and return to warm oven till serving time.

Keep them fit every day the cheese protein way

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Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● This checked lightweight wool dress, designed to be worn from now through spring, is chosen for a reader from Victoria.

HERE is part of the reader's letter, with my reply:

"Would you choose me a really attractive style for some light navy-and-white-check wool? The dress is to wear under a coat while it is still cold and later without. I am a size 34in. bust."

The dress at right solves your design problem—and it is also available in pattern form. The softly gathered skirt beneath the new-again side-buttoned bodice and bow-accented waistline adds up to a really attractive style. Details of how to order the pattern are beside the illustration.

"Could you advise me about a suitable outfit for going to concerts and theatres? I am in my sixties and still fairly slight. I want to look well dressed but do not think that many present-day styles are suitable for the older woman."

A theatre suit — in brocade, velvet, or any type of heavy silk or silk mixture — is one of the most becoming and practical late-day-into-evening fashions for your age group. I would like to add that your age does not exclude you from elegance, but it does exclude you from extreme fashion.

However, in every new fashion season there are a number of suitable uncluttered silhouettes. Such trends can be translated to suit the older woman, whatever her proportions. Color can add flattery and interest to classic designs. Experiment in this field and find the shade most becoming to your hair and eyes.

"I am having a very tailored two-piece made for spring. The fabric is a kind of shantung. I am wondering is there any unusual sleeve I could feature in the style."

A set-in sleeve belling from the elbow is very new in spring fashions.

"Is the bolero suit still worn? If it is, please supply me with some style details suitable for a tall and slender teenager."

Yes, it is. The fashion formula of bolero jacket, bias-cut skirt, plus blouse tucked into the skirt and belted is very new.

DS488. — One-piece dress in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"What do you consider a basic wardrobe? I have lots of clothes, but they seem to be suitable only for everyday wear."

I am of the opinion that a basic wardrobe depends on a woman's life and where she lives, her occupation (this includes wife and mother), and what becomes her type. I suggest you list your activities and plan one appropriate outfit for each occasion. This can be a long-plan project. Buy what you can afford and start saving and planning for the others.

"I have a winter suit with a collarless neckline that looks rather bare and cold. Could you advise how to overcome this fault? I still have some of the suit fabric."

A muffled look is currently in fashion. The look could be achieved with a self-material cravat or stole tucked into the neckline of the jacket.

"What accessories should I wear with a brown-and-white-check suit?"

A white overblouse; handbag and gloves in dark brown.

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Pretty Little Glenda Mitchell 17 months

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"Enclosed is photo of Glenda whose curly hair is the result of Curlypet. I want to express my thanks for Curlypet, as Glenda owes all those beautiful curls to Curlypet."

To soothe scalp irritations, to promote healthy hair growth and to give your baby a head of curls everyone will love, start using Curlypet TO-DAY!

Makes baby's hair grow curly

Curlypet

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Envious of friends with well-groomed fingernails? You can have lovely nails, too, with Nailoid nail beauty cream.

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"Daughters can be dreadful — and I was!"

(A mother's story, written by her daughter, who wishes to remain anonymous for personal reasons.)

● I was a horrible teenager—quite pretty, attractive to men, and possessing an overwhelming puffed-up sense of my own importance. And I would like to pay a tribute here to my wonderful mother, who persevered with me until I learned better sense.

WIDOWED at an early age, my mother battled day and night to keep my sister and myself.

She was a writer and her typewriter never stopped.

I attended one of the best girls' schools, where I mixed with the expensive daughters of professional men.

And I became a very superior being, particularly with Mother.

She wanted to give me chances she had never had herself, but this fact was way beyond my appreciation at that time.

She insisted on my making my own bed, washing and ironing my own clothes, even learning to cook.

"None of the other girls have to do things like this," I would tell her irritably.

But her answer was always, "The time might come when you are going to need to be able to look after yourself."

Another thing disgusted me about Mother. She wasn't even old and comfortably grey-haired like the other girls' mothers.

"Middle-aged"

She was comparatively young — and red-haired, of all things.

"You're a doll, Mother," I'd tell her off-handedly. "But let's face it — a middle-aged doll. Why don't you grow old gracefully and stop battling time?"

Her answer to this teenage smartness was very effective.

She took me away from the school for ladies and sent me to a public school.

"Time you came back to earth, childie," she said.

But I felt I could never forgive her, even though I passed my Leaving with honors after being quite a dunce at my previous school.

I also discovered my old girl-friends soon dropped their invitations to visit.

Then I discovered boys.

I had high standards, but I always picked the wrong kind of boys.

Mother would explain patiently:

"Darling, you've been brought up quite nicely, but you could never live out your life with men who ate peas off their knives, dropped their aitches, or couldn't speak English.

"**I'm** not class conscious, but **you** are, so you might as well find it out now."

So she used to employ a very cunning trick.

"Utter snob"

When my special boy of the moment came home for dinner, Mother would turn it on — dinner by candle-light, lace dinner cloth, etc.

The first time one of my boy-friends waved a knife around my ear to emphasise a point, I looked twice at him. When another said, "I done that," I shuddered.

Mother was so **darned** right — I **was** superior in my own heart.

Now, of course, I can laugh heartily at her cleverness in revealing to me what an utter snob I was.

Then I became engaged. To John—a boy who dropped his aitches occasionally, and didn't always speak the King's English, either, but somehow it didn't matter.

He had a good job, and genuinely loved me even though he knew me through and through.

Mother was very happy about it all—until I met a couple of married "wolves" at work who took it in turns to drive me home.

Carried away by their sophistication, I started looking **TWICE** at John.

He was too naive, I concluded, and would never do.

I broke our engagement.

Mother said nothing the night I told her, but the next day she rang me at work.

She then proceeded to tell me in short concise terms exactly what she thought of me.

She left nothing out — including my childhood superiority, my snobbishness, my cruelty to others.

She concluded by telling me she was leaving me.

I was completely stunned. Mothers just didn't do things like that to the children they were supposed to love.

She installed me in a guesthouse and took a smaller flat for herself and my young sister.

"It's time you stopped always having your mother to come home to and started living your life on your own," she told me quietly.

How right she was! Married men lost all interest for me when there was nobody to boast to about them. In my lonely room I started seriously thinking about John and comparing his young steadiness with the married men.

I found life miserably lonely without Mother, too.

The night she told me John and another girl were having dinner with her was my breaking point.

I stormed out to the flat to catch them all in the act.

My mother and John were having dinner, but there was no other girl.

Twinkle

Mother looked up at my Academy Award entrance with a twinkle in her eye. "I thought **that** would do it," she said serenely.

We all fell into each other's arms, while John and I laughed and cried in turn.

The wedding was marvellous. Mother looked quite wonderful as the Mother of the Bride, and I was very proud when strangers thought we were sisters.

I've been married five years now.

John thinks I'm a terrific cook and housekeeper. He can't understand how I picked it up so quickly after marriage!

I know I'm going to be very happy for the rest of my life, thanks to my most understanding mother.

Who ever heard of a mother leaving her daughter? They just never do!

● *Pick-a-back ride — just another of mother's many uses.*

Put it all together it spells

M-O-T-H-E-R

● I was picking up my children at school when another mother I know well rushed up to me. Emily was fuming with indignation.

"DO you know what you and I are?" she demanded, and before I could answer blurted out the reason for her question.

It seemed she had just returned from renewing a licence she held yearly. Asked by the woman clerk to state her "occupation," Emily had hesitated, uncertain how to classify herself.

"What I mean," explained the clerk, "is — do you have a job or are you just a . . . ?"

"Of course I have a job," snapped Emily. "I'm a mother!"

The clerk smiled indulgently. Then she wrote: "Occupation: housewife."

"Oh, no," protested Emily, "I'd rather be listed as a mother."

"We don't list mother as an occupation. 'Housewife' covers it," said the clerk.

I forgot all about Emily's story until one day I found myself in a similar situation.

"And what is your occupation?" asked the poised, efficient clerk.

What made me say it I do not know. The words simply popped out:

"I'm a Research Associate in the field of Child Development and Human Relations."

The clerk paused, ball-point frozen in mid-air, and looked up.

I repeated the title slowly, emphasising the most significant words. Then I stared with wonder as my pompous pronouncement was written in bold, black ink on the official questionnaire.

"I wonder if I might ask," said the clerk with a quite new interest, "just what do you do in your field?"

Coolly, without any trace of fluster in my voice, I heard myself reply (not saying the words in brackets):

"I have a continuing programme of research (what mother doesn't?) in the laboratory and in the field (normally I would have said 'indoors and out').

"I'm working for my Masters (the whole darned family!) and already have four credits (all daughters).

Triumphant

"Of course, the job is one of the most demanding in the humanities (any mother care to disagree?) and I often work a 14-hour day.

"But the job is more challenging than most run-of-the-mill careers and the rewards are in satisfaction rather than just money."

There was an increasing note of respect in the clerk's voice as she completed the form, stood up, and personally ushered me to the door.

As I drove into our driveway, buoyed up by my glamorous new career, I was greeted by my "lab" assistants — age 13, seven, and three. I could hear our new experimental model (six months) in the child-development programme testing out a new vocal pattern.

I felt triumphant. Home—what a glorious career!

—Esther Cross

NEW OFFER TO READERS: **Our popular series "A mother's story" is a year old this month. It created so much interest everywhere, not only among mothers but with fathers, career women, and others, that we now invite any reader with a human-interest story to tell it. Naturally, mothers are included in this wider series. Stories can be any length up to 1500 words. They should be true and tell about a family or personal problem or crisis and how it was resolved (if at all). We will pay from £5 to £20 for each story published, according to the amount used and its value. (Write on one side of the paper only, please.) Please address contributions to "Home and Family Section," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.**

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OUR EMBROIDERY TRANSFER

NOVELTY designs to brighten linens are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 207. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of transfer 2/-.

Readers' household hints

● This selection of household hints sent in by our readers gives valuable tips that will save time, money, and effort. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

DON'T discard worn-out hand-knitted woollen garments. Unravel them and you will have a supply of crinkly wool, which makes an excellent cushion filling. — Mrs. R. Thomson, 107 Boundary Rd., Indooroopilly, Qld.

When washing winter pyjamas, take out cord from pants and they will dry quicker.—Mrs. S. Lamb, 56 Watson Ave., Broadview Gardens, S.A.

★ ★ ★

A small cake of camphor stored with unused silver helps to stop it tarnishing.—Mrs. I. Wade, "Cliftonwood," Yass, N.S.W.

Shower curtains are easily washed in hot suds in the bath. Rinse, hang up on hooks, and dry with absorbent cloth. If an eyelet pulls out, a dressmaking metal eyelet is a good substitute. —Mrs. H. Lott, Egg Lagoon P.O., King Island, Tas.

★ ★ ★

A good-sized Granny Smith apple (peeled, cored, and sliced) added to citrus fruit when making marmalade will help it to jell.—Lilian White, Box 426 R.S.M., Busselton, W.A.

★ ★ ★

An old umbrella is ideal for shading new cuttings or tiny seedlings in the garden. It is easily moved as the sun moves, will stay firm, and can be used many times. —Mrs. P. Chaplin, Charlton St., Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A discarded pram basket attached to the inside of the pantry door makes an ideal holder for vegetables.—Mrs. S. Griffin, 342 Barnard St., Bendigo, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Sprinkle a little brown sugar over the surface of the basin after greasing it to cook a plum pudding. When turned out the pudding will have a bright, shiny surface.—Mrs. M. Ginnane, 164a King St., Mascot, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

To store paint after use, press lid on firmly, turn tin upside down and paint will remain as new.—Mrs. L. G. Hutton, 7 Peel St., Tamworth, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Use scissors instead of a knife to chop dried fruit for cakes, puddings, etc. Clean scissors while using them by dipping in hot water occasionally for faster, more efficient work.—Elizabeth Obrenski, 38 Junction St., Newport, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Sew up a knitted garment with a tapestry or rug needle instead of a darning needle. It is easy to thread and the point, although blunt, will go through the wool with ease.—Mrs. C. G. Langdon, 28 Amiens St., Gladesville, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

For an extra-special apple sauce, add a wineglass of port and pinch of cinnamon just as it finishes cooking.—Mrs. C. Frankish, 243 Trafalgar St., Annandale, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

Before putting cake mixture into small paper cases, dip the spoon into hot water. The mixture will drop off the spoon easily.—Mrs. V. Nissen, Franklyn Vale, Grandchester, Qld.

★ ★ ★

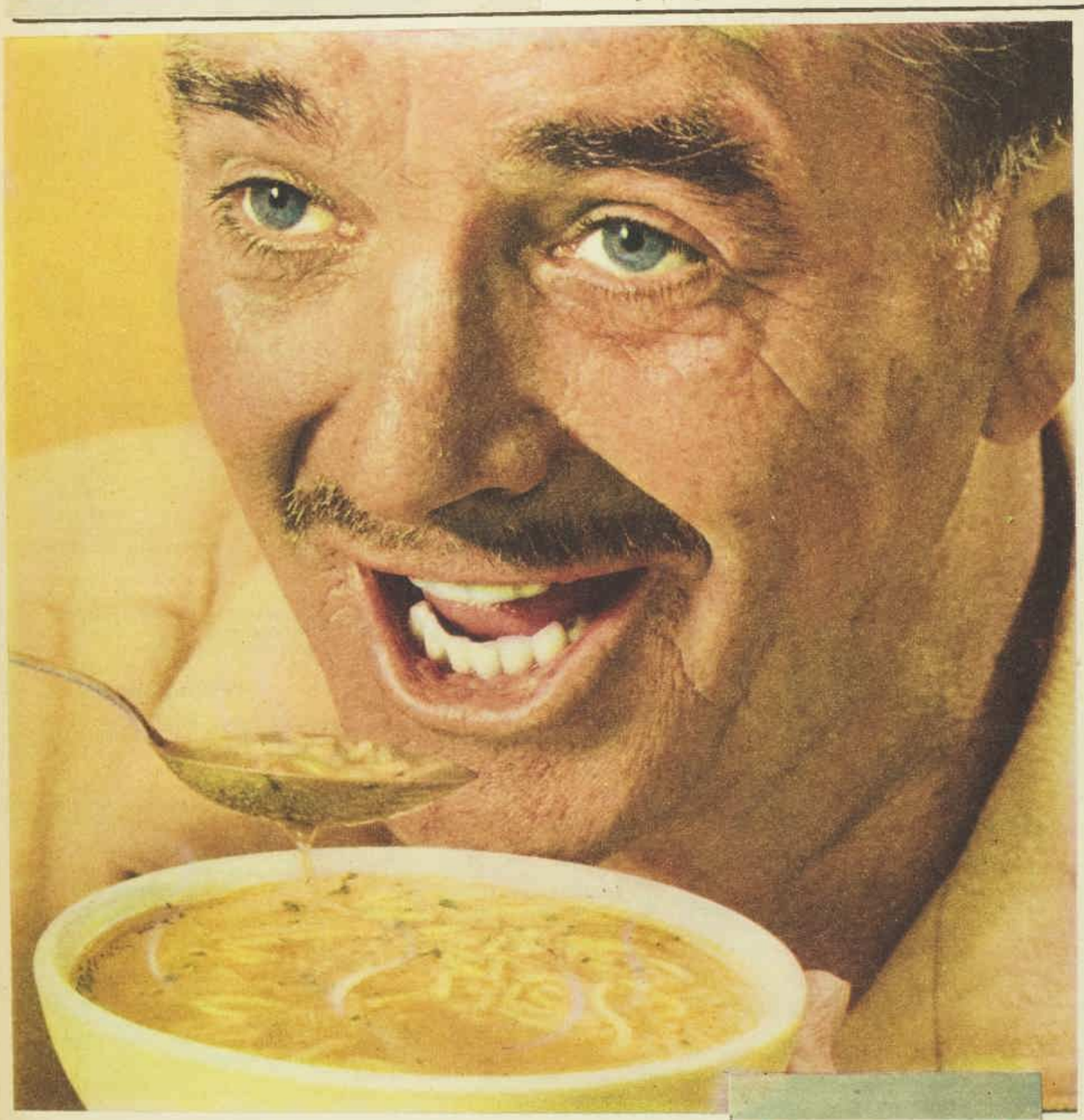
Line cutlery drawers with foam rubber. It looks attractive and prevents cutlery rattling when drawer is opened and shut. Wash occasionally in lukewarm suds, rinse in lukewarm water, and dry flat in an airy place.—Pearl Morley, Waroona P.O., W.A.

★ ★ ★

A short strip of foam rubber glued to each end of the coat-hanger will prevent dresses slipping off.—J. Conley, "Marylyn," Marysville, Vic.

★ ★ ★

A gas bath heater sometimes causes green stains on a bath. Remove them by rubbing hard with a cut lemon dipped in salt. Leave for a short time, then repeat if necessary. Wash off with clear water.—Mrs. D. L. Lane, 6 Vincent Ave., North Brighton, S.A.



Taste that Chicken in Continental soup

Every golden drop is rich with tender, delicious chicken. After all, the best soup comes from the best ingredients. So the chefs at Continental choose only prime young chicken—lots of it. (Did you know that Continental brand is the biggest buyer of chicken in Australia—just for soup!) Lots of chicken, lots of butter-soft egg noodles and tasty spices—that's the recipe for Australia's favourite soup—Continental brand Chicken Noodle. Have some tonight . . . and taste that chicken! Mmmm!

Taste the home-made goodness in Continental soup

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AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● I cleaned out our neglected and rather large bathroom cabinet this morning, and fell to wondering why chemists don't give some indication on their labels of what's in a mixture, or at least what it's for.

THE way they mark things, "The Mixture—Take as Directed," always seems to be part of the old hocus-pocus that went on in the days when "The Mixture" was probably made of bats' wings, toads' eyes, and ground horn of unicorn, and the patient wasn't expected to know anything except that it was a miracle elixir that would cure any sort of disease.

I suppose the answer is that the **patient** should have the sense to write on the label what the medicine is supposed to be used for.

This is something I always mean to do, and nearly always forget, which is why our rubbish-tin this week is jangling with ancient bottles.

After shaking and sniffing and playing guessing games with unpleasant-looking mixtures simply marked "One tablespoon three times a day after meals" I came to the conclusion that nobody in this household has ever managed to see a bottle of medicine through to the end.

I suppose the rubbish-tin is the proper place for these relics, but I rather regretted having to pitch out bottles with three or four pills that probably cost a small fortune and tubes of ointment that people have given up using after half a dozen squeezes.

I labelled everything I could be certain about, and made a vow to mark every chemists' label that came into the house in future.

Hugh has had flu, and it has left him with a cough that has been driving him and everybody else mad at night.

That evening he came home with a cough mixture he'd had made up during the day, so I told him about all the unidentified bottles I'd had to throw away, and asked him to mark the label.

"I don't need to," he said. "It's only cough mixture, and if I go on the way I have been the last few nights I'll have finished it in a couple of days."

"Mark it, anyway, just in case," I said.

Hugh gave me a sour look, took a pen out of his pocket and printed "KOF" on the side of the label.

"Pepping up" from the medicine chest

WHAT a race of pill-and-drug takers we've become.

It's odd to think that up until about the time of the first World War if you had a headache there was nothing you could do for it except lie down in a darkened room and bathe your temples and the back of your neck with eau-de-Cologne. Aspirin, when it was discovered, really must have seemed to be a miracle drug.

Now we've gone to the other extreme and most people take large quantities of assorted pills a year!

An Australian doctor said recently that this country was now rivalling the United States in the consumption of tranquillisers of various sorts. "Doctors and many psychiatrists seem to think that no one should be unhappy, miserable, or suffer any anxiety," he said. "This amounts to wholesale intoxication."

I know lots of people who depend on pep pills of various sorts to cheer them up if they feel a bit low.

I sometimes wonder whether there's much difference between taking pep pills to cheer yourself up (unless they've been ordered by your doctor for some real reason) and keeping a bottle of whisky in your wardrobe and taking a quiet swig at that!

"Tranquillising" the youngsters

WELL . . . I suppose that's their own affair, but the thing I do think is frightening is the way people give these drugs to quite small children.

Among my younger friends there are several who frequently give their tiny children phenobarb or tranquillisers "to settle them down at night"—because they've got to get them to bed early, or so they'll be good when the sitter is in charge, or because they've struck one of those patches all children go through of staying awake later than usual, or waking through the night.

If the doctor says they need a tranquilliser, well and good; but to fill them up with pills out of mum's bottle just to keep them quiet seems like madness to me.

If there's some real reason for their restlessness, surely it'd be better to try to find out what was causing it instead of smothering the symptoms with pills.

What they're doing must give these children the pill habit fairly early in life.

All pills were bitter to Kay

GETTING pills of any sort into my children was always such a business that you didn't undertake it lightly.

Katherine was the worst of the three. We would have practically the same conversation every time, and it went like this—

"What's this?"

"This is the pill the doctor said you had to take before your lunch."

"Put it down, Mummy, because I'm busy now."

"No, you've got to take it while I'm here."

"What color is it **inside?**" (Aniseed balls in mind?)

"It's the same color all the way through."

"Has it got a nasty taste?"

"I don't think so—but you won't taste it, anyway, if you just swallow it down with lots of water."

"You try it for me—just take a tiny weeny little lick and see if it's very nasty."

"**You** take a tiny weeny little lick—it's your pill."

"Ooh, not me," Kay would say as though it was poison. "I knew a person once who took a pill and he died."

"Who was that?"

"Mrs. Morton's dog. Old Nigger. He didn't want to take the pill, but the vet made him and he DIED."

And so on, and so on. No pill ever passed Kay's lips when she was a small child without argument, and ten minutes had to be set aside for talking her into the risky business of swallowing it.

Come to think of it, I expect Kay was the rightful owner of most of those unfinished bottles accumulated in the bathroom cabinet over the years—she's still inclined to regard a spoonful of medicine as a deliberate effort to finish her off.

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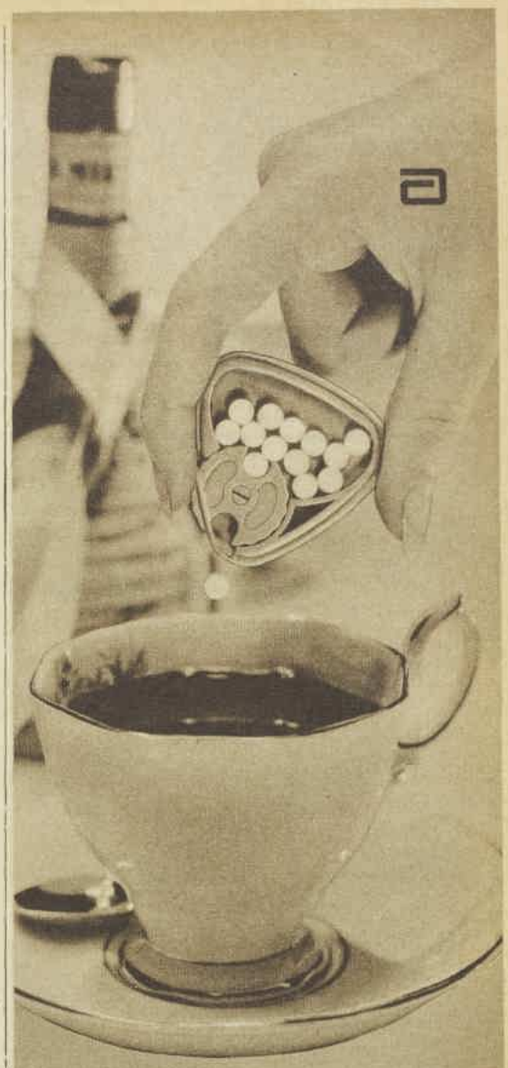

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques, three of which are shown.

● *Salt-glaze jug.*

Could you tell me the age and makers of my two jugs, please? One is 7½in. high with a pewter lid, white Grecian decoration, and the marks 1816 and 18 on the base. The other jug also has a pewter lid, is ivory-white with raised blackberry and leaf decorations. The markings are IV J Rd 4, with H and I on either side in a diamond-shaped frame. .. W is impressed on the base also. — Mrs. J. Waite, Nedlands, W.A.

The first jug (shown at right) is English Staffordshire pottery and was made about 1855. The second (left) is English salt-glaze pottery made about 1850.

★ ★ ★

My silver fork is said to have been made in the reign of George IV. It is beautifully decorated and bears the markings Rd 32445 and G.E.W. next to a symbol which resembles a dog and Z and another arrow-type mark.—Miss Shaw, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Your fork is not of the George IV period. It bears the Birmingham hallmarks for the year 1900 (late Victorian).

★ ★ ★

I have a vase in the shape of a ewer, which stands 11in. high and is marked Discher J., Budapest, on the base. Could you give me some information about it, please? —Mrs. M. Davy, Essendon, Vic.

● *Staffordshire jug.*

Your attractive ewer-shaped ornamental vase (below) is Budapest pottery and was made about 1895. The partly reticulated body, together with blue, pink, and copper lustre and iridescent glazes, is a special feature of Budapest pottery.

● *Ewer-shaped vase.*

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NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

£5 prize for apple pie

THIS week's prize of £5 in our weekly cookery contest is awarded to Mrs. T. Bonanno, 23 Riveroak Ave., Padstow, N.S.W.

All spoon measurements are level.

GINGER-CREAM APPLE PIE

Pastry: Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2-3rds cup butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift flour and salt into bowl, cut in butter or substitute with pastry blender or two knives until mixture is crumbly. Sprinkle water over, mixing lightly with fork until dough holds together. Press dough lightly into ball. Chill.

Filling: Six cups cored, pared, sliced apples, 2 tablespoons finely chopped ginger, ¼ cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 2 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, 1-3rd cup cream.

Roll out half pastry to 10in. round, fit into 9in. pie-plate, trim overhang to ¾in. Turn overhang under, folding flush with rim of plate. Roll out remaining pastry to form rectangle about 10in. x 6in. Cut lengthwise into 10 strips ¾in. wide; reserve for crisscross topping.

Arrange apples in prepared pie-plate. Combine sugar, flour, ginger, lemon rind, and salt; sprinkle over apples. Weave crisscross topping with reserved pastry strips, moisten ends of strips with water, press firmly to rim of pastry, trim ends, flute edge. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake 10 minutes longer. Remove pie from oven, leaving heat on. Carefully spoon cream into pie through openings in crisscross topping. Return pie to oven, bake about 10 minutes longer or until apples are tender.

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AVOCADOES

Beautiful to look at, full of nourishment, and of subtle flavor

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

AVOCADOES, grown for the market and in home gardens in Queensland for some time, are now available in southern States from March to December. The three varieties on sale are Zutano, Fuerte, and Hass.

Experts advise that these three varieties are at their best in quality and flavor in the months given below, and should be eaten only during these seasons:

- Zutano—March to April.
- Fuerte—May to September.
- Hass (purple-skinned)—September to December.

Avocadoes are considered one of the fruits which contain the most concentrated nourishment. They are picked at maturity but need to be stored at room temperature for a few days until they reach their peak. Refrigeration prevents full ripening. They are ready for use when slightly soft to finger pressure.

Avocadoes can be eaten raw in the traditional way — halved with stone removed, with a little vinegar or lemon juice, salt and pepper, or with a vinegar and oil dressing, or cut up in a salad.

They can also be used economically to add a subtle flavor and texture to sweet or savory dishes. In some of the recipes in this feature only one or two avocadoes are needed for a dish for four to six people.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup is used in all the recipes.

BREAKFAST SAVORY

Two or 3 avocadoes, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1 finely chopped onion, 3 rashers bacon, 4 or 6 slices toast, parsley.

Remove skins from avocadoes, mash the flesh in small basin. Add lemon juice and onion, season well with salt and pepper. Cut bacon rashers into dice, saute lightly in own fat. Drain, add to avocado mixture. Serve piping-hot on toast slices garnished with parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

PACIFIC VELVET

Two pounds leatherjackets (or any other fish desired), water, 1 teaspoon salt, good squeeze lemon juice, 1½lb. shelled prawns, 2 bottles oysters, 2 avocadoes, 5 tablespoons flour, 5 tablespoons butter or substitute, ¼ pint cream.

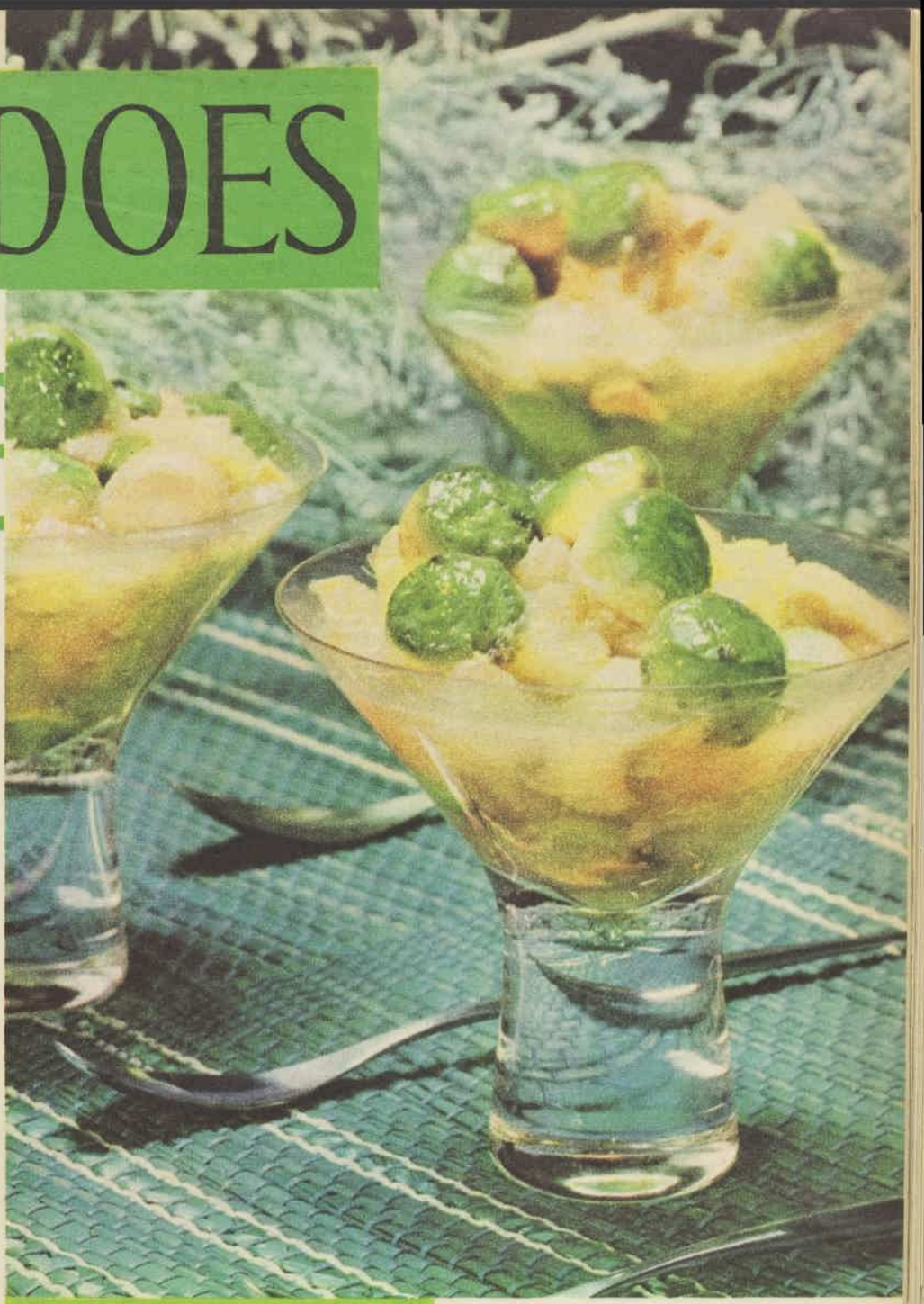
Fish stock: One cup white wine, 6 slices carrot, 1 stick celery, 1 onion, 1 sprig parsley, 1 bayleaf, 3 peppercorns, salt, 1 pint water.

Fillet fish, cut into small pieces. Place in saucepan with sufficient water to cover, salt, and lemon juice; simmer gently two minutes. Place tail, fins, bones, etc., in separate saucepan with wine, carrot, celery, onion slices, parsley, bayleaf, peppercorns, salt, and water. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer 10 minutes. Strain and set aside. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, return to heat and cook 3 minutes without browning. Remove from heat, add fish stock and oyster liquid, stirring until all lumps are removed. Return to heat, stir until thickened. Drain fish, add to sauce with the oysters, prawns, and avocadoes (which have been peeled and made into balls with melon-baller) and seasonings. Simmer 10 minutes. Fold in cream, heat slightly, but do not boil. Serve piping-hot garnished with lemon wedges. Serves 4 to 6.

COTTAGE CHEESE SALAD

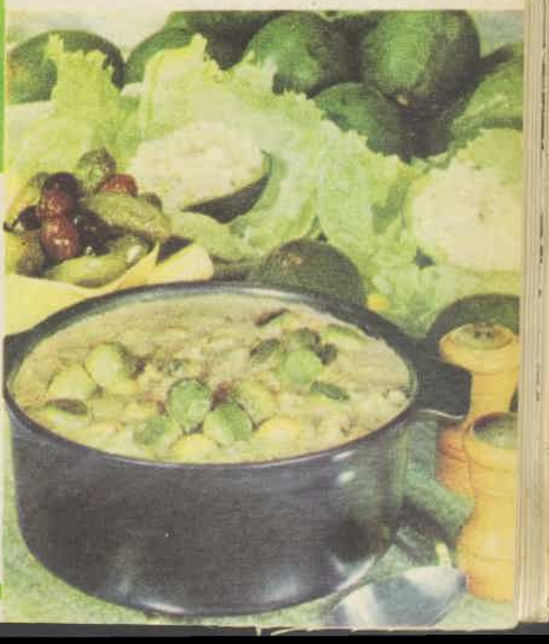
Half cup grated carrot, ¼ cup finely chopped shallots (use green and white part), ½ cup chopped green pepper, 1lb. cottage cheese, ¼ cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 or 3 ripe avocadoes, lettuce cups.

Combine in basin the carrot, shallot, pepper, cottage cheese, mayonnaise, salt, and ¼ the lemon juice. Mix lightly. Chill at least 1 hour. Just before serving cut avocadoes in half lengthwise, remove stones, sprinkle with remaining lemon juice. Top each half with the cottage cheese mixture, serve on individual plates in lettuce cup. Serves 4 to 6.



AVOCADO PEAR (above) prepared with a melon-ball scoop, mixed with cubes of pineapple, then sprinkled with sugar and sherry is delicious.

BLAND FLAVORS of seafood and salads blend well with avocado in the Pacific velvet and cottage cheese salad at right. See recipes this page.



AVOCADO SOUFFLE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk (warm), ½ teaspoon vanilla, 5 eggs (separated), 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 cup mashed and sieved avocado flesh, extra 1 tablespoon sugar, whipped sweetened cream.

Melt butter or substitute in saucepan without browning. Remove from heat, add the flour. Stir until free from lumps. Add the milk gradually. Return to heat, bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Flavor with vanilla essence. Beat egg-yolks with the sugar, stir into mixture; add lemon juice and avocado flesh. Beat egg-whites with remaining sugar, fold into avocado mixture. Pour batter into greased and lightly sugared souffle mould, bake in moderately hot oven 20 to 25 minutes. Unmould, serve at once with the whipped cream. Serves 4 to 6.

Continued overleaf

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PINEAPPLE CONTEST WINNERS

SECOND PRIZE WINNER: Mrs. M. Johnston, of Werribee, Victoria.

● Here are the prizewinners in our successful Canned Pineapple Recipe Contest in which cash prizes totalling £250 were awarded for recipes featuring canned Queensland pineapple.

£100 First Prize for best recipe in the contest: Mrs. Jane Nutta Singh, 7 Mary St., Southport, Qld.

£50 Second Prize: Mrs. M. Johnston, 21 Vincent Cres., Werribee, Vic.

£20 Third Prize: Mrs. C. Price, Imbil, Mary Valley Line, Qld.

IN addition, eight consolation prizes of £10 each were awarded to the following competitors:

Mrs. H. Maartensz, 63 Broughton St., Concord, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. Mansfield, 12 Fourth Ave., St. Peters, S.A.; Mrs. E. Sinclair, 14 East Crescent St., McMahon's Point, N.S.W.; Mrs. L. Pattinson, Pioneer St., Foster, Vic.; Mrs. J. Marsh, "Peak View," Palmers Channel, Clarence River, N.S.W.; Miss G. Pearce, Box 95, Kadina, S.A.; Mrs. T. Fry, 55 West Ave., Northfield, S.A.; Mrs. E. Pertile, 101 Cardigan St., Carlton, Vic.

The winning recipes were selected from many thousands of entries received from readers in all States and from overseas.

Twenty-five-year-old Mrs. Jane Nutta Singh, a beautiful Indian who lives at Southport, on Queensland's Gold Coast, won first prize for her recipe for Pineapple Curry Kofta — a delicious Indian meat dish.

A slight attack of homesickness, brought on by memories of her mother cooking fragrant pineapple recipes back home in Fiji, had inspired her to evolve her prizewinning recipe, she said

"I learned to cook from my mother, a very noted cook. I hope to keep the family reputation alive.

"Every week I invent a new recipe.

"I won a £5 consolation prize in your 1959 pineapple contest and was thrilled enough over that. Just imagine how I feel now."

Mrs. Singh came from Fiji to Brisbane in 1955 and trained as a nurse at the Brisbane General Hospital.

She then trained in midwifery in Sydney and returned to Queensland to lecture in her family language, Hindi, at Queensland University until her marriage in May, 1961, to Australian-born Indian James Nutta Singh.

THIRD PRIZE WINNER: Mrs. C. Price, of Imbil, Queensland.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER: Mrs. Jane Nutta Singh, of Southport, Qld., who won £100.

She said she and her husband were buying a coffee lounge in Southport, where they would specialise in Indian dishes. Gold Coast residents say the young couple are extremely popular.

A recipe for a dessert pie, Candied Pineapple Kuchen, won £50 second prize for Mrs. Margaret Johnston, of Werribee, Vic.

Mrs. Johnston said she tried out her recipes on her husband, R.A.A.F. Sergeant V. ("Johnno") Johnston, and her five children, Deborah (10), Helen (7), Malcolm (6), Nerida (4), and Matthew (2), although they preferred their food "straight."

She plans to use her prizemoney at auction sales, buying furnishings for her new home at Werribee, where the family recently moved from Port Stephens, N.S.W.

Thirty-seven-year-old Mrs. Clive Price, of Imbil, near Gympie, Queensland, entered a recipe for a two-layer dessert called Pineapple and Orange Crunch, which won for her the £20 third prize.

She has lived in the bush with her forester husband all her married life. An ex-schoolteacher, inventing recipes is now her chief hobby.

She said she would be sorry to leave behind her wood stove when the family moved to Ashgrove, Brisbane, soon.

"I submitted several recipes in this contest," she said.

"The family has been eating pineapple ever since the contest was announced."

Her son Warren is aged seven and daughter Narelle is four and a half.

Mrs. Price has won many cookery contests and prizes, including a £100 prize in The Australian Women's Weekly Cornflour Recipe Contest last year.

All the prizewinning recipes in the Canned Pineapple Recipe Contest will be published in a color feature in our issue dated August 22.

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AVOCADOES... *continued from previous page*

CREAMY AVOCADO PARFAITS

Three avocadoes, 3 teaspoons sifted icing-sugar, 3 tablespoons combined grapefruit and orange juice, ½ cup cream (whipped), 1 cup fresh fruit salad, extra whipped cream, cherries, sprigs of mint.

Chill avocadoes, cut in halves lengthwise. Discard seeds, remove flesh. Mash flesh or put through fine sieve. Combine with icing-sugar and fruit juice. Carefully fold in whipped cream; fill into chilled parfait glasses alternately with fresh fruit salad. Top with extra whipped cream, decorate with cherry pieces and sprigs of mint. Serves 4 to 6.

MEXICANO PUFFS

Half pint water, 4oz. butter or substitute, 8oz. flour, 6 or 7 eggs, 2 cups mashed ripe avocadoes, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 small onion (grated), salt, pepper, parsley, tomato wedges.

Place water and butter into saucepan; bring to boil. Add flour all at once, stirring briskly. Return to heat; cook mixture until it leaves sides of saucepan. Cool. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition until very shiny, smooth, and stiff. Spoon on to ungreased trays with teaspoon. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce to moderate, bake further 30 to 35 minutes. Cool. Combine in basin avocadoes, lemon juice, and onion. Season well with salt, pepper. Split puffs, spoon in a little filling. Reheat in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Serve piping-hot garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

For a lunch dish these quantities will make 10 to 12 puffs, or to serve as savories with cocktails will make 20 to 30 very small puffs.

SOCIETY SOUP

One and a half cups mashed avocadoes, 2 cups chicken stock (or use 2 cups chicken soup), 1½ cups whipped cream, ½ cup dry white wine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 finely chopped dill pickle.

Combine avocadoes and chicken stock. Chill. Add the whipped cream, wine, lemon juice, salt, pepper. Mix well, then chill again. Serve icy cold with finely chopped dill pickle sprinkled over top. Serves 4 to 6.

BAKED AVOCADOES

Four to 6 firm avocadoes, 1½oz. butter or substitute, 1½oz. flour, 1½ cups milk, 1lb. shelled chopped prawns, lemon juice, salt, pepper, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup crisp brown breadcrumbs, little extra butter or substitute.

Cut avocadoes in halves, remove seeds. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour. Stir in milk, return to heat and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add chopped prawns, season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Fill into cavities of avocadoes, top with grated cheese and breadcrumbs which have been mixed together. Dot with butter, bake in moderate oven 8 to 10 minutes or until top is browned and crisp. Serves 4 to 6.

LUXURY AVOCADOES

Two or 3 avocadoes (halved and peeled), 1 cup lobster or crab meat or chopped prawns, juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, salt, pepper, 2 hard-boiled eggs (sliced), endive (or use crisp lettuce leaves), 2 tablespoons finely chopped chives.

Combine in basin the lobster meat, mayonnaise. Season with salt, pepper, lemon juice. Fill into the avocado cavities; chill ½ hour. Arrange endive leaves on individual serving-plates, place half avocado on each plate. Arrange hard-boiled egg slices on top, sprinkle with finely chopped chives. Serve well chilled. Serves 4 to 6.

FRUIT COCKTAIL

Two or 3 avocadoes, 3 oranges, 2 grapefruit, crisp lettuce cups, french dressing, parsley.

Cut avocadoes in halves. Peel, then make into small balls with a melon-baller. Peel and section oranges and grapefruit; chill. Place crisp lettuce cup on each individual serving-plate, arrange selection of avocado balls, orange and grapefruit sections in each. Sprinkle with french dressing, garnish with parsley just before serving. Serves 4 to 6.

French Dressing: Half cup wine vinegar, ¾ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon white pepper, good pinch paprika, dash chilli sauce, 1 cup salad oil.

Combine all ingredients in screwtop jar. Shake vigorously until thoroughly mixed.

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● *Mesembryanthemums, Dimorphotheca ecklonis, gazanias, and shasta daisies make a bright splash in this footpath garden at Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

FOOTPATH GARDENS

GARDENING

FOOTPATH GARDENS can make a welcoming feature to a home and provide beauty for the passer-by. Many people have colorful plants outside their front fences in suburbs and country towns.

Before you get carried away with enthusiasm, remember that most councils forbid the use of cacti, hawthorns, roses, and palms such as Phoenix canariensis or Chamaerops excelsa, which have sharp bristly points capable of causing injury if blundered into during darkness.

In some districts where water and sewerage mains run under the footpaths, shrubs and trees are also on the banned list. Their roots could possibly forage deep enough to cause trouble with the pipes.

Where water and sewerage mains are laid out in the centre of the road, handsome avenues of flowering or foliage trees are possible. Grafton, N.S.W., is noted in this regard for its jacaranda avenues.

Queensland started off well with footpath gardens by laying out towns and cities with wide streets, and the councils there planted avenues of tall palms such as Cocos plumosa, Cocos yatay, and Seaforthia elegans—the bangalow palm.

Mostly, however, footpath gardens are modest little plantings of annuals or hardy perennials. Suitable plants include mesembryanthemums, pansies, nemesias, dwarf marigolds, asters, petunias, lobelias, linaria, geums, Browallia elata, dwarf balsams, anemones, alyssums, ageratum, dwarf zinnias, Phlox drummondi, Iceland poppies, portulaca, Primula malacoides, ranunculi, salvias, statice, sweet williams, dwarf sweet peas, Virginian stocks, verbenas, and violas.

Drought and heat resistant plants—geraniums, some pelargoniums, gaillardias, dwarf pomegranates, gazanias, silene, santolina, Phlox subulata (for cold districts), nepeta, heuchera, Cerastium tomentosum, aubrietias, Arabis alpina, and Ajuga reptans — are also used for footpath gardens in most States. They can be set out now.

Where it is permissible to grow shrubs and small trees on footpaths, the greatest care should be taken in selecting only those that won't injure people using the paths. Other considerations are the presence of overhead lines, and when these facilities are underground care should be taken to see that the plants aren't set close enough to permit their roots to invade the inspection pits and cable accommodation.

Most councils regard crepe myrtles as too bulky and, when pruned, too spiky for footpaths. The softer shrubs, such as diosmas, spiraeas, Caryopteris tangutica, ceratostigma, deutzias, and dwarf conifers such as Cryptomeria japonica compacta, dwarf junipers, and thuyas, veronicas, rosemary, and French lavender are hardy under exposed conditions.

● *Mr. Tony Springett, of Merilbah Road, Bowral, has won prizes with his footpath garden of massed Virginia stock and tulips, and anemones and violas.*

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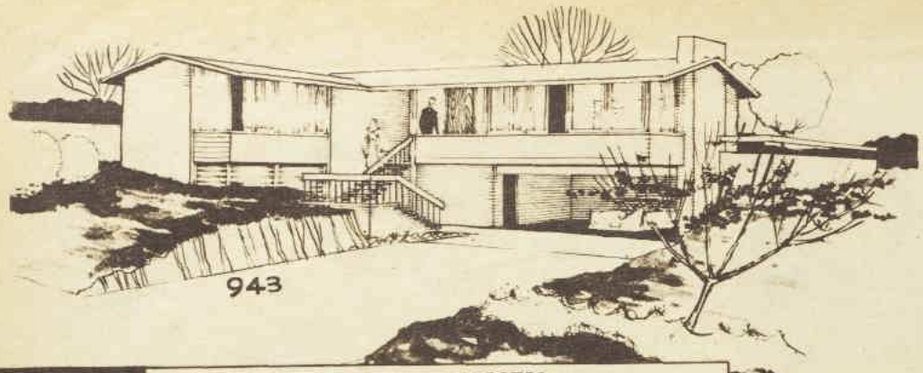
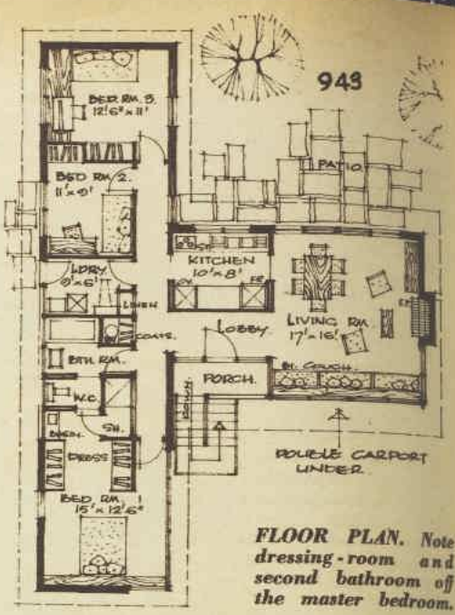


The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

Home Plans Service



PERSPECTIVE sketch. The attractive exterior has double carport.

FLOOR PLAN. Note dressing-room and second bathroom off the master bedroom.

● This week's Home Plan is an attractive three-bedroom design which features a dressing-room and second bathroom off the master bedroom—all in 12.7 squares.

THE house has been planned in a T-shape with the bedrooms, bathrooms, and laundry forming one part of the "T" — living area and kitchen in the other.

The master bedroom has no built-in wardrobes — these are provided on each side of the walk-in dressing-room. The second bathroom, off the dressing-room, has a hand-basin and shower recess. The main bathroom has a bath and hand-basin. Both bathrooms open into a separate toilet.

The second and third bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, with provision for built-in desks in both rooms.

The spacious living-room has an open fireplace and a built-in TV couch along one wall. Glass doors open on to a sheltered patio.

The kitchen has plenty of work space and overlooks the patio. This makes outdoor entertaining easy, as meals can be passed directly from the kitchen to the patio.

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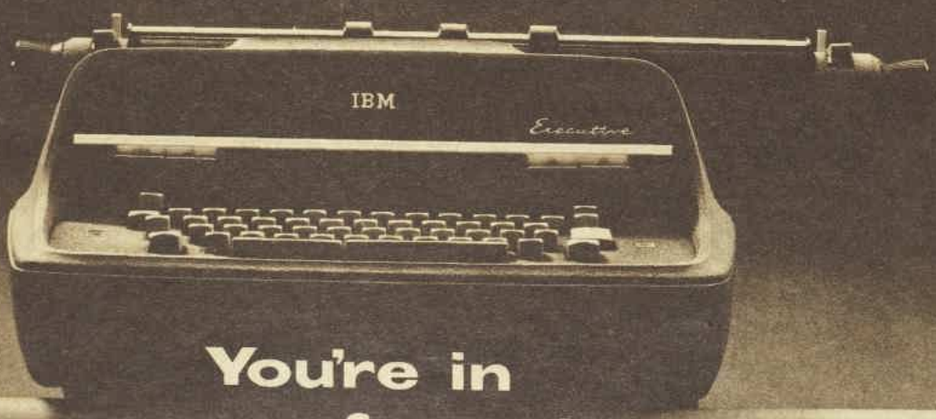

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CLEARWING OLIVE. A clearwing's body can be any color, with white or yellow wings that are free from dark marks, and no throat spots.

A SPECIAL GUIDE TO BUYING, TRAINING, CARE

ALL ABOUT BUDGIES

NORMAL COBALT (above). Normals have blue or green bodies, with black and white wings (for blues), black and yellow wings (greens), and black spots on their throats.

● The colorful budgerigar, native of the grasslands of Australia, has become one of the most popular pets in the world. And no wonder — the budgie is a lovable little bird that can be taught many tricks and can imitate the human voice. Stories of the exceptional talents and antics of trained budgies are often told. Owners claim (usually rightly) all kinds of remarkable feats by their pets. Budgies have been known to recite the Lord's Prayer and nursery rhymes, drink from teacups, get cigarettes for their owners, miaow like cats, and to recognise different people, as well as carrying on seemingly intelligent conversations. A young budgie can cost only 10/- and should live for 12 to 15 years. Board and lodging are inexpensive. A member of the grass parakeet family, the budgerigar has many different names. In Europe he is known as a budgerigar (from the aboriginal word, meaning "good eating"). In the Far East he is known as a shell parakeet, and in America as a parakeet or lovebird.

● Continued on next pages

NORMAL LAUREL, counterpart of the cobalt bird (above right). These pictures, by staff photographer Keith Barlow, are life-size — about 8in. from head to tip of tail.

BLACKWING YELLOW is an unusual bird that has no class in shows. Birds on this page belong to leading judge and breeder Mrs. Kath Rollings, of North Sydney, N.S.W.

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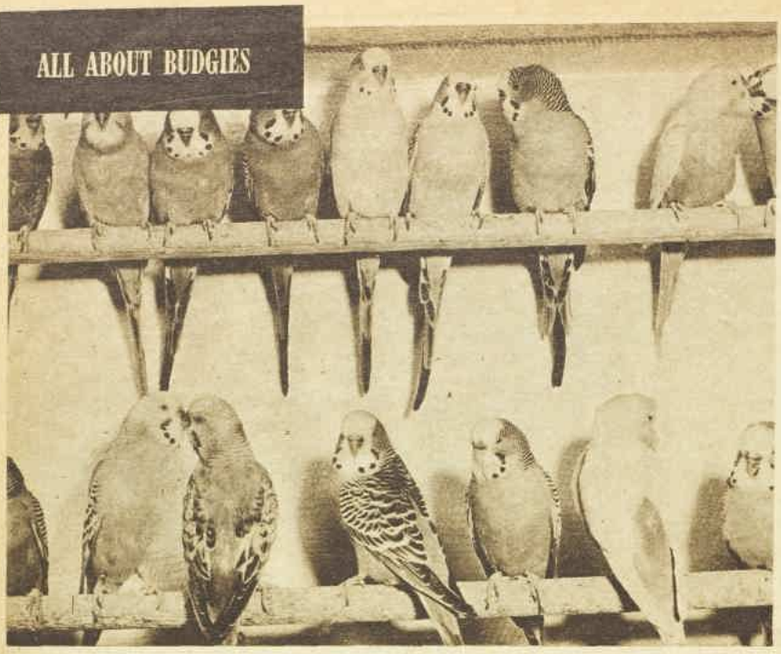
ALL ABOUT BUDGIES



HOW BUDGIES "BEGAN"

THE term lovebird applied to budgerigars is inaccurate, as real lovebirds originated in Africa. They have stubby bodies and small, wide tails, rather like miniature parrots.

The budgerigar was introduced overseas about 120 years ago by sailors who visited Australia and preferred the tiny budgie to the more cumbersome parrot. When the birds became popular as pets in European, American, and Eastern homes, people began to experiment with raising their own birds instead of importing them.

In 1884, Australia controlled export of the birds to preserve them here, and since then "bush" budgerigars have not been allowed to leave the country. However, aviary birds are in great demand for export, particularly to Japan, where the birds have been in short supply since the war.

The wild budgerigar is about 6½in. long, bright green on the breast, with yellow head and face, black throat spots, yellow wings with wavy black markings, and a long dark green tail. With years of breeding, they have been developed to usually 8in. long (sometimes up to 9in.) and to many colors, white, yellow, sky-blue, cobalt, light green, olive, violet, and mauve.

So far no one has been able to breed red, black, or brown budgerigars. Sir Edward Hallstrom, who is executive director of Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo, has offered £500 to anyone who can produce one of the three colors. In its native state, the budgie feeds on seeding grasses of all kinds and nests in hollows in eucalyptus trees.

● *Budgies get on well with each other, but they're not lovebirds.*

INSPECT BEFORE BUYING

YOUTH and health are the most important considerations when choosing a budgerigar. Sex has bearing on a bird's ability to talk—hens are generally harder to train than the more docile males. Color is just a matter of the buyer's preference.

The value of a young bird (make sure he is no more than six weeks old) is that he will learn more easily, forgetting with little trouble the birdtalk to which he had become accustomed in the breeder's aviary.

A healthy bird, of course, is happier and will live longer.

How can you pick a young bird? First look at the cere (which rhymes with "deer"), the growth above the beak. You'll find a young bird's is pinky-mauve in color. Fully grown male budgies have dark blue ceres.

Next examine the bird's head. Stripes generally indicate immaturity, for as a bird ages the markings fade until, in adulthood, the forehead is almost completely white or yellow.

This test is less useful with white or yellow budgies. Their head markings are not distinct in youth.

A simple test for health is to feel that the bird's breast is fleshy. Also examine the feathers under the tail of the budgie. Diarrhoea, a disease often fatal for birds, is indicated by yellow or green wetness.

Make sure the bird has dry nostrils that are not inflamed. (If ever there is any crusty growth on your bird's nostrils, wipe carefully with cotton-wool soaked in an antiseptic recommended by an expert.)

By spreading out, make sure wing and tail feathers are complete, signs of perfect health.

The bird's stance (erect and perky on the perch) and glance (eyes bright and clear) are other health checks.

These tests might seem rather demanding. But, for your later satisfaction, they're worth it. And no reputable dealer would object.

● *This bird's complete set of wing feathers is an indication that it is in perfect health and would be a good buy.*

POPULAR BREEDS

WELL-KNOWN types (there are others overleaf) are:

Cinnamon-wing — Body any color, with cinnamon wings and throat spots.

Greywing — Body any color, with grey wings and throat spots.

Lutino — All yellow, with no throat spots, and red eyes.

Albino — All white, with red eyes.

Pied — Two body colors.

Fallow — Normal (green or blue) body color, with brown-and-white wings, red eyes.

Opaline — Normal body color, with a "V" at the back, free from any black markings.

Clubs cater for fans of budgies

● **There are more than 300 budgerigar clubs and societies in Australia, catering mostly for people who wish to breed and show the birds.**

The largest is the Budgerigar Society of Australasia, based in Sydney, which has branches in Taree, Newcastle, Wollongong, Padstow, St. George, and Macquarie Fields, all in N.S.W.

In Victoria, there are more than 40 clubs, each with about 100 members. Each club operates individually, but is governed by the Budgerigar Council of Australia.

The Council makes the rules and regulations, and each club takes part in the annual budgerigar show and competition.

The South Australian Budgerigar Society is the main club in that State, although there are several others.

In Queensland, there are clubs in Townsville, Cairns, Mackay, Bowen, Gympie, Rockhampton, and Ayr, as well as the Queensland Budgerigar Society and the Budgerigar Society of Queensland, both in Brisbane.

Western Australia has the West Australian Budgerigar Society, and in Tasmania there are two affiliated clubs — the Hobart Cagebirds Society and the Launceston Cagebirds Society.

● *Young bird (right) shows immaturity by having a light-colored cere (growth over beak) and distinct stripes on its forehead.*

● *Older budgie's cere is darker and forehead markings have faded, leaving only white feathers if a blue bird, yellow if green.*

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SELECTING A CAGE

CHOOSE the cage carefully, remembering first that the budgie is an active little bird and needs plenty of room in which to move around. The absolute minimum for one bird is a cage that measures 12in. x 12in. x 12in.

The metal (and all other materials) used in the cage should not be painted, as the bird will eat it off and possibly poison himself.

It should have a removable floor-tray, cups (for food and drink), a swing, and about four perches made of hardwood that will not splinter when the budgie gnaws them. Don't overcrowd the cage with gadgets, although some toys are necessary. Budgerigars, for instance, are vain and mirrors will keep them happy.

Where to keep the cage is almost as important as the construction of the cage itself. The worst place is in a window, because of draughts and heat. You could put the cage outside on warm, mild days, but be sure it is partly covered. Budgies in their natural state always avoid strong sunlight.

For the regular position choose a light, airy corner about 5ft. from the floor and well out of the reach of cats, dogs, and other animals. Do not cover the cage at night. It is better to accustom the budgie to different temperatures.

The cage should be thoroughly cleaned three times a week by removing the tray, tipping out all refuse, and refilling with sand.

Regularly clean the perches but make it a "dry-clean." Scrape them, don't use water. The wooden perches would take a long time to dry out and dampness underfoot could give the bird a chill.

Once a month scrub out the cage, making sure you wash away all the soap, which could make the bird sick.

● *When you buy a cage, make sure the door is large enough to allow your hand, holding the bird, to pass through.*

● *Sydney breeder Mrs. Kath Rollings talks (above) to one of her birds. Right: The correct training finger position.*

TEACHING THEM TO TALK

WITH lots of patience on your part, you can teach almost any young budgie to talk.

Budgies do not understand what they are saying. They mainly mimic things that have been repeated to them continually, although sometimes a bird does repeat phrases he has overheard only once.

Before you attempt to teach your pet to talk, he must be tamed. The first thing is to keep him out of the range of other birds. If you have only one bird, so much the better. Next, get him used to physical contact with humans. Put your hand into the cage gradually, until you are able to gently stroke the bird's breast with your forefinger.

If he is afraid, just move your hand away, very slowly, or hold it still until he calms down. Once he has become used to your hand, place your finger under his feet. As soon as the budgie accepts your finger as a perch he is ready for his first lesson in speech (perhaps in a darkened room with no distractions). With the budgie on your index finger, face him and repeat his name. Short ones, like "Peter," "Jacky," or "Joey," are best.

Until the bird has repeated his name—it might take weeks, even months—nothing else should be said to him. Next very short sentences of two or three words may be repeated to him. Do not attempt to teach him more than one sentence at a time. Always enunciate clearly when training a bird—if you slur, he will, too, as in the case of children learning to speak.

The "vocabulary" of the budgie is limitless. Many birds have only handfuls of phrases and words because their trainers don't persevere.

There is a school of thought that a woman's voice is more easily mimicked by a bird than a man's. Certainly, birds usually assume voice characteristics of women in their households. But perhaps this is only because women contact the birds often and are more patient.

HINTS ON FEEDING

THE natural food of the wild budgerigar is seeding grass, but for the pet bird any well-known brand of packaged seed is a good basic diet.

Alternatively, you can prepare a 50-50 mixture of plain canary seed and millet. In winter, add 10 per cent. hulled oats to provide blood-warming bulk for the budgerigar.

The budgie should be given a cup of new seed every day after the cup has been well cleaned out. Don't think that, because the cup sometimes seems full, fresh food isn't necessary. The cup will often be just full of husks, dropped back after the bird has shelled the seed.

When your budgie's a baby don't only put seed in a cup. Scatter some on the cage floor. This will keep him nourished until he gets to know the purpose of the cup.

Green vegetables—lettuce, spinach, etc.—are very important and should be offered every three days or so for only about a quarter of an hour each day. Too much green food will cause diarrhoea.

The greens must always be washed carefully to remove poisonous sprays.

Budgies need fresh water regularly. In winter change it every morning—making sure it is not too cold—and in summer clean out the cup and refill twice daily.

A piece of cuttlefish bone in the cage gives the budgie calcium, for building bonny bones, beaks, claws, and feathers.

Place a small dish of medicated grit in the cage. Do not sprinkle it on the bottom of the cage. Droppings would contaminate the grit.

● *After training, give your bird a small treat such as a piece of apple. Do not feed a budgie on cake, bread, or table titbits.*

● *Medicine given to a bird held flat will drown it. Hold upright, by the head, and squeeze the liquid into the side of beak.*

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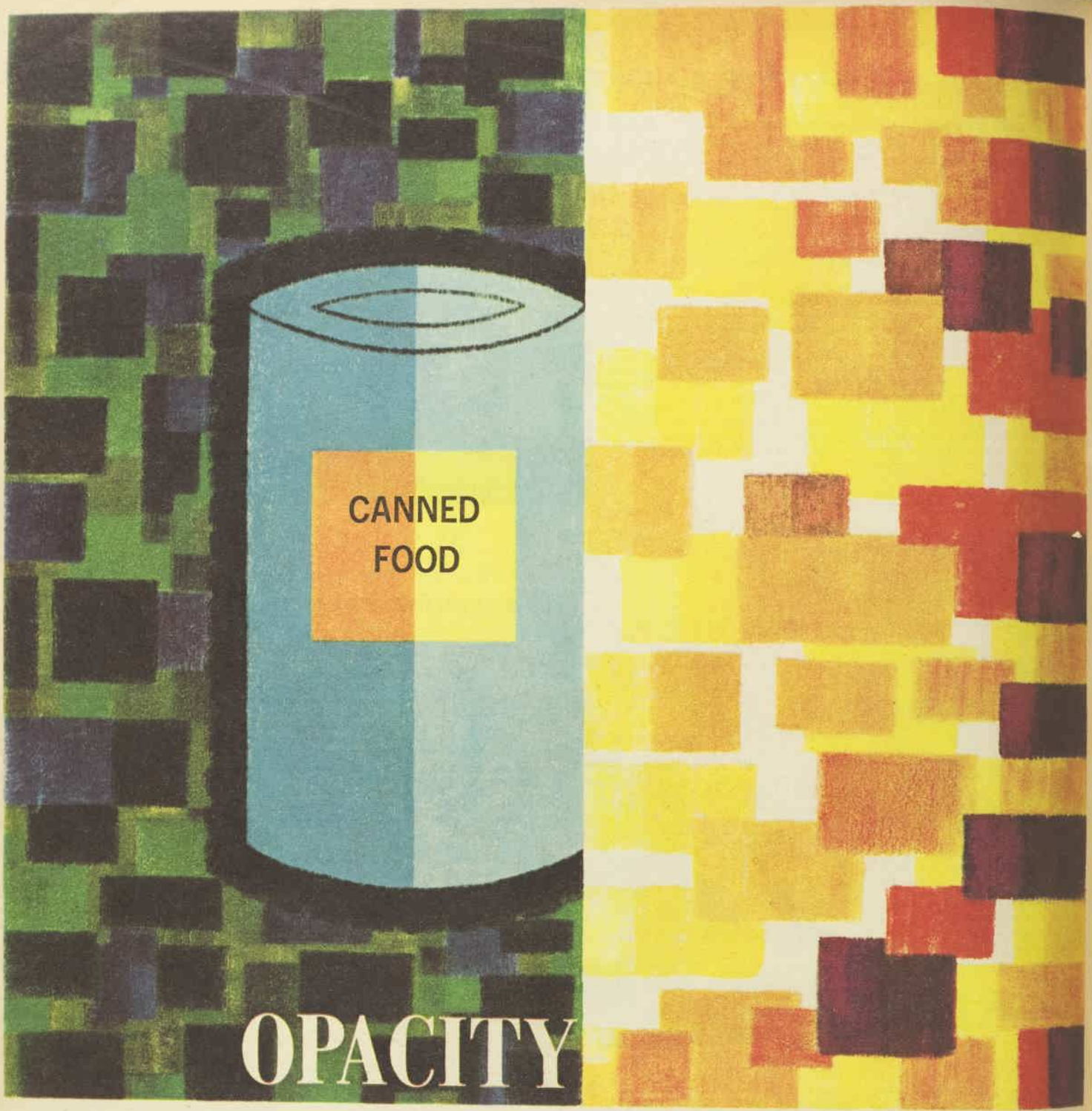

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FOUR-PAGE FEATURE

LEARN HOW TO CROCHET

● Here is a basic course in crochet for beginners. Once these first simple steps and stitches are mastered you will be able to progress to more intricate designs with ease.

By

ETHEL HIGGINS,

teacher of women's handicrafts, St. George Technical College, Kogarah, N.S.W.

THIS summer everybody, from young girls to grandmothers, will be getting out their crochet hooks. For crochet has reached a new fashion-high in jaunty hats, bags, beach blouses, jackets, and skirts with that straight-from-Europe look. There are also the lace-trimmed handkerchiefs that are always an essential part of the elegant woman's equipment.

So if you can't crochet already, now's the time to learn. It's fun to do and not nearly as difficult as it looks.

In this feature we illustrate and describe the technique and basic crochet stitches and include two simple crochet designs to make.

Next week we will have a special color feature of spring hats and handbags to crochet in the new colored raffia straws.

Four important points for beginners to remember are:

- Use correct material, whether it is cotton or linen thread, wool or raffia straw.
- Use the correct size hook.
- Check your tension.
- Finish off completed crochet carefully.

CROCHET THREADS

Many varieties of twist, finish, and color are available. For every article there is a specified thread to use for the best effect. Choose threads carefully according to the pattern and buy the given amount at one time to avoid any possible color variation in dye batches.

CROCHET HOOKS

Hooks should be chosen carefully according to the type of work and the tension required. They are made in steel, bone, wood, or composition, and vary in size from very fine to very thick. It is usually better to use a hook that is finer than the thickness of the thread required. A bone or wooden hook is best for wool.

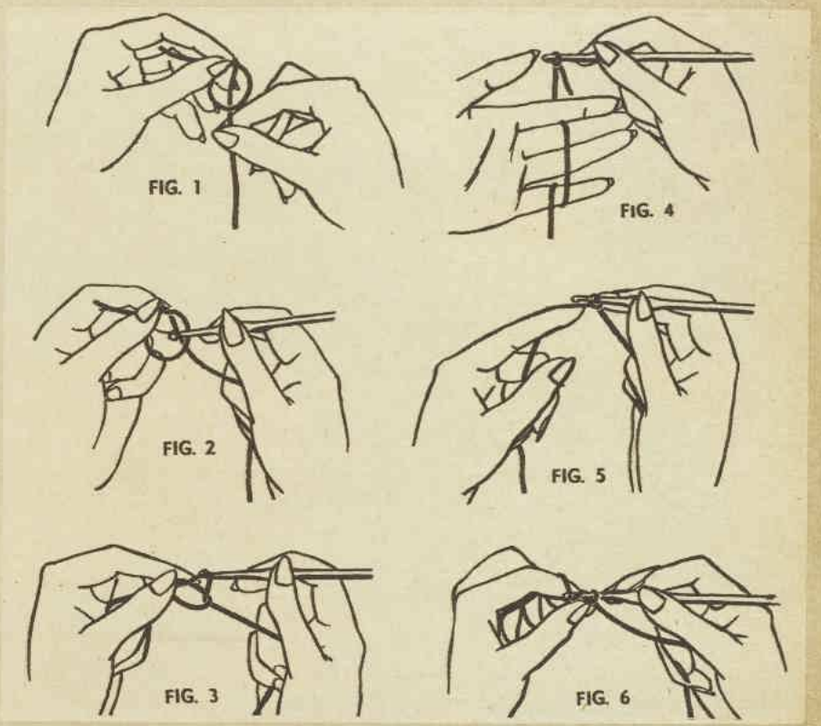
TENSION

Some people crochet more tightly than others, so it's a good idea to work a sample piece as a tension test with the hook and thread recommended before you begin to make any article.

TO FINISH

Remember to leave a piece of thread at beginning and end of crochet long enough to darn through body crochet for finishing off.

When the article is completed, press it by "blocking." This is done by pinning work to a padded ironing board with rust-proof pins and pressing, using a damp cloth and a hot iron. Leave in position until thoroughly dry.



STEP BY STEP GUIDE FOR BEGINNERS

This guide teaches the basic crochet technique. Sketches above show how to hold thread and hook, how to make a loop and begin chain-stitch.

Step 1: To make loop, take thread between thumb and forefinger of left hand. Lap main thread over short end and hold in place between thumb and forefinger (Fig. 1).

Step 2: Hold crochet hook in right hand as you would a pencil, with hook facing downward Insert hook through loop; catch main thread on hook and pull through loop (Fig. 2).

Step 3: Pull short end and main thread in opposite directions to close loop round hook, but don't make loop too tight (Fig. 3).

Step 4: Thread tension is controlled by the left hand. With palm of hand toward you, loop thread round little finger, bring it across the next two fingers, then behind forefinger (Fig. 4).

Step 5: Right hand controls the crochet hook. Rest middle finger of right hand near tip of hook. Middle finger of left hand is bent to control tension of thread. Little finger of left hand controls the amount of thread used (Fig. 5).

Step 6: Catch knot of loop between left thumb and forefinger. Push hook under thread, then catch thread with hook. This is called "thread over hook." Pull thread through loop on hook to complete one chain. Repeat until you have as many chain-stitches as you need, Practise until you can make chains that are even in size (Fig. 6).

Note: If a pattern states "insert hook into stitch" this means hook passes under 2 top threads of stitch, unless otherwise stated.

FIG. 7

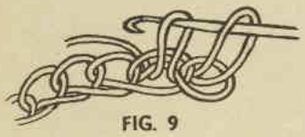


FIG. 9

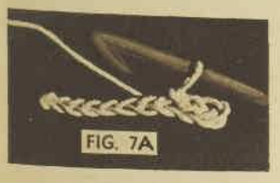


FIG. 7A

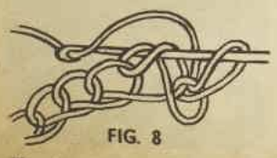


FIG. 8

THE BASIC STITCHES

Chain-stitch: Directions are given in Step 6 of previous section. Remember that one stitch always remains on the hook. Keep left forefinger and thumb close to the stitch you are working on (Fig. 7).

Slip-stitch: Slip-stitch is sometimes carried out on a foundation of crochet stitches already worked: at other times it is used to join invisibly. Insert the hook through the front of the first stitch from the hook, taking up the two top threads, pass thread over hook, then with one movement draw through stitch and loop on hook (Fig. 7A).

Double crochet: Insert hook under 2 top threads of stitch at left of hook, thread over hook (Fig. 8), draw thread through stitch (Fig. 9) (at this stage 2 loops are left on hook), thread over hook again, then draw thread through remaining two loops, finishing with one loop on hook (Fig. 10).

Double crochet in rounds (Fig. 10A): Make a chain of 6 stitches. Join with slip-stitch into first chain to form a ring (Figs. 11 and 12).

Round 1: Make 8 double crochet into ring (Fig. 13, see overleaf).
Round 2: Work 2 double crochet into each stitch of previous round —16 double crochet altogether. Mark the beginning of each round as you go (Fig. 14, see overleaf).

Continued overleaf

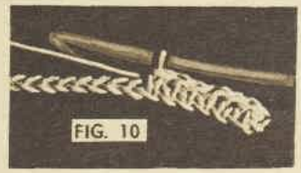


FIG. 10

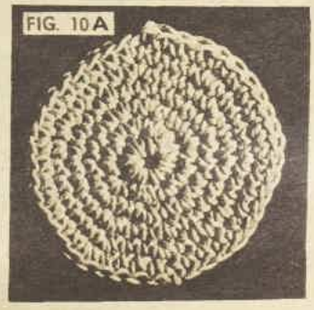


FIG. 10A

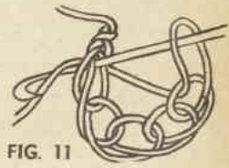


FIG. 11

FIG. 12

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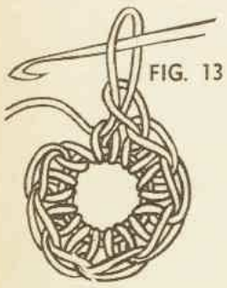
FIG. 13

DOUBLE CROCHET IN ROUNDS

(from previous page)

Round 3: * 2 double crochet in next stitch, 1 double crochet into following stitch.

Repeat from * to end of round (24 double crochet altogether).

Round 4: * Double crochet in each of next 2 double crochet, then work 2 double crochet into next double crochet. Repeat from * to end of round (32 double crochet altogether).

Round 5: * Double crochet into each of next 3 stitches, 2 double crochet into next double crochet. Repeat from * to end of round.

Round 6: Double crochet into each double crochet to end of round. This method of increasing keeps the work flat without fluting.

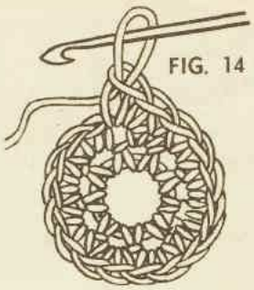
FIG. 14

HALF TREBLE

Thread over hook (Fig. 15), insert hook into stitch at left of hook, thread over hook and draw through stitch (3 loops on hook), thread over hook again (Fig. 16) and draw through remaining loops on hook (Fig. 17).

FIG. 16

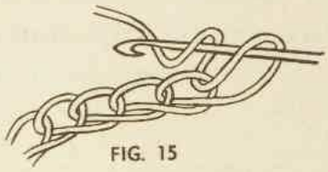
FIG. 15

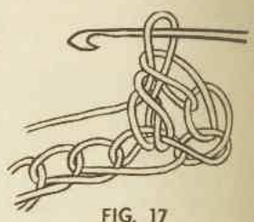
FIG. 17

TREBLE

Thread over hook, insert hook into stitch at left of hook, thread over hook again, pull thread through stitch (3 loops on hook). Thread over hook and pull through 2 loops, thread over hook again and pull through remaining 2 loops, finishing with 1 loop left on hook (Figs. 18 and 19).

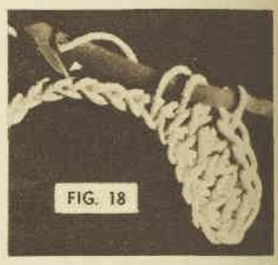
FIG. 18

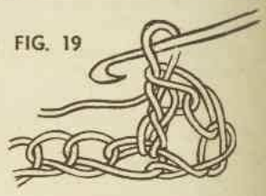
FIG. 19

DOUBLE TREBLE

Thread over hook twice (Fig. 20), insert hook into stitch at left of hook, thread over hook again and pull through stitch, thread over hook and pull through first 2 loops on hook, thread over hook and pull through 2 loops, thread over hook and pull through remaining 2 loops (1 loop remains on hook).

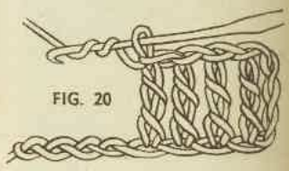
FIG. 20

TRIPLE TREBLE

Thread over hook 3 times, insert hook into stitch at left of hook, thread over hook and pull through stitch (5 loops remain on hook), thread over hook and pull through first 2 loops on hook, * thread over hook and pull through 2 loops on hook. Repeat from * 3 more times until 1 loop remains on hook.

TREBLE WITH SPACES

This stitch is a series of short trebles spaced with bars of chain-stitches. Work 1 treble into first stitch, * make 2 chain, miss next 2 stitches, then make another treble into the 3rd stitch (Fig. 21). This completes 1 hole. Repeat from * for as many holes as you need.

FIG 21

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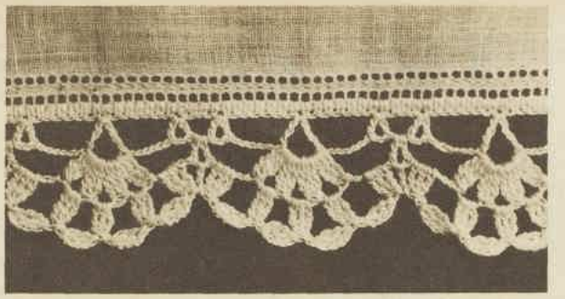
Crochet lace edging for handkerchief

● **Hand-made lace for this pretty handkerchief edging is worked in basic crochet stitches.**



CLOSE-UP of pattern (above) shows clearly the dainty scalloped design of the crocheted lace.

ATTRACTIVE lace edging is worked in stitches given on the two previous pages.

ONCE you have mastered the technique and basic stitches of crochet, practise until you can do them automatically. This handkerchief edging is a good piece to start with. The stitches used are all described on the two previous pages and instructions below include cluster-stitch, one of the simplest and most useful of all pattern stitches.

And don't stop at one handkerchief. Make a harlequin set in all-pastel-colored linens trimmed with matching or white lace.

Materials: One ball Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet cotton No. 40 in desired color; 1 hemstitched handkerchief; 1 Milwards steel crochet hook No. 4 (slack workers could use No. 4½ hook and tight workers No. 3½).

Tension: One pattern, 1¼in.

Measurements: Depth of edging, 1in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; d.tr., double treble; sp., space.

TO MAKE EDGING

1st Row: Attach thread to one corner of handkerchief, 5 d.c. into same place as join, work d.c. all round handkerchief, having 147 d.c. on each side plus 5 d.c. in each corner, ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

2nd Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last sl-st., * 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 d.tr. 5 ch. and 1 d.tr. into next d.c., 3 ch., miss 1 d.c., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next d.c., * 6 ch., miss 6 d.c., 1 d.tr. 5 ch. and 1 d.tr. into next d.c., 6 ch., miss 6 d.c., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 ch., miss 3 d.c., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next d.c.; rep. from last * 7 times more; rep. from first *, omitting 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch., turn, 1 sl-st. into 1 ch. sp. just made, turn.

3rd Row: 5 ch., 1 tr. into same sp., * 5 ch., 3 d.tr. into corner 5 ch. sp., leaving the last loop of each on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a cluster made), * 3 ch., 1 cluster into same loop; rep. from last * 3 times more, * 5 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp., 5 ch., into next 5 ch. sp. work 4 clusters with 3 ch. between each; rep. from last * 7 times more, 5 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next 1 ch. sp.; rep. from first *, omitting 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch., 1 sl-st. into first sp.

4th Row: 3 ch., * a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 5 ch. sp., (5 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into 5th ch. from hook, a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 3 ch. sp.) 4 times, * 5 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into 5th ch. from hook, a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 5 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 2 ch. sp., a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 5 ch. sp., (5 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into 5th ch. from hook, a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 3 ch. sp.) 3 times; rep. from last * 7 times more, 5 ch., a 2 d.tr. cluster into 5th ch. from hook, a 3 d.tr. cluster into next 5 ch. sp., 1 tr. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from first *, omitting 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off. Damp and press.

● *Another design on page 55*

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Postage on both cut out and ready to wear, 4/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 67. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

PARENTCRAFT

The overweight child

● ***The too-fat child has a tougher time than many people realise—he is teased by his schoolmates and often by adults as well, he becomes very sensitive about his overweight, and is at a disadvantage for sports and gymnastics. Plump girls suffer similarly—especially at dancing classes.***

CONSEQUENTLY, fat children tend toward sedentary amusements, often having a snack at the same time.

So they put on more weight and their misery snowballs.

If a child is really grossly fat it is wise to consult a doctor, for reducing that kind of fatness may well involve a medical problem.

But most over-plump children aren't medical cases.

Studies have shown that when both parents are obese, the children, or most of them, will also be overweight.

Now, it can't be said for sure that the tendency to overweight is **inherited.** Indeed, it's much more likely in most cases that the **eating habits of the family** are to blame.

Hence if you or your husband are too fat, and your child or children show a tendency to overweight, watch the whole family diet.

Of course, some children are of heavier build than others. Their bone structure may be on broad lines, not slender.

You can tell by looking at a youngster whether he is of slender build, or broad-beamed. You can also tell whether his flesh is firm, well-developed and healthy, or whether it is too fat.

Energy diet

Provided they are in good health, you'd be wise to encourage all your children in outdoor activities.

This especially applies to the over-plump ones.

Coach them if they are awkward and provide them with suitable equipment. Plenty of energetic play does help to prevent obesity.

Of course, a child needs plenty of proper food to keep his body in good working order, to make up for the often enormous amount of energy he uses in playing and various other ways, and finally, to grow.

You should establish such a diet for the over-plump child—often he simply hasn't been taught to eat and enjoy a well-chosen mixed diet.

Skim milk can be used—it adds just as much excellent protein, calcium, and riboflavin (B_2) to your child's meals, but only half the calories of whole milk.

Lean meat, poultry, and fish cooked without added fat are all fine, and it helps to trim off the fat you can see from the serving.

Eggs also add protein and you'd do best to cook them without fat. Good amounts of proteins in every meal help to keep your child from becoming hungry — and wanting a piece of cake in between.

Encourage him to eat fresh raw vegetables, and raw fruits for desserts and snacks, as they are relatively low in calories.

Sweet potatoes, potatoes, corn, peas, and bananas have more starch or sugar in them than most other vegetables and fruit, so make your chubby child's helpings rather small.

Fried foods such as potato chips are poor foods for weight-watchers.

Use the minimum of sugar in cooked fruits and milk puddings.

The starchy foods such as bread, cake, pie, and spaghetti are really non-essential fillers, and if you feed your child plenty of the foods I've mentioned he won't have much room for these fillers.

"Lollies" and soft drinks are even more unnecessary.

Of course, you can't expect your youngster to be happy if the rest of the family is eating foods he can't have. You will all have to eat high-protein, low-calorie meals at home.

They will provide the essentials your child needs for growth and if you are skilful they will keep him happy and he will "grow into his weight," and cease to be too plump.

Mothercraft Leaflet

● **A free leaflet describing the essentials for a happy, healthy pregnancy and a normal, natural birth is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.**

NOTE: A stamped addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

Once there was a woman who loved fine soft woollies . . . big fluffy blankets . . . cuddly woolly baby things . . . expensive sweaters and cardigans.

But so often washing meant matting and shrinking. (Soap powders — great for most fabrics — are too harsh for wool.)

Then a neighbour told her of the marvellous new cold water wool shampoo — *'specially made for washing wool.* Precious cashmere, mohair too!

So she tried this **Zero Concentrated Wool Shampoo** in her next woolly wash. And —

Zero gently coaxed out all the dirt. Brightened colours. **Didn't mat! Didn't shrink!** Left her woollens soft, springy like new. Her hands smooth.

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CROCHET THIS HANDBAG

● **This elegant handbag is another design you can work in crochet. It can be made in light or dark ecru or white.**

CLOSE-UP of the stitch used to crochet the handbag at far right.

HANDBAG is worked in coarse yarn in an ecru shade to go with summer dresses, hats.

Materials: 8 balls Coats Mercer Crochet No. 10 in ecru, dark ecru, or white; material for lining; handbag frame; Milward's chenille needle with blunt point.

Tension: 7 patts. to 2in. and 3 rows to 1in. in depth.

Size: Approximately 9in. wide and 8in. deep.

Note: Use two balls of cotton worked together throughout — i.e., double thread.

TO MAKE

Commence with 59 ch., worked fairly loosely.

1st Row: Into 5th ch. from hook work 1 h.tr. Keeping loop on hook, work another h.tr. and draw the thread through both loops (a two tr. cluster made). Now work 1 tr. into ch. behind cluster so it crosses over cluster, forming cross-stitch patt. Miss 1 ch., cluster, 1 tr. into ch. behind cluster. Cont. all along row, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: Miss first ch. immediately at base of 3 turning ch., cluster, 1 tr. into ch. behind cluster. This cross-stitch should be worked directly over cross-stitch in row below. Cont. all along row, 3 ch., turn.

Work until 22 rows have been completed or to required depth.

23rd Row: D.c. firmly into every alt. ch. all along row, 3 ch., turn.

24th Row: Tr. into each d.c. all along row, 1 ch., turn.

25th Row: D.c. all along row. Fasten off.

Work second side to correspond.

GUSSET

Commence with 17 ch. Cluster into 5th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into ch. behind cluster. Rep. along row (7 cross patts.), 3 ch., turn. Cont. working until strip has been worked long enough to go about half way down each side and along bottom of bag. Gusset length required for sides can be judged by measuring how far down bag the hinge of frame will extend.

BAG HANDLE

Commence with 13 ch. Work as for gusset (5 cross patts.) until handle measures about 18in.

TO MAKE UP

Using double cotton as before, d.c. round main parts of bag on 3 sides and all round gusset and handle strips. Keep these rows of d.c. quite loose, so work is not drawn up. Tack or pin gusset in position and, using 3 threads of mercer crochet cotton in large blunt-pointed needle, work oversewing st. through ch. formed by d.c. edging, and working through 2 layers of crochet where gusset is joined to bag. Attach bag frame, stitching through the holes provided, using 2 threads of mercer crochet cotton. Make small pleat in short sides of gusset where it meets hinge of frame. Stitch pleat. Cut lining material little larger than width and depth of bag and seam round the 3 sides. Place lining in position inside bag, having seams turned outwards toward crochet. Pleat or gather material to fit along inside of bag frame, stitch into position. Neaten inside by sewing silk cord or braid all round inside of bag frame. Attach handle as illustrated, or if bag frame has no loops handle can be stitched directly on to crochet bag, one end of handle on to one side of each of main parts of bag.

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Continuing . . . THE BRIEF LIFE OF AUBREY

from page 20

advice!" Sherry protested. "She should know."

"I've had enough of this," Donald said. "Are you coming, mother?"

"No, dear, I'll stay and hear what Sherry has to say."

"Mother! My wife has been accepting valuable presents from a man I didn't even know she had met more than twice. She blushes or goes dead white at the mere mention of his name. And now she stands here blithely telling me that now I know all about it everything will be all right. And you want to stay here and listen to what she has to say!"

"Donald!" Sherry gulped. "You're crazy! I said no such thing!"

"Correct me if I'm mistaken in any small detail. Did you, or did you not, admit that Aubrey was responsible for those pearls round your slender neck?"

"You don't understand . . ."

"I understand perfectly!" Donald roared. "Now we'll see what Aubrey has to say!" As he stormed out of the door, Sherry called out to him.

"Darling, not that Aubrey!"

But he was gone.

Mrs. Quentin sat down carefully. In a perfectly calm voice she said, "Now, Sherry, suppose you sit down here and tell me about it."

"He's gone!" Sherry whispered. "He's really gone."

"He'll be back," Mrs. Quentin said. "When he discovers his mistake."

"Oh, everything's gone wrong," Sherry wailed, then she turned wide-eyed to Mrs. Quentin. "How do you know he's making a mistake?"

"Well, my dear. When he married you I warned Donald that you were too young and that you were a scatter-brain. I can't really say that I changed my mind about that. But I just cannot imagine you engaging in anything unsavory or furtive — quite apart from the fact that you are obviously too much in love with Donald even to think of any other man."

Sherry blinked at her. "And I always thought you hated me. I thought that's why you brought up the price of the pearls."

Mrs. Quentin frowned. "It never occurred to me that you could have anything to hide. By the way, what on earth did you mean when you said that it had all been my advice . . . I don't think Donald even heard that bit."

Sherry jumped up and came back with the book that had been the cause of all the trouble. "It all started at the end of the first month's housekeeping . . ." she began, and between weeping and laughing, she managed to tell the whole story, illustrating it with her household accounts.

At the end of it, Mrs. Quentin began to chuckle. It was a very dignified, restrained sort of chuckle, but it was decidedly human. "Oh, you poor child!" she laughed. "If only you'd come to me before. Donald did ask me about housekeeping, but, of course, we didn't go into it very thoroughly. You see, the figure I gave him included telephone and electricity, as well as magazine subscriptions. No wonder you were left with that staggering surplus."

She laughed again. Then she got up briskly. "Now, please ring for a taxi to take me home. I don't want to be here when Donald comes back feeling a bigger fool than he did when he rushed out. I'd say you have quite an evening ahead of you."

Now that one mystery had been cleared up, Sherry suddenly realised the enormity of what had happened. Donald had walked out on her. Donald actually thought that she could . . . Oh, it was monstrous. "And he didn't even trust me enough to listen!" she said. "You saw how he rushed out without waiting for explanations, while you stood there, prepared to listen. Why couldn't he trust me, like you did?"

Mrs. Quentin's smile was very gentle, as she said, "When you're in love you can't afford the time to stand around and wait for things to sort themselves out. Don't worry about him, Sherry. My son may be mildly insane at this particular moment, but he has flashes of great intelligence. Everything will be all right. I'll leave you now."

WHEN she was alone the full impact of her first quarrel with Donald swamped her in black despair and she sat down and wept. For the next few hours she divided her time between weeping and bathing her eyes ready for Donald's return, but just as she had managed to hide the signs of her last bout, the whole situation would suddenly rush in on her with double force, and she would start all over again. Finally, at one o'clock, when there was still no sign of Donald, she crawled miserably into bed.

It was after two when she heard him coming in. Determined not to let him see that she was still awake, she began to breathe deeply and regularly before he even reached the bedroom. She heard him switch on the reading light.

"Are you asleep, darling?" he whispered.

Darling! Well, at any rate, he had come to his senses. Sherry continued to breathe heavily.

"Sherry!" he whispered more urgently. "I've been walking about for hours and I can't hit on an explanation, but I know you couldn't do anything shoddy. There must be an explanation. Sherry . . ."

"Mm," Sherry said, drowsily.

"Sherry, say you'll forgive me. It was a crazy thing to suspect you of. I must have been mad."

"Mm," said Sherry.

"Sherry! Will you please wake up enough to explain. This is important. Our whole marriage may be at stake! Don't just lie there saying mm!"

"Yes, darling," Sherry purred. "Give me time to wake up properly."

"I'll make a cup of tea. Will that help?"

"I'm sure it will," she said, suddenly wide awake. "You must be hungry after your long walk."

She heard him pottering about outside. Then came the thump of someone sitting down in an armchair and the light rustle of paper. She listened, trying to work out what he could be doing.

Ten minutes ticked by. The tea would be congealing in the cups. What could he be doing? Perhaps he had just fallen asleep somewhere, exhausted from his long walk. Quietly she got out of bed and tiptoed out. When she saw him, she did not know whether he was awake or asleep. He was sitting with his head propped up on his fists, and spread out in front of him was a neatly sorted collection of papers. Her household accounts. But it was not the accounts he was staring at.

SUDDENLY he noticed her in the doorway. Slowly the tension went out of his face and a smile grew up around his eyes. "I've found him, I think," he said with a little apologetic shrug. "I must have been walking miles looking for this villain called Aubrey and I get home to find him quietly sitting on one of my armchairs."

"If you'd only waited and let me explain," she said.

"Oh, don't you worry! The little grey cells will go just so far and no further. I still can't work out how Aubrey got into this at all, although I do begin to see why you and my esteemed parent have been spending the evening doing sums together."

"Oh, darling, she was so nice. And she said you had flashes of great intelligence. So you really ought to be able to work it out."

"Not after the sort of evening I've been through, thank you very much." He pulled her to him and she remembered how they had been sitting together in this same chair the last time she had been on the point of telling him all about Aubrey.

"Now then," he said. "Let's get this quite straight. Who exactly gave you those pearls?"

"You did, of course. You didn't really think I'd accept anything like that from anybody else?"

Donald closed his eyes. "I give up," he said wearily.

"It's really quite simple," she whispered, and she knew that the story would be much easier to tell the second time. Before she began she snuggled into the most comfortable position possible and kissed her husband with all the experience of a bride of five months' standing.

At breakfast Donald suddenly remembered. "Now what about Aubrey?" he asked.

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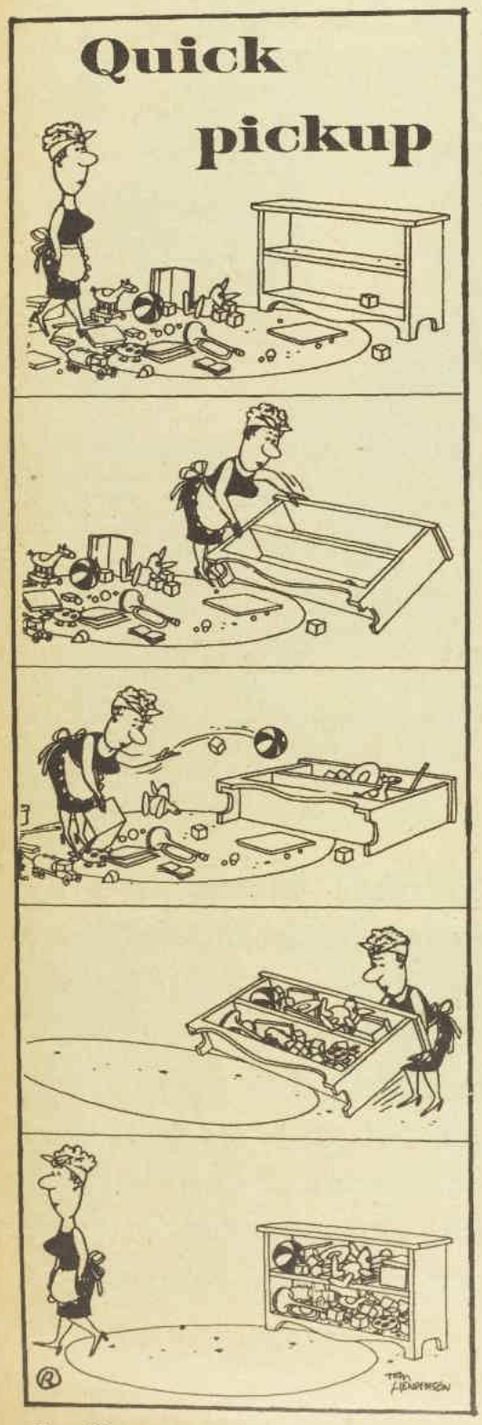

Continuing . . . FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

from page 17

Daisy was fanatically keen on bridge, and, after dinner that first evening, prevailed upon me to make a fourth. She had already roped in a young Rhodesian who blushed to the roots of his sun-bleached hair whenever she laid a hand on his arm.

It was at the bridge table that Daisy showed herself in her true colors. The aura of helplessness disappeared, and behind those clear eyes you could sense the working of a cold, calculating brain. She played a remarkably strong game, ruthless and scientific, but was not above interpreting the rules to her own advantage.

She was one of those curious women who enjoy belittling their husbands in public. I suppose it gratified some atavistic streak in her nature; or, perhaps, she was so conscious of her inferiority to him that she had to do all she could to make him look small. She had a tongue like a stingray's tail: barbed and poisonous; and poor Melroy writhed silently under the lash of it.

Apart from this attitude of hers toward her husband, Daisy was a woman of considerable charm; or charms, I suppose I should say, because I've never known any other woman who could make you so potently aware of her physical presence. I was sunning myself on the deck one afternoon, a couple of days after our first meeting, when she sat down in the chair next to mine.

"Hullo," I said, agreeably, "don't you rest in the afternoon?"

She looked at me through half-closed eyes.

"I don't feel like resting," she replied in her petulant, little girl's voice. "Vincent's in the library writing letters and will stay there until teatime, so I thought I would come on deck and read."

"Soon it will be too hot to sit in the sun at this time of day," I murmured, turning my attention once more to my book.

The deckchair creaked as she settled herself more comfortably into it. I heard her turning page after page over, and, finally, she seemed to find her place and I looked forward to no more interruptions.

"Oh, bother" she exclaimed suddenly. "I've left my sunglasses on my dressing-table."

Resignedly I laid my book face downwards on the deck. "Can I get them for you?"

"Aren't I being an awful nuisance?"

"Not at all," I protested. She fumbled in her bag. "It's very kind of you. Here's my key."

"Thank you. I won't be a moment."

I ran down the companionway. The corridors were deserted at that hour of the afternoon; and I unlocked the door of the Melroy suite and went inside. Beyond the little sitting-room was the cabin with its two single beds, but there was no sign of the sunglasses on the dressing-table.

After a hurried search, I was debating whether to look in the drawers when I heard the door of the sitting-room open and shut. The next moment Daisy Melroy was in the bedroom with me.

I SAID, as casually as I could: "Your glasses aren't here."

"So stupid of me," she murmured; "they were in my handbag all the time."

She stood facing me, the silk of her blouse falling limply over her magnificent bosom. I saw the tip of her tongue moistening her lips, and I felt the power of her female magnetism. It was purely physical. Those wide, blue eyes smiled their invitation. No word was spoken. Above the tense silence I could hear the quickening of her breath, and fought to control the tempo of my own.

The next moment the ship gave a sudden lurch, throwing Daisy into my arms. At the same time the door of the bedroom slammed on us.

The woman nestled against me. "Even the sea is on our side," she said.

Deliberately, I disengaged myself from her embrace. Her laughter mocked me as I fled.

One other incident I recall: the Melroys and I shared the same cabin steward, a tall, good-looking lad called Knox. One morning I saw him give Daisy Melroy a bold, significant wink. Daisy, it seemed, had the morals of an Angora rabbit.

Melroy, on the other hand, famous actor though he was, seemed completely disinterested in the social life of the ship. There were several attractive women on board, ranging from two young South African ballet dancers to a glamorous Hungarian widow, but he took no notice of any of them.

The two dancers—they really were pretty little things—were getting up a ship's concert and, of course, they wanted Melroy to take part.

"I couldn't very well refuse without appearing standoffish," he explained to me

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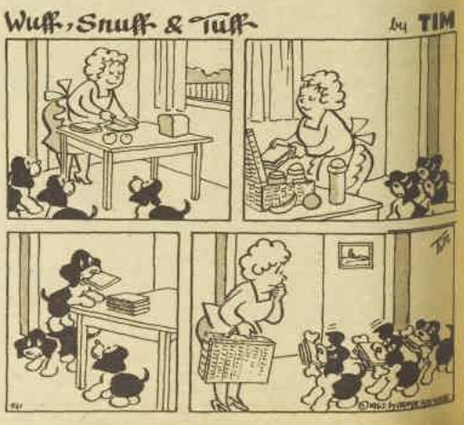
FOR THE CHILDREN



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Continuing . . . FAREWELL PERFORMANCE

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afterwards. We were having coffee together at the time.

"Of course you could have refused," Daisy taunted him in her exasperating voice. "Why don't you admit that there's nothing you like better than the adulation of an audience?"

"A professional failing, my dear," he replied quietly.

She turned to me with a short, derisive laugh. "Vincent has the most ingenious excuses for all his failings," she said.

I glanced sympathetically at Melroy and was just in time to see the look in his eyes. Though I was not surprised to see it, I was shocked by its intensity. It was only there for a moment, but in that moment I saw that Vincent Melroy hated his wife.

The first seven days of the voyage south were uneventful, but for the interlude with Daisy Melroy in her cabin that afternoon. There was calm weather, good food, and pleasant company—what more could a man want? After tea I used to sit on deck and read, sometimes Melroy would join me and we would talk, mostly about books, for he was a well-read man.

On the eighth day Daisy was confined to her cabin. Her husband stayed with her, not even appearing for meals.

"She doesn't like to be left alone when she gets one of her turns," he told me, on one of the rare occasions that I met him on deck. "She gets terribly upset if she wakes up and finds me absent from her side."

"What exactly is wrong with her?" I asked, trying hard to reconcile his solicitude with the expression I had seen in his eyes that day.

"The most dreadful migraine," he said, pressing his fingertips to his temples as if experiencing the agony of it himself.

It was nearly midnight and we were the only people on deck. We were leaning on the rail, smoking and watching the phosphorescent foam surge past the dark side of the ship. The air was soft and warm.

Melroy was the first to break the companionable silence that had descended upon us. "Have you ever noticed," he said, "that you can't smell the sea when you're sailing on it? Not in the same way that you can smell it from the shore."

I sniffed the air experimentally and pondered the question. "Isn't that because our sense of smell has got acclimatised to it?"

"Maybe. I'm told that workers in a tannery never even notice the smell of the hides."

"Amazing what you can get used to," I said.

"Or what you can put up with," he commented grimly.

"True," I nodded. "Though there's a breaking-point somewhere along the line."

"Breaking-point!" His voice sounded so bitter that I looked at him in alarm. "Breaking-point," he repeated, flinging the butt of his cigar into the sea.

Without another word he turned on his heel and went below.

I saw him again the following evening. There were dark rings under his eyes. He looked weary and washed out.

"Sorry about last night," he volunteered. "I was feeling a little overwrought."

"Oh, that's all right. How's Daisy?"

"A little better tonight. She's taken something to make her sleep."

"Good; if I may say so, you look as if you could do with a night's sleep yourself. Why don't you follow your wife's example?"

"You know," he said slowly, "I think I will."

He gave me his gentle smile and walked away. As far as I can say, I never saw him alive again . . .

The monotony of life on board ship was broken next morning by the discovery of a stowaway skulking in the hold used for the passengers' heavy baggage. My steward told me that he had a dressing-gown, pyjamas, and slippers with him, and, wearing these, he had wandered round the ship with impunity at night.

It so happened that I had seen him myself once or twice, and had never given him a second thought.

HIS name, he said, was Albert Hawkins; he had been born in the East End of London, and had lost his home, his parents, and all his possessions in the blitz. He had a hangdog look about him, standing there next to the burly Master-at-Arms. The suit he was wearing was cheap and nasty, the trousers breaking untidily over the shoes, the turn-ups frayed from contact with the floor. He was clean-shaven and his hair, which was very dark, was slicked down with brilliantine. His brown eyes were as quick as a ferret's, and I must admit that the thought crossed my mind that he was probably wanted by the English police.

All the same, his plight troubled the consciences of a good many of us. We wanted to club together and pay for his passage, but the captain wouldn't hear of it. The line had quite enough trouble with stowaways as it was, he said; and if we were to pay his fare it would only encourage others to try their luck.

Hawkins would be handed over to the police on the ship's return to Southampton, and there he would probably be sent to prison for thirty days.

In the meantime he would be given a bunk for'ard with the crew and set to work in the galley.

Naturally his discovery created quite a stir in the peaceful routine of the ship. At dinner that night we talked of little else. We could not foresee that, before the night was over, Albert Hawkins would be forgotten in the new drama that was awaiting the right moment to unfold and envelop us in its aura of death and mystery.

The wind had freshened during the evening, and the ship was beginning to roll; not badly, but enough to make me feel slightly sick. I retired soon after dinner, read for a little while, and fell asleep.

It must have been the silence that awakened me: the silence or the sudden lack of vibration throughout the ship. It seemed to me that the propellers had stopped and that we were hove-to. Something was patently wrong. I swept a few things into my bag, grabbed my life-jacket, and hurried up on deck. Several other passengers were there before me. They were grouped against the rail, their eyes fixed on a flashing light that reddened the dark sea far astern.

"What is it?" I demanded of the man nearest me.

"It belongs to a life-belt. Somebody's fallen overboard."

"Suicide?"

He shrugged his big shoulders. "Don't ask me," he said; "your guess is as good as mine."

More passengers came hurrying up the companionway to mill about the deck. The purser's voice came reassuringly over the loudspeakers.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. There is no need for alarm. We believe that someone has been lost overboard, and the ship is turning back to look for him. Naturally, everything possible will be done, and it will make our task a lot easier if you will return quietly to your cabins so that we can find out who, if anyone, is missing."

There was an excited murmur among the passengers. I heard them calling out individual names. The engine telegraph tinkled, and I felt the quickening throb of the engines beneath my feet. The ship began to come round in a tight circle. A searchlight ran its questing finger over the waves.

OBEDIENTLY, I went below. People stood in the open doorways of their cabins, puzzled and anxious. "Who is it, d'you think?" they asked each other.

They fell silent as the purser arrived armed with the passenger list. Behind him came a retinue of cabin stewards, unfamiliar-looking in trousers and vests.

Mechanically, we answered our names. Mr. Hart? Here. Mr. and Mrs. Williams? Yes, here. Mr. de Villiers? Here. Miss van Rijn? . . . The list went on and on.

My own name was called. "Here," I responded. The purser moved on down the corridor. "Mr. and Mrs. Melroy?" I strained my ears. There was no answer.

I said slowly, "I believe they've both taken something to make them sleep."

The purser tried the door. "Locked," he said. He crooked a finger at the steward Knox. "Come on, man, give me your key."

The key would not go into the lock, and the purser shone his torch into the keyhole.

"Confound it," he muttered, "the key's still in the lock on the inside."

He motioned to Knox. "Skip along. Tell the ship's carpenter we want him at once to get a door open. Jump to it."

Then he turned to me. "I believe the Melroys are friends of yours, sir?"

I nodded. Up to this moment the figure struggling in the dark sea had been an anonymous one, and I had looked upon the drama with the same detachment as one reads of Chinese floods in the newspapers. It was not that I was lacking in sympathy, it was just that the lives of the people concerned had never touched mine, therefore their deaths left me comparatively unmoved. I said to the purser, "What's happened, exactly? I'm rather in the dark."

All the time I was fighting down the belief that the man out there in the water was Vincent Melroy. Over the past few days I had grown aware that he was a desperately unhappy man, nagged beyond endurance by the sneering tongue of his wife, and a sensitive man, too, cut to the quick by his knowledge of her wantonness.

"The officer of the watch heard a cry and a splash about a quarter of an hour ago," the purser explained. "The ship's company is accounted for."

"What about Hawkins?"

"You mean the stowaway. No, he's all right. Been up half the night seasick."

A moment later the carpenter came down the corridor with a bag of tools. He was grey and taciturn. He squinted at the lock at first without comment. Then he growled, "But the key's inside. Why didn't you tell me, you mutt. That's easy. I thought someone had barricaded themselves in or something."

"For heaven's sake, Chippie, whatever it is," urged the purser, "hurry up."

"Well, just let me find me thin pliers . . ."

He groped clumsily in his bag.

"Ought to be here," he muttered. "Someone's bin muckin' abaht with my tools again . . ."

"Isn't that it?" suggested the purser pointing to the other side of the bag.

"Ah!" grunted the carpenter. "Just what I thought. I don't put it that side. Someone's bin . . ."

"Oh, for heaven's sake hurry," urged the purser. "Don't you understand—a life may be at stake . . ."

It seemed an age before the door swung open at last, though, in fact, once the pliers were used it took only a quick twist with that powerful wrist to turn the key as simply as if it had been outside. The purser walked straight through the sitting-room to the sleeping-quarters.

"Mr. Melroy," he called, at the same time rapping on the door.

There was no reply.

With beating heart I watched him open the door and look inside. He was a heavily built man with a roll of fat on the back of his neck that usually overlapped his stiff, white collar. Now I saw consternation in the set of his shoulders. His head jerked forward, like that of a tortoise emerging from its shell. Silently I crossed the carpet and looked into the room.

The first thing I saw was the open porthole and the curtain flapping loosely in the wind. Then my eyes were drawn to the nearest of the beds. Daisy Melroy was lying there in a pink nightdress, one of those frivolous and diaphanous nylon garments that leave nothing to the imagination. The bedclothes were on the floor, as if she had thrown them there, finding their weight oppressive; her blue eyes were staring at the ceiling.

The purser hesitated, staring down at her, not quite certain what to do. He seemed to have been shocked into inactivity. I glanced at him and saw the beads of sweat on his upper lip. Without a word I stepped forward and picked up the limp wrist. It was cold and lifeless.

Daisy Melroy was dead. The decency she had never known in life had to be preserved in death. Several of the stewards were now crowding the doorway.

I picked up the sheet and draped it over the still form.

"You'd better call the doctor," I suggested to the purser, adding compassionately, "not that he can do anything for her."

The purser straightened his shoulders. He turned to the crowd of curious stewards. "Get back," he said sharply. "Get out of here. You, Daniels, call the doctor. Tell him it's urgent, you understand?"

"Yessir." The boy named Daniels hurried to obey.

The purser put a hand on my arm.

"He's left a note here addressed to the captain," he said.

A dead woman, a door locked on the inside, an open porthole, and a suicide note: I feared the worst. The note, shown to me at the subsequent shipboard inquiry, was typical of Vincent Melroy. It was courteous and to the point. Beginning with an apology, it begged the captain not to waste time in a fruitless search of the dark ocean.

Needless to say, the captain ignored the request, and the ship patrolled the area for the regulation period of two hours before all hope was abandoned. In the meantime, all ships in the vicinity were asked to keep a close look-out and we continued on our way.

I HAD known Vincent Melroy only slightly, but had formed a high opinion of him. I must confess that his death upset me far more than that of his wife. From what I had seen of him, he had proved himself to be a devoted husband, answering Daisy's bitter taunts with a humiliating gentleness, her studied indifference with a desire to please, her intolerance with understanding, even though, in his heart, I believed, he hated her for the way she trampled upon everything that he held dear.

Daisy had died, the doctor believed, from an overdose of sleeping tablets. She had been taking them for so long that it seemed most unlikely that the overdose was accidental. People talked darkly of a suicide pact. Others thought that Melroy, finding his wife dead, had killed himself in despair.

The inquest was held on our arrival at Capetown. Daisy's medical history (which had been flown out from London) showed that she had once attempted to commit suicide before. Nevertheless, the magistrate — to everyone's surprise — returned an open verdict, maintaining that there was insufficient evidence to show that the overdose was self-administered, and, if so, to show whether it had been taken accidentally or with intent.

On Vincent Melroy, forty-seven, actor, a verdict of suicide was recorded. No mention was made of the state of his mind, and the court gave leave to presume death.

Last week I saw Vincent Melroy again; not in the flesh, of course, but on the screen. Following the dramatic happenings on board the Capricorn, many of his old films have been re-issued.

The one I saw was "The Black Hand," made in Sicily and New York about four years ago. Melroy plays the part of a bandit, a leader of the dreaded Mafia. With his usual passion for authentic detail he had worn brown contact lenses over those vivid blue eyes of his to emulate the dark Sicilian eyes of the bandit. As usual, his characterisation was superb.

Perhaps it was my imagination, but in that final scene when he is cornered by the police he reminded me of someone I had seen before. Not Vincent Melroy; he was far too brilliant an actor to remind anyone of himself. No, it was someone else. I must say, I hesitate to mention it, but he reminded me of the Cockney stowaway Albert Hawkins.

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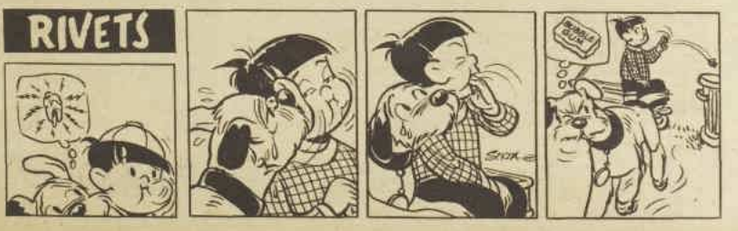
HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"DINNER."

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

RIVETS



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replied, "and the area will be road-blocked. The Middle Hill pack is somewhat more of a problem. Tim tells me the two can't be kept together or they'd destroy one another. We'll keep a guard posted at the entrance to the old gun galleries and another at the top twenty-four hours. Gloomy Gustave may be able to guess, but they won't be able to verify."

Major Clyde nodded, "That's good. Oh, and incidentally, Lovejoy, keep out of the Admiral Nelson for a while, will you, there's a good chap, and any other bar as well."

The Gunner looked woeful and wistful, "For how long, Sir?"

"Duration of the emergency." Major Clyde took some of the sting out of his last remark by adding, "I suggest that all of us keep out of public bars and places for the time being and do our drinking in private. What's that foul tipple you swill, Gunner — stout and lime juice? I'll see that you get a supply."

"Thank you, Sir," said the Gunner gratefully. "Ah, it's wonderful stuff. Gets into your blood and puts your nerves right."

"I wouldn't doubt it," the Major agreed. He said to Tim, "How is the new work going?"

"Capital," Tim replied. "We're waiting on a shipment of cement and wire for the big cages and shelters, but I've got two small cages up and some fair enough shelters at both Middle Hill and Queens Gate from what the Gunner and I could liberate."

"Splendid," said the Major. "That leaves them only —"

"The new stuff," Tim concluded, and got out his maps.

There were different colored

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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marks and notations on his map of North Africa, checks, circles, crosses, triangles, marking such cities as Tangier, Rabat, Ceuta, and Casablanca, and even such more remote towns as Fee and Ouida.

"You see, Sir," he explained to Major Clyde, "the trouble is that these are all now more than eighteen months old and we don't actually know the real situation with regard to available beasts in more than one or two of them. When the Gunner and I were on the job what we tried to do was get some reserve in depth. You never know with apes. They're tough brutes who can survive the worst kind of mauling, or they can keel over quick as a wink from some silly bug in the chest or a pain in the tummy. It takes a year or two usually to get a new beast acclimatised to the Rock and we wanted to know at all times where we could lay our hands on some if it looked as though we might be going to need them."

Major Clyde murmured, "Son, you'll wind up at Staff College if you're not careful."

"But, as I say, that was almost two years ago and the picture may all be changed now. The only one I'm at all reasonably certain about because of a chap I know who is a pal of this Spanish fellow, is over in Ceuta."

"What's the gen?" Major Clyde asked.

"Spaniard," Tim replied, "fellow by the name of Blasco Iran. Bachelor, top-heavy with ducats. Has a female and he's short of whisky. Chap I know was over there not more than a month ago. And this Blasco fellow was feeling him out on what the chances were of getting his hands on some real scotch. He sounded thirsty enough to make a deal."

McPherson said, "Why don't we start with the Senor then?"

"That's what I was thinking," Tim said. "It's females we need. He's got one. We've got the kind of currency he wants, and in the meantime if we can buy up enough apes to make up the twenty-four the P.M. wants, we can send him a signal and keep him happy, and if the majority of them are females with the new cages we might get them breeding this Christmas. By next spring —"

"You make it all sound so simple," commented Major Clyde, "and how do we get the lady over here?"

"I thought perhaps you might be able to use your influence with Group-Captain Cranch. He's here now supervising the building of the air-strip."

"Howard Cranch," Major Clyde said meditatively, "it's an idea," but he didn't add that something inside him whispered faintly, "But not a very good one." It was not that Group-Captain Cranch was not a fine flyer; it was merely that Major Clyde had a certain distrust of all Air Force types. They were not stable people. Stable people didn't depart from the earth in contraptions made, of all things, of steel. Still, even though he disliked and distrusted it as a means of transport, the Major had to concede that the aeroplane had come to stay and that if Cranch was willing it was a cheap and expeditious way to get their first ape in a hurry. "I'll have a word with Howard," he said. "O.K., lads, let's get cracking."

GROUP-CAPTAIN HOWARD CRANCH, in command of the collection of dodos passing for aircraft and assigned to the defence of Gibraltar, was a burly man almost as broad as he was long. His head was planted on his shoulders, the neck having been practically omitted. The ends of his R.A.F. moustache stuck out from either side of a small but full mouth and he had the small, twinkling, merry eyes of the confirmed party-thrower and life of same.

Group-Captain Howard Cranch's parties and his routines at them were well known on the Rock.

They took place in his house down near the apology for an air-strip, usually every Saturday night. There was liquor, there was food, and there were Group-Captain Cranch's routines, unfailing and unvarying. He could mimic — his impersonations of certain high personages on the Rock were famous; he could recite bawdy poetry by the hour; he could play the piano, the drums, and the cornet; and he could hold his liquor like a gentleman.

Like so many of his kind, however, in the air Group-Captain Cranch was quite a different specimen. The other half of definitely a dual personality was a born flyer, and one who could keep a faltering aircraft aloft by sheer willpower and strength of stomach muscles.

It was to this extraordinary person that the mission was entrusted of flying to Ceuta, contacting the mysterious Senor Blasco Iran, delivering to him a case of illicitly procured scotch whisky, and returning in exchange with one female Barbary ape. On this all-important operation Group-Captain Cranch was briefed by Major Tim Bailey and Major McPherson.

The briefing took place as usual in Major McPherson's musty office behind the Colonial Secretariat. Present were Majors Clyde, McPherson, and Bailey, the last-named looking preoccupied and guarding a large box-shaped mysterious something beneath a cloth.

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Serve WEET-BIX for 'superific' energy!

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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A shadow, shaped somewhat like a bull elephant or a rhino, showed up on the opaque glass panelling of the door which now flew open and in exactly the manner of one or the other of those beasts on a charge, Group-Captain Howard Cranch burst into the office. It was curious that although the flyer was senior in rank to all those present he seemed the youngest and the most exuberant of the lot. He came in shouting, "Ho, Cads! What's the gen? I hear I'm supposed to jockey some crazy monkey across the straits."

Himself flapping like a giant crane Major Clyde leaped to the door, locked it, flapped to the window and pulled down a shade, shouting, "Security! Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

"Oh, hello, Slinker. This your show? I thought you were back in London with the bulging brains. I've a feeling I'm not going to like this."

MAJOR CLYDE said, "You know all these chaps, I gather? There's really nothing to it, Howard, there's a Spaniard lives in a villa five miles out of Ceuta on the road to Casablanca. He's got a female ape by the name of Ramona which he's going to sell to us. There'll be a car and escort waiting for you at the airport. Everything's laid on. All you do is pick up the ape, fly it back here, and earn the undying gratitude of the nation."

"What, with it in my lap?" asked Cranch.

"Show him, Tim," Clyde said.

With a gesture filled with the import and drama of a magician climaxing his trick, Tim whipped a cloth off what it was concealing and revealed a small wooden case containing a most marvellous network of straps, webbing, and strips of rubber.

The Group-Captain regarded it with fascination. "What the devil is that? And what am I supposed to do with it?"

"It's for the female, Sir," Tim explained, "so that she won't get tossed about. You see, her head goes in here, and her body here, and this rubber takes up the strain. She'll be really almost weightless. I've worked it out. The harness will hold her tummy here, and you fit this over her hindquarters, and that takes the stress off should you happen to hit any air-pockets."

"That's absolutely wizard, my boy. But would you mind telling me who puts Ramona inside that thing?"

Tim sighed and said, "I know. I was afraid of that." Then turning to the flyer, he said, "But I've provided for it." He produced an envelope which he handed to the Group-Captain, who regarded it suspiciously, and then looked inside at what appeared to be some white powder.

He said, "What do I do—put some of that on its tail?"

Tim said, "It's to be administered internally an hour before take-off. Got it from the Medical Officer. He's worked out the proportions. Once you get her off to sleep you'll have no trouble putting her into her harness in the box."

The Group-Captain said, "I'm going to love this. And how am I supposed to get this stuff inside her?"

Tim had an answer to that, too. "If I might suggest," he said, "I should wear gloves." He reached into his pocket and produced a pair of heavy leather ones.

The Group-Captain regarded him admiringly. "You think of everything, don't you, Junior?"

Major McPherson now spoke, and said, "Look here, Howard, I know it's all pretty silly, but this one really is hush-hush and we want all the security we can get. Someone's been tipping the Hun about what's been going on in Tim's department. You've heard the broadcasts, haven't you? People are getting windy. We haven't been able to locate it yet. It's an inside job, that's all we know."

"Probably the clot who looks after them. What's his name — Lovejoy?" said the Group-Captain, and knew not how close he had come to hitting the nail on the head.

Tim flared in hot protest, forgetting that Group-Captain Cranch was equal to a Colonel in rank.

"Dammit, that's not true. Gunner Lovejoy would die before he'd drop anything."

Cranch suddenly went stepping about the room on tiptoes as though walking on eggs, and saying, "Oh-oh-oh. Sorry, sorry, sorry. No offence intended. Probably old Scruff himself got on the blower to the Germans. I hear he's a prime stinker."

Major McPherson said, "We can fill you in later on this. The point is the Brigadier wants the apes kept up to strength. Tim here has located this Spanish chap with a female of the right age. We've got the price the fellow wants, but by tomorrow the Hun might get on to him and double it. We are depending on you."

Cranch looked wise, "I get it," he said. "What do I pay?"

Major Clyde and Tim exchanged glances, after which the Major opened the door of a cupboard, revealing a nailed-down case of scotch whisky.

A look of sheer horror settled upon the countenance of the Group-Captain as the implications of the situation became clear. "What?" he shouted. "You're asking me to ferry a case of scotch whisky off the Rock and bring back a damn chimp in return? There's a limit to what you can ask a man to do even in a war!"

McPherson, being a Scot, had no difficulty looking properly sympathetic. "I know," he said, "it's a shocking waste, but there it is. That's what he wants."

Cranch growled, "Where the devil did you get it? I didn't know there was any more of this stuff about. We've been drinking anti-freeze the past six weeks."

"It was the Governor's," Major Clyde explained, his long face sad and grave. "Tim stole it. The police are looking for him now. The sooner you get this hot cargo out of here—"

For a moment Cranch had the air of a man who was out of his depth and ready to admit it. He said, "And they say the Air Force is crackers. O.K. What's this dog-stealer's name I'm supposed to contact?"

Tim consulted some papers from his file, "His name is Blasco Irun. Supposed to be loaded with pesetas. But what he hasn't got is whisky. He knows you're coming."

The Group-Captain was regarding the case of scotch. "Whish," he said, "whish, whish. Maybe the blighter mightn't be so bad if he knows a good drink of scotch whisky. O.K. lads, I'm your man."

. . . .

The Group-Captain took off in an old Albatross on this mission, since there was not room in the cockpit of his personal Hawker Fury for the case of scotch or the contraption in which his prize was to be returned.

However, he flew without a co-pilot for the sake of security, and the case of scotch rested upon the seat next to him.

Before his departure he had been additionally briefed by the Major and Tim on the importance of the operation upon which he was engaged, but truth to tell it had not entirely sunk in, due in part to his overwhelming aversion to exporting so precious a fluid and handing it over to a foreigner in exchange for some filthy kind of ape. That sort of thing simply went against the grain. And because of the seriousness of the situation the Major was actually prevented from letting the Group-Captain in on exactly how important the matter was, and that the P.M. himself had sent a signal — Top Secret — and was keeping an eye on the affair.

As far as the Group-Captain was concerned, this project appeared to be one of those wet shows cooked up by psychological warfare boffins. Still, the orders for the mission had come from the proper authority and Cranch was not in favor of irritating the Higher Ups.

However, the case of whisky at his side which would have provided an absolutely smashing party was very much on his mind, and all during the flight across to Africa the Group-Captain, by association, was bellowing, "The Spaniard who blighted my life" above the roar of his single engine — meaning, of course, Senor Blasco Irun.

In deference to his cargo, Cranch made an egg-shell landing on the Ceuta air-strip, and in accordance with his instructions remained at the far end of the runway. The Consul had done his work well in the matter of bribes. Eight Guardias Civil in their patent-leather hats and armed with carbines formed a cordon around the aircraft; the car appeared with a Moroccan driver who exhibited a mouthful of gold teeth, quickly removed the case of scotch and the transportation box to the rear of his vehicle, and motioned the Group-Captain into the front seat. They set off in the direction of the darkling and sombre hills back of the coastline. The time was six o'clock.

By this time some of the gloom cast over him by his mission had begun to evaporate from Cranch, who was too cheerful an individual to remain depressed over long periods. He reflected that he was off the Rock; it obviously was going to be an overnight job; Ceuta was a place not exactly noted for its restrictions; he'd bung the powder into the old monkey, sew her up into her box, and go off on the town. Things could be a lot worse.

The Group-Captain's spirits lifted further as the road on which his driver took him, instead of leading to some slum or scruffy bit of farmland, began to pass through exquisitely cultivated fruit orchards and private estates featuring splendid villas with red roofs and walls almost hidden beneath wistaria and bougainvillea. In his mind he had pictured the monkey-keeping Senor Irun as being a ragged fellow with a stubble beard and broken teeth who stank of garlic.

Now they were obviously heading for the residential section — the Senor might even be the type who would offer a chap a snort.

The villas grew larger and more luxurious, and finally they turned up a broad avenue of palms, passed through a pair of large wrought-iron gates, and drew up before a hacienda of truly magnificent style and proportions. An African in snow-white baggy trousers, red jacket, and tarboosh opened the door, another took the Group-Captain's cap.

Cranch revised his opinion of Senor Irun upwards again, and imagined the owner of so much magnificence as a stately Don, when a small, rotund man with somewhat baggy cheeks and ten long hairs laid in parallel lines across his otherwise bald head appeared and said, "You are the Captain Cranch? I am Blasco Irun. You are most welcome here." And then he added with just a trace of anxiety, "You have eet weeth you?"

"It's just out in the car, Senor," Cranch reported, "all tickety-boo. Dropped it in light as a feather. I'll bet there wasn't even a ripple."

The Senor brightened perceptibly and clapped his hands; four more Africans appeared and he went into a torrent of instructions in Spanish.

Cranch, who had been in Spain long enough to appreciate the decor, noted that the huge room in which he found himself was a treasure chamber luxuriously furnished in examples of Spanish, Moorish, and African art and handicraft. "Blimey," he said to himself, "there's lolly 'ere."

THE four Africans entered bearing the case and brought it to another feather landing on the floor. Two more approached with hammer and chisel and applied themselves to the task of prying open the case with the same care. The Senor, clad in immaculate white trousers and white shirt, bound with a broad red sash draped about his protuberant stomach, hovered over them, his hands fluttering, lips pursed, and eyes filled with anxiety.

With a gentle, creaking the lid came off, revealing the bottles secured in straw, and each one sealed and intact.

As the Group-Captain had reported, not even a ripple had disturbed their contents. The round, anxious face of the Senor now relaxed into an enchanting and childlike smile. "Muy bien" and he went over and shook Cranch solemnly by the hand. "Well," he said, "well, well," and Cranch suddenly realised he was translating from "bien" and meant "good." "Now come weeth me, please."

He led the Group-Captain through a succession of rooms of bewildering beauty and luxury until they came to a conservatory at one end of which was a large cage in which sat a full-grown African macaque or Barbary ape, squatting on her haunches and eating a banana. Upon their entrance she ceased for a moment, looked, and regarded them with little interest out of golden-brown eyes, and then returned to her fruit.

The Senor flung out an arm proudly, "There she ees! Ees she not beautiful? Her name ees Ramona."

Something in the name stirred a memory in Group-Captain Cranch, a memory of other times and other places, of girls and parties, wailing saxophones and dancing. He suddenly filled his lungs and in his resonant baritone gave forth with the words of the old popular song.

The song filled the patio, causing Ramona to drop her banana in amazement, and the Senor to regard the Group-Captain with a kind of astonished and excited interest.

Senor Irun cried. "You seeng?"

The Group-Captain swept the Senor a bow. "Howard Arthur Cranch, at your service," he said. "Songs, dances, impersonations, and recitations, sleight-of-hand, and tricks with string."

Senor Irun did not react to this note of pleasantry as one might have expected him to, either as a wealthy Spanish gentleman or a fellow who could take a joke. Instead the look that he turned upon the Group-Captain was full of a curious kind of eagerness mingled with wistfulness. "Thees is true?" he asked. "You can do all theese theengs?"

"Bookings available now until Christmas," Cranch replied. "Performances guaranteed, or money refunded."

"Maybe," the Senor said, "maybe perhaps then you could stay and we could have a little party?"

The word "party" acted upon Cranch like an electric shock, and drove all banter out of his system. "Eh—

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what's that?" he said. "A party? Do you mean it?"

"Oh, yes, please," the Senor said. A certain amount of becoming shyness suddenly suffused him as he asked, "Do you like girls?"

The Group-Captain turned his eyes heavenward and repeated the question twice. "Do I like girls? He asks me do I like girls?"

"I like girls," the Senor confided.

The Group-Captain extended one of his large hands and said, "Senor, that makes us brothers."

"Oh, well, well!" cried the Senor, confusing Cranch momentarily until he translated it back into "Good, good!" "I know many girls who like the party. They live in the town. I will invite them and they will come because I am the black ship."

"Are you, old boy?" said Cranch. "Sort of a piracy chap, what? Skull and crossbones, eh?"

"No, no," the Senor said. "The black ship of the family. The other ships have white wool—mine, she is black, because I am the playboy. Always I have been the playboy. No nice girl of a good family will marry with me, even though I am ver' wealthy. I love the party. I will invite the girls. You have brought the liquor and you will seeng and do for us all your tricks. Then they will love you ver' much."

. . . . . .

The party was a huge and outstanding success. The measure of its attainment can be judged by the fact that the Group-Captain was not compelled to exaggerate when upon his return he narrated the story for the benefit of his fellow officers.

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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There were two orchestras imported from Ceuta so that the music was continuous, except when Cranch was rendering his specialty numbers that did not call for orchestral accompaniment. There were car-loads of sherry, lorry-loads of champagne, caviare, and foie gras, but the basis of it all was really the case of scotch whisky, which provided in a way the theme of the party. The war had shut down the supply and the communicants approached this gift of the gods with veneration and gratitude. It even, black ship or not, brought out some of the nice people, who applauded Howard Cranch's performance with enthusiasm. None of them had ever seen anyone like Group-Captain Cranch before; Cranch had never had such an audience or such a good time.

The high point of the affair was reached about one a.m., when Group-Captain Cranch, who had retired to a bedroom for a change of costume (it seems that the Senor, who also had a predilection for fancy-dress balls, kept a supply in hand), appeared as a Chinaman with a long queue and aided by the Senor, the orchestra and the ape of that name sang "Ramona" as it probably never had been rendered before.

But afterwards, when he had got out of his Chinese costume and reappeared in uniform to mingle with the guests, Cranch for the first time was preoccupied. His recent act had reminded him of something which had quite slipped his mind; he had a mission to perform which was only half completed. He had delivered the case of whisky all right, but there was still this chimp, or rather, Ramona, to be handed over to some dim bulbs by the names of Bailey, McPherson, and Clyde.

Vaguely through his somewhat fume-invaded mind there passed recollections of instructions, warnings, a contraption of strings, straps, and slings and rubber bands, and white powder in an envelope, and leather gloves, Top Secret, hush-hush.

The gloves, he suddenly remembered, were back in the aeroplane, some ten miles off, but the envelope with the knockout powder which would enable him to place Ramona in her box was in the inside breast pocket of his tunic, and he could feel it crackling there.

Senor Irun came up and said, "Here, what's this, Howard? You are looking serious? This is not the time for serious! Gay-gay-gay! Always gay! You have make me the best party. Come, we weel have a drink and then you will laugh again."

BUT now that memory had returned Cranch was not to be put off. He said, "No, no, old boy, it isn't that easy. We've got a problem on our hands. You remember that little box I brought? We've got to get Ramona into it so she won't get hurt." He produced the envelope with the powder and said, "They gave me this to quiet her down—but how the devil do we get it inside her?"

The Senor who, like Cranch, gave no outward sign of the amount of liquor he had consumed, found himself equally baffled by the problem, but knew one ready step to solution. He said, "We weel go have a drink, and perhaps these will give us idea." He put his fingers to his mouth and emitted a shrill whistle, whereupon Ramona came running and hopping from wherever she had been and leaped on to his shoulder.

They went up to the Senor's bedroom, where the case of scotch had been stashed, since it would have been fatal to have let the thirsty mob at it in one fell swoop, and they had been doling it out a bottle at a time. They poured themselves each a dollop and toasted each other.

Somehow a whiff of the spirit was wafted to Ramona, and she reached up a long, thin arm and begged for a sip. The Group-Captain and the Spaniard exchanged glances as the penny dropped simultaneously for both of them. Not a word was spoken. Cranch produced the envelope with the powder. Senor Irun filled a fifth of a tumbler with Scotch whisky, the powder dissolved without a trace, leaving the liquid clear and amber-colored. The Senor handed the potion to Ramona, who tossed it off like a debutante, sneezed, coughed, and then applauded violently, smacking her lips at the same time.

"There you are, my pretty," said the Senor, "you will sleep now. Come, you shall sleep on my bed, for it is your last night here before you journey to Gibraltar to be a bride."

He picked up the monkey and laid her on the silken coverlet of his bed, where she curled up with her hands over her face as though to shield herself from the light.

"Come," said Senor Irun, "she will be asleep in the morning when we will return and put her in the box, and you will fly away. But now there are still more hours left to be gay. When will you show us your tricks with streeng?"

As they left the room Cranch looked back over his shoulder. He had the impression that the fingers of the ape's hands had opened, and that her golden-brown eyes looking through them were watching them depart. He could not quite catch the expression in them.

There was only one incident to mar the best of all parties; someone stole a bottle of the scotch whisky, a breach of hospitality that

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Senor Irun would not have believed possible even from some of the town characters. But there was no doubt about it; when they returned to the bedroom for a fresh bottle one was missing. Someone had found their cache. On the silken counterpane, Ramona was sleeping like an angel, the potion having evidently knocked her for six in jigtime, as Captain Bailey had predicted. A search of the room yielded no clues. Senor Irun then decided to put the little unpleasantness out of his mind entirely, and to prevent a repetition of it he and Cranch gathered up the remaining bottles and took them below. The pace and tempo of the party stepped up.

Eventually came the party's end and the dawn. Unlike the song, Ramona was not "gawn," but still reposed on the silk coverlet, out like the well-known light. She was not only out; she was limp, and tight as they were themselves, the two men had no difficulty in inserting her into the intricate network of webbing that Major Bailey had devised for her security.

Senor Irun insisted upon driving the Group-Captain to the air-strip himself in his car, the back of which was first loaded with a parting gift of the last remaining bottle of scotch, a case of champagne, a case of sherry, and half a dozen bottles of brandy of a superior type which was almost drinkable, for at some time during the morning he and Cranch had sworn blood brotherhood and eternal friendship, and the promise of another party when the war was concluded.

At the air-strip the Guardia Civil formed ranks, Ramona, slumbering still peacefully in her shockproof crate, was placed next the pilot, where the whisky had been, after which the potables were stowed in a way that wouldn't interfere with the balance of the Albatross or meet the eye of casual inspection.

The Group-Captain and his host expended five minutes on embrazios, after which the flyer climbed into his seat, pushed the self-starter button, revved up his engine, and took off.

SINCE flying was a gift as well as a profession with him, he aviated quite as well with his bloodstream full of alcohol, if not better. His landing an hour later on the Gibraltar air-strip before the anxious eyes of Tim Bailey, Major McPherson, and Gunner Lovejoy was an absolute masterpiece — a fairy kiss of lightness. When he rolled to a stop the three men were at his side in a utility car. They shouted up to him: "Have you got her? Is she all right, Sir? Was there any trouble? It's O.K., isn't it?"

Cranch was at first tempted to launch into a description of how O.K. everything had been, but then something warned him that, considering the amount he had imbibed, it might be just as well not to engender jealousy in the hearts of his inferiors in rank. Looking down from the bomber, he merely said, "Tickety-boo, lads. Tickety-boo." And then, without realising it, added, "Well!"

They invaded his aircraft and tenderly lifted the crate containing Ramona and brought it to earth. Major Bailey raised the lid and peered at the ape safely suspended by his brilliant contraption. McPherson also glanced inside with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, good, Sir," Tim said to the Group-Captain, who by this time had climbed down out of the aircraft and stood leaning against it in what seemed to be a nonchalant pose but actually expressed a need for support. "Splendid! It all worked out just as I said. She's still asleep."

Into this tender scene of mission accomplished and congratulations cut the harsh voice of Gunner Lovejoy, who was feeling about the same as the Group-Captain, having had to stay up all night with the two officers waiting for the aircraft, without recourse to stout and lime juice. "Asleep! — my eye," he rasped, "she's dead. I'd say she's been dead for a couple of hours."

The cries of anguish and dismay that rose from the throats of the four men were sincere: "What? —

Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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Oh, no! — Oh, I say, not dead?"

His heart sinking and his conscience already saddened by the necessity for some thumping lies, the Group-Captain came over and looked into the box. "Why, the little rascal was alive and kicking when I put her in this morning," he said. "We had the devil's own time. Here — you can see the print of her teeth in my thumb. Oh, well — it's worn off by now." Then, and he hated to do this to a junior officer who was probably not a bad chap, he said, looking at Tim Bailey, "It's that confounded contraption of yours strangled her to death, I'll wager. She was just as gentle — I could have brought her over sitting on my shoulder. That's what did it, that blasted net of yours. Well, sorry, boys. I'm for some shut-eye." He hoisted his parachute over his shoulder and marched off, leaving young Captain Bailey staring aghast into the box at the death-trap he had set for this much-needed female.

It was to Cranch's credit that he felt a thorough rotter — but after all, what else had there been to do? If there was any comfort in the situation, the monkey was dead and couldn't talk, and nobody would ever find out about the party.

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" . . . How do you spell 'cannibalism'?"

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The liquor he had brought with him could hide in the aircraft until nightfall, when he could safely remove it.

This complacent frame of mind lasted just thirty-six hours, when he returned to his office from an observation flight to find an official envelope from the Medical Officer on his desk addressed to himself. It was a carbon copy of an autopsy report on the body of the ape Ramona, conducted by Major Llewellyn Jones, R.A.M.C., and read in part:

"As a result of an autopsy conducted by me upon the body of a female of the species of African macaque, or Barbary ape, delivered to me at 0900 hours on the 5th November by Major McPherson, Major Bailey, O.I.C. Apes, and Gunner Lovejoy, it is my conclusion that this specimen died of acute alcoholic poisoning.

"An analysis of the blood showed the presence of 13 per cent. of alcohol in the brain and circulatory system, of which 6 per cent. may be considered a fatal dose.

"Analysis of some of the contents of the stomach indicated that this alcohol was scotch-type whisky.

"On the findings, I would deduce unofficially that this ape had consumed from three-fourths to four-fifths of a bottle of scotch whisky before being embarked.

"All other indications of death negative."

(Signed) Llewellyn Jones, M.D., R.A.M.C., etc.

The Group-Captain knew now what had become of the missing bottle of scotch.

THE final disaster took place a month after the return of Group-Captain Cranch to the Rock with the remains of the female macaque and sent the Majors Bailey, McPherson, and Clyde and Gunner Lovejoy into an anxious and worried huddle in McPherson's office, which Clyde was using as a base.

Towards the end of August there had been another violent thunderstorm of shattering intensity, accompanied by torrential rain, high winds, and destructive lightning which had worked considerable damage to installations on the Rock. On its heels instead of a warm, dry period, had followed a Levanter, the first and fatal harbinger of summer's end, a cold damp cloud that clamped itself upon the upjutting Rock and had maintained its grip for seventy-two hours, at the end of which time half of the inhabitants of the Rock were down with influenza, colds, bronchitis, or Gibraltar fever, and most of the ape pack were dead. It was all the more tragic because construction of the shelters had begun. If they had been ready for use practically all of the beasts would have survived.

"All right, Lovejoy," Clyde said, "let's have it."

"There ain't too much to 'ave," Lovejoy replied. "It's like Major Bailey said, there's old Scruffy and four hapelets. Three of them sick. We might pull one through —"

"So to all intents and purposes," suggested Major Clyde.

"There's only old Scruff," concluded the Gunner, "and if he wasn't so tough we'd be at rock bottom and on the way to being cleaned out."

"If we can keep the Germans from finding out—"

"We can keep them from knowing," Major Clyde said, "but not from guessing."

"I suppose we ought to keep Scruffy under lock and key. But how can we when we haven't even—"

"That's just what we don't do," Clyde contradicted. "We are going to have to rely on Scruffy to show the flag for us — or rather show the monkey."

It was Lovejoy who twigged first. "Spread him around town, eh, Sir?" he said.

"That's it. We will have to take a chance. He's tough and that's a fact. The more places he's seen—"

"He can do enough mischief hisself for a whole pack of monkeys," the Gunner observed.

"That's the purpose of the exercise. We need a breather, Tim. What have you got to report?"

Tim produced a folder of correspondence. His expression was glum.

"I've cabled some and written others," he said. "We've drawn nothing but blanks. Some moved away, some have no apes, several no reply at all, but most of them had apes but sold recently. It's almost like a pattern developing."

Major Clyde had his lank form wrapped around an office chair, and was regarding Tim quizzically. "Well, what did you expect? They've been buying them up. We have had chaps out. They've been scouring North Africa. The Germans are always ahead of us. We've got lines out to trap some wild ones, but so far no go. They may even have some men up in the hills scaring them off. And, anyway, they wouldn't do us much good for rebuilding the pack. You've said they want to be at least half domesticated before they'll breed."

"Particularly with old Scruff," Tim said. "He'd be apt to kill a wild one."

"In that case," Major Clyde said, "I think I had better be off to London." They all looked at him. Clyde said, "Whatever in the world anyone might want, the chances are that at least one of it can be found in London."

Tim shook his head. "I doubt if you will turn one up in the Zoo. Not according to our records. We haven't sent a female to England since 1924. Look here, Bill, maybe if I went to Africa——"

Major Clyde shook his head. "Nothing doing. The place for an O.I.C. Apes is with his apes, whether he's got any or not. Look here, lads. Here's the plot." Major Clyde unwound himself from his chair and reached for a pencil and pad on which to doodle while he talked. "We're in a damn bad spot and there's no use our not admitting it. The Germans know we've lost the bulk of our apes and that it's the kind of thing likely to put the wind up, but fortunately they don't know how near the bottom of the barrel we are. And it's up to us to keep them from finding out. That's where you and Lovejoy come in, Tim. Everything normal on the Rock, food supplies go out to Prince Ferdinand's Battery as usual, even if we have to eat it ourselves. Apes seen around town. Scruffy tears up the Chaplain's garden. If the Jerries put a real hot spy in here, a chap who knows his onions as well as his apes, Mac will turn him up and land him in the cooler, so they'll have to rely upon information which will be both inexpert and inaccurate. In the meantime, I'll beetle off to London——"

"You would," commented McPherson.

"We have the organisation there," Clyde said. "If there's a lady Barbarian in the British Isles we'll turn her up. We'll fly her over here. She and old Scruff get matey. Apelet is born on the Rock. An heir to the throne! All hail the crown prince! The line of succession is preserved."

"The P.M. said twenty-four—" Tim said.

McPherson said, "I don't get the point, Bill."

"The point, my dear fellow, is that if we can produce an ape on the Rock and the chaps in Berlin get the idea that their bloke in Algeciras has been feeding them a lot of duff gen they're quite likely to drop it, call off their ape buyers, and forget the whole business."

"And if it doesn't work?" Tim asked. "If we don't get the crown prince?"

Major Clyde stopped his doodling and looked up at them, and they saw that he had gone quite serious, the usual light-hearted gaiety missing from his expression. "Why we just must, mates," he replied. "You handle this end, Tim. When I've found a prospective bride I'll let you know."

. . . . . .

"Lovejoy," Timothy said, "you're to go to London."

"Yes, Sir," the Gunner replied automatically and then did what his opposite number in the American Army would have described as a triple take plus one. He stared at Tim simply pop-eyed. His mouth flew wide open. He shut it, and opened it again quickly and came close to losing his balance. "What? What did you say, Sir?"

"I said you were to go to London," Timothy repeated. "Special orders. You're to be flown out tomorrow morning at six, they've even detached a Wellington for you. Simmonds is writing your orders now."

Gunner Lovejoy was breathless with delight and could only try to stiffen his spine and murmured as he did so, "Oh, I say, Sir." At the moment far-off London seemed like the Persian poet's dream of paradise.

For he was remembering, of course, the London of his youth, left behind some twenty-five years ago: Wanstead with its rows of old, ugly, comfortable houses one exactly like the other, its corner pubs fragrant with spilled bitters and the reek of pipe and cigarettes, and the delectable girls who dressed themselves up and went out a-walking on Saturday nights.

Poor Lovejoy! Had he only known it the London to which he was bound was only a delusion of his own fantasy. The city was under siege, the lights were out, the beer diluted, food, what there was of it, practically inedible, and all the pretty Saturday-night girls hustled away into the land army or women's auxiliaries, factories, or monopolised by open-handed American sailors with large pay packets and no inhibitions.

Still the name London rang in the Gunner's ears like a trumpet call. He asked, "What's the gen, Sir?"

Tim said, "Major Clyde has come across an ape, a female. You are to fly back there, collect it, and bring it here. I won't even impress upon you the importance of the mission or what it means if it fails."

For the first time the Gunner, with his marvellous instinct for trouble a-cooking somewhere, felt some of the shine rubbed off from his beautiful fantasy. "But why me, Sir?" he asked. "Why not you? After all, the responsibility —"

Tim sailed the half-sheet of the message which Felicity herself had decoded less than an hour ago across his desk to the Gunner saying, "You see what it says across the top."

Lovejoy did indeed, for it was stamped "Top Secret" and read:

"Suitable female ape six years old virgin guaranteed Macaque Sylvanus Africanus in private hands pet owners proving troublesome expert ape handler of charm and persuasiveness wanted cannot spare you from Rock suggest send Lovejoy but clean bill up stop also photographs wanted remember Anne of Cleves if no local Holbein available suggest good retouching job or better still substitute picture of more amiable specimen everything depends on making good impression P.M.'s private Wellington on air-strip 6 a.m. tomorrow."

Lovejoy read it through twice, pushing back his cap and scratching his head. Alarm bells were going off again. He didn't like obscurantism, obfuscation, mystery, or hanky-panky, he liked everything straightforward. Who was this owner who was proving difficult, and why? What was the meaning of the nasty crack in the signal about cleaning him up?

"I don't like it, Sir," he said.

"Don't like what?"

"About cleaning me up, Sir. What —"

"Oh," said Tim. "That's just Major Clyde's way of putting the situation without using a lot of words. You know we're pretty relaxed here on the Rock in the matter of dress. Probably a lot of spit and polish around H.Q. in London. Get your hair cut and I've arranged to have a new uniform issued to you which I'll thank you to keep buttoned."

"And what's all that about charm and persuasiveness, Sir —?"

UNDOUBTEDLY, Tim thought, Major Clyde had his reasons for being mysterious, but he wished he had been a little more explicit if he expected him to cope. He said, "I shouldn't let that worry you, Lovejoy. I've known you to charm a whole pack of apes down from the trees, and as for powers of persuasion if there is a better man on the Rock for talking a supply man out of Government property —"

But the Gunner was still regarding the dispatch with an unresolved frown. "I don't quite get the picture, Sir."

"Oh, come on, man," Tim said, tapping the signal, "it's not all that difficult. Major Clyde has located an ape but the owner is proving sticky. You go back there and win the confidence of the beast, which you will be able to do at the drop of a hat, the owner withdraws objections and Bob's your uncle. And besides, it's a trip back home to London, isn't it?"

The Gunner brightened again. "That's right, Sir," he said, "I'll do me best."

Major ("Slinker") Clyde didn't exactly cause the welkin to resound with whoops of joy when Gunner John Lovejoy was ushered into his presence in the cubby-hole that served him as his office in the M.I.5 section near Whitehall.

"Oh, it's you," he said, looking at the Gunner with a most misanthropic expression. "Is that the best those middens back there could do with you?"

Gunner Lovejoy felt deeply hurt. "What's the matter with me, Sir?" he asked, and in an attempt to improve whatever it was that appeared to have found disfavor with the Major, stiffened still more into military rigidity.

"Everything," Major Clyde announced flatly. "Relax, man, relax. For heaven's sake, sit down."

Insulted beyond words, the Gunner, having taken a chair by the edge of the Major's desk as commanded, reached into his tunic and produced a large envelope containing photographs and a letter which read as follows:

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from page 61

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week Starting August 1

ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, orange. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ The week begins with muddle, misjudgment, and setback. Romance is not favored. If a parent, keep a watchful eye on the children. But Sunday and Monday very propitious.

TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ Home interests, marriage, partnership are subject to delaying, frustrating, insidious influences until Saturday. Then things dramatically alter for the better. Test your lottery luck Monday.

GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, orange. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ That mercurial nervous system will have to be carefully watched until Sunday. You may feel depressed. But from Sunday on is very propitious. You could get a rise.

CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ Exercise caution until Sunday. Keep pursestrings tight, lock up. This trying, muddling period is followed by a most favorable one. Romance blossoms Sunday, Monday. Try the lottery Monday.

LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ You will need all your courage and optimism to face a critical, hindering period until Sunday. Then things improve — romance and marriage are favored; you could benefit from friends.

VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, tan, red. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Great, far-reaching changes are approaching, but until Sunday is a testing period. Beware of hidden enemies and don't overwork yourself as you're inclined to. Romance on Sunday.

LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
★ You could be a victim of a muddling friend at the start of this week and lose money. Speculation and investment definitely not favored until Sunday. Monday, Tuesday good for finance.

SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, orange. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Not a time to invest in land or to deal with elderly people. A setback to professional status is indicated. However, from Sunday on is ideal for speculation, for the pleasure side of life.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ The impulsive Sagittarian will be sorely taxed until Sunday. Don't jeopardise yourself by obscure thinking or taking needless risks. From Sunday on home, love, marriage are favored.

CAPRICORN DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, grn. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ Financial setback is shown early in the week. Don't trust in the well-meaning promises of friends. Keep to yourself — he travels farthest who travels alone. From Sunday on is excellent.

AQUARIUS JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ The week begins unfavorably, but ends very favorably. Until Sunday tread warily in all matters of the heart. Sunday on favors luck, finance, career, love, marriage. Try lottery on Monday.

PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Sun., Monday.
★ The deeply emotional children of Pisces are warned to watch their health. Postpone long journeys, and don't get involved in muddle. But Sunday to Wednesday is a very fortunate period.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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"Dear Slinker,

Don't know what you're up to, but herewith the new Lovejoy. There wasn't time for plastic surgery, but we have tidied him up as best we could. There is no better hand with an ape living, and I know he'll fill the job . . . Furthermore, as you know, he has the reputation of being the foremost scrounger on the Rock, which ought to take care of the persuasiveness department. I enclose herewith several photographs purporting to be old Scruff. If these don't entice your virgin, I give up.

"Good luck.

Yours,
Tim."

The Major regarded the photographs which he extracted from the envelope and jumped as though he had sat upon a scorpion.

There was no doubt but that the photographs which had brought forth this outburst were masterpieces. By some magic of the etcher's tool he had changed the usual expression of suspicion, meanness, and general malevolence to be found in the piggy hazel eyes of the Barbary ape into one of love for, and faith in, all humanity and the wish, if possible, to redeem it.

The Major's spirits rose somewhat as he fingered these two speaking unlikenesses, one profile and one full face, and he said, "Damned good job. Full marks to Bailey," then, "Look here, Lovejoy, no offence intended. I may have been a little harsh, but then you don't know what we're up against. As Major Bailey says, you're first-class with the apes. You may be just the man for this job. I apologise for remarks conceived and spoken too hastily."

WHILE speaking, the Major had been opening the bottom drawer of his desk and produced a bottle of scotch and two tumblers. He poured a generous portion into each and pushed one over to the Gunner, whose figure relaxed and eyes sparkled as he was at once shriven of all hurt and resentment by this generous gesture.

"Yes, yes," said the Major. "Drink up and enjoy it, for it's the last drop you're going to have until this mission is completed." His countenance suddenly assumed the darkest hues of villainy. "If I hear of you so much as smelling the cork of a bottle or even walking past a pub on the same side of the street you're for the Tower. Now bring your chair around to this side of the desk and listen carefully to what I have to say."

The Gunner did as he had been bade, moved his chair around to the side of the Major's desk and waited.

Clyde arose, locked the door of his office and pulled down the window blinds. "There are spies everywhere," he said, which sounded to Lovejoy like a joke, he having tabbed the Major as one of those odd officer types inclined to exaggeration. The trouble was, there was a good deal of truth in it. He went to a wall safe, opened it, and, removing a file stamped "Top, Top Secret," returned with it to his desk. He regarded the first pages moodily for a moment, leafing through the material and then began:

"The owner of this ape is a Miss Constance Boddy, spinster, of 12 Wilton Gardens, Streatham, though at present she is residing at Cooks Hotel, Hope Cove, South Devonshire. She was born in Tilbury, where her mother kept a kind of seafarers' boarding-house. Her father was a sea captain, about whom more later, and her mother, it seems, died when Miss Boddy was very young, and hence she never knew her very well.

"Since her father, who never rose above the captaincy of small, insignificant tramp steamers, was always on voyages of long duration, she was brought up by an aunt and uncle, her father's brother, who had a greengrocer's shop in Streatham. This aunt and uncle raised their niece inculcated with all the virtues and stern morality of the British, and when Miss Boddy had

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reached the age of 25 they abruptly departed this world within a few weeks of one another.

"They left her not only the greengrocer's business, but since she was the only relation and they were childless the tidy fortune they had amassed during their lifetime, a matter of some £15,000."

Major Clyde looked up for a moment from the file which had been feeding him this information and said: "And so, you see, that made her completely independent."

Lovejoy said, "And very nice for her, too."

"The young Miss Constance Boddy," the Major went on, "was no fool with her money. She sold the greengrocer's business, thus adding to her capital, invested the money wisely, and settled down in the small house in Streatham to make a home for her father, Captain Boddy, during the periods he spent ashore, which were few and far between."

Major Clyde continued: "Although Miss Boddy was fond of her aunt and uncle, who, incidentally, were pacifists, a philosophy with which she herself is strongly imbued, it was her absent father whom she really worshipped, and as frequently happens in these intense

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"Of course it seems later than eight o'clock—I moved all the clocks back an hour last night."

My romance is as faded as an old evening dress.

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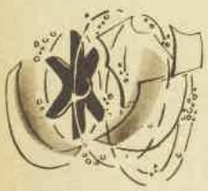

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Continuing . . . SCRUFFY

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father and daughter relationships, when she was left alone and well off, having reached maturity, she devoted her life to him and never married. There was just one weakness afflicting Captain Boddy during these periods spent ashore in the loving care of his daughter and which he was unable to conceal from her. Drink."

The Major leafed through the notes, looking for something in another section, and when he found it said, "As reported by some of the neighbors in the vicinity of 12 Wilton Gardens, the Captain would often come rolling home, roaring drunk, to be taken in and put to bed like a child by his daughter. Outwardly Constance Boddy ignored this failing as though it did not exist. Inwardly she formed an abiding hatred for intoxicating liquors and their effects upon human beings."

"Shocking, Sir, ain't they," commented Lovejoy.

MAJOR Clyde looked at him sharply for an instant, but there was only innocence on the Gunner's countenance, and the Major saw that he meant it. "Well," he said, "there you have a picture of Miss Boddy's life over a period of more than fifteen years; an active delver in the fields of temperance, peace, anti - vivisection, R.S.P.C.A., and other good works during her father's absence, and total dedication to his person and comfort when he came ashore."

The Major again leafed through another portion of the notes and then continued: "On one of his trips shortly before the Captain succumbed suddenly to a heart attack, he brought his daughter as a gift a small female macaque during a stop in Morocco."

"Most fortuitous," remarked the Gunner.

"That remains to be seen," replied the Major somewhat snappishly, as his problem settled upon his shoulders again. "The point is that a strong bond was immediately welded between the woman who had been a motherless girl and the motherless ape, who was named Amelia. This bond," continued the Major, upon whom the whisky had the effect of drastically augmenting the imagery of his speech, "was forged later into a link of unbreakable steel when the Captain regrettably passed on during a voyage through the Straits of Malacca and was buried at sea, leaving Miss Boddy alone in the world except for Amelia. Does the strength of this attachment begin to dawn upon you, Gunner?"

"Blimey, yes," replied Lovejoy, "mother and daughter bound together inseparably by the slings and arrows of adversity."

The Major again looked up at the Gunner sharply to see whether his leg was being pulled, but there was no guile in the soldier's seamed countenance and Clyde felt a momentary flash of encouragement. If there was that much poetry in the Gunner's soul his mission might stand a chance of success.

"That's it," he said. "Got it in one. Amelia was the only living reminder of the man to whom she had devoted the whole of her adult life. Do you twig some facets of the problem, Gunner?"

The odd thing was that some of it had penetrated to the Gunner, in spite of the Major's complicated rhetoric. "Narsty it could be, Sir, couldn't it?"

"Just you wait," the Major concluded, "for see here: her house is her own, her investments have prospered so that she is provided for, and very well, for the rest of her life" —the Major paused here and then, some of the waspishness returning to his voice, he said — "so there is no question of bribery. Absolutely impossible! She's a simple soul who wants nothing. She's naturally shy of men and has high moral principles."

"Blimey," said Lovejoy.

"We were hoping," the Major suggested, speaking softly now, "that through your work with the apes you might manage to make some impression on her."

"How old is she?" asked Lovejoy.

"Forty-three," replied the Major.

The Gunner looked glum.

"And teetotal," added the Major sternly. "Got it, Lovejoy? A woman addicted to good works."

"Blimey," said the Gunner again.

"Yes, I know," said the Major, "a bloodless, kill-joy spinster, you'll say, going about poking her nose into other people's business. It all adds up to a rather repulsive picture, doesn't it, but the point is, Miss Boddy isn't like that at all. Here she is." And the Major uncovered the photograph.

The Major was pleased with his effect. At forty-three Miss Constance Boddy was buxom and well-padded. She had soft hair, light in color, which she wore cut short and which curled naturally and attractively. There was nothing stern or severe about the mouth or the chin; the eyes that looked up at Gunner Lovejoy from the picture seemed to be most kind, and the whole expression of the face was one of friendliness and gentleness.

"Yes, yes," said the Major, reading the thoughts mirrored on the Gunner's open countenance, "surprising isn't it?

"But there is still another facet to the character of this rather remarkable woman which makes our problem just that much more difficult."

Here Major Clyde reached for the bottle and repeated the potion in his and the Gunner's glass. The Gunner looked at him diffidently, and forbore to reach for it, remembering the Major's threats, but the latter nodded in a friendly enough fashion and said, "It's all right, Lovejoy, go ahead. Your enforced monasticism doesn't begin officially until you leave this room." He himself quaffed deeply, and then set his glass down with a sigh.

"Every so often, Lovejoy," he began, "one encounters on this earth women possessed of a deep and abiding innocence. They can be of any age beginning with six months, or in any guise, and the thing to remember is that experience of life, buffets, difficulties, or disasters encountered have nothing whatsoever to do with it. They ride the storms; they emerge from the eye of the cyclone unhurt, the fundamental innocence with which they were born unaltered."

The Gunner was startled. "Good heavens, Sir," he said, "you don't mean that she—"

"Heavens, no," the Major exclaimed, "certainly not. I'm merely stating that she had that kind of innocence which renders her immune to men, to money, to hate, to love, wars, earthquakes, catastrophies, man-made and natural cataclysms."

"Hasn't she any weaknesses?" asked the Gunner.

"She has none, at least none that we have been able to ascertain. We were hoping that whoever approached her on the project might be able to find some, or at least one hitherto unsuspected, and work the vein."

The Gunner remained silent at this implication that obviously he wouldn't do for this job and the Major continued, "As you can well imagine, Miss Boddy is against war, cruelty, and killing and is not in sympathy with our avowed intentions of slaughtering the Germans until they cry quits. I should add here that neither is she in agreement with the German practice of dropping bombs upon the British. She believes that both sides are wrong, and for all I know she may have something there. After you have been with her for a little while you find yourself inclined to think somewhat along the lines that she does. Also you can't be angry with her, for there is a certain childlike quality to her innocence. She has almost some of that enchanting feyness I would not hesitate to describe as loony if she weren't so eminently sensible in a great many other areas."

Lovejoy asked, "Sir, have you—ah—presented the matter to the lady as yet?"

"No. I'm afraid not." The Major shook his head sadly. "I'm afraid not at all, not any of it. Not even the beginning of a suggestion that to lend us the services of Amelia might appreciatively shorten the war. She was quite horrified that we should even be thinking of such a thing. Wars were the concern of those who started them, and she certainly was not going to involve either Amelia or herself in any manner. She must be persuaded to change her mind. We need Amelia." He flipped a page in the file, picked up a photograph, and spun it across the desk to Lovejoy. "This is Amelia," he said.

LOVEJOY glanced at the photograph, then did a second take, and an expression of horror came over his open countenance. "Crikey!" he said.

He reached for the rest of his whisky and emptied the glass. Major Clyde did the same with his and then poured two more stiff ones.

"Oh, crikey," Lovejoy repeated and studied the photograph of the most misbegotten Barbary ape ever to come to his notice. To begin with she was cross-eyed. She was also deformed in some manner with one shoulder higher than the other, no doubt the result of some mishandling she had received early in her life. Her coat was in good condition, testifying the loving care lavished upon her by Miss Boddy, but for the rest she was as repulsive a monkey as one could expect to find in a month of monkeys. She caricatured not only the human race but her own species as well.

"Blimey!" The Gunner gave vent to his favorite expletive again. "Scruffy won't like 'er."

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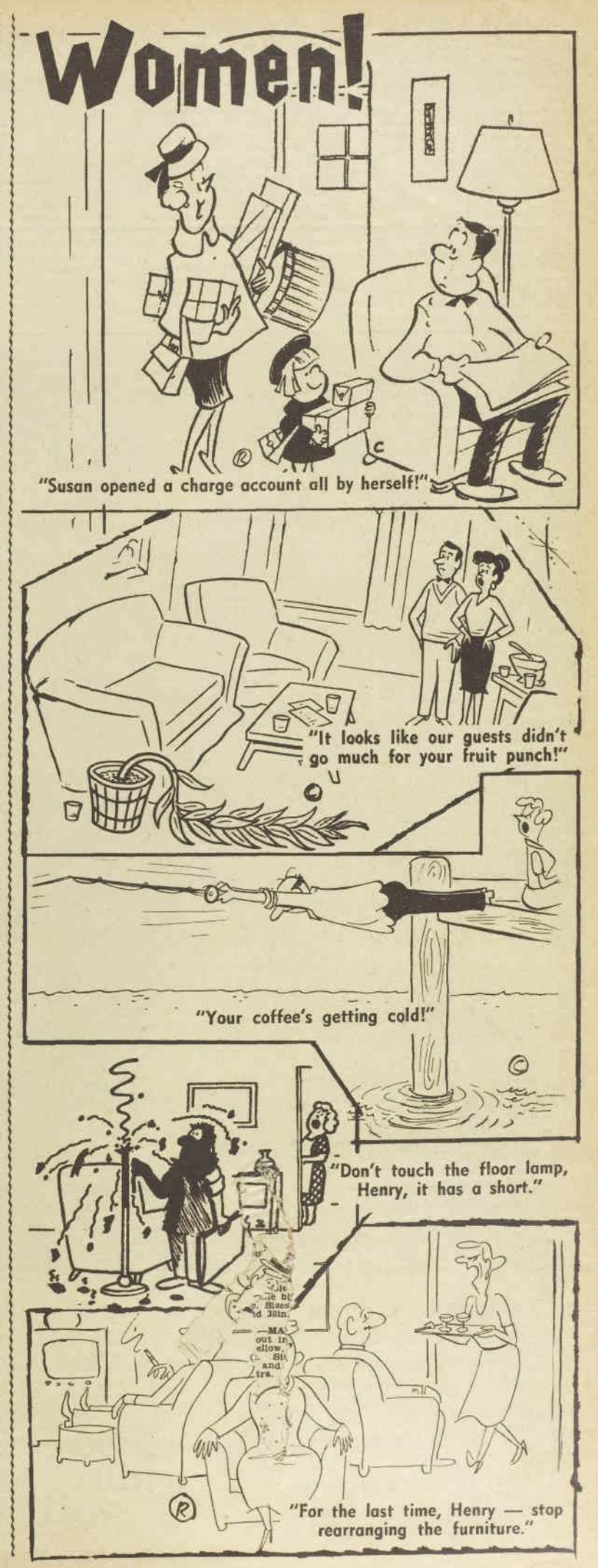
FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."***
—Matthew 14.27.

To the storm-tossed disciples, Jesus offered peace and freedom from fear.



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"He has got to like her," the Major said fiercely. "That is, provided we can ever get her. At the present moment Miss Boddy and Amelia are located in rooms comprising the entire second floor of Cooks Hotel at Hope Cove, near Kingsbridge-by-the-Sea, in South Devon. Miss Boddy retired thither last year when the bombing began, not because of any question of her own safety, since I might also add she is a person of indomitable courage as well as principle, but because Amelia could not stand the noise of the explosions.

"Hope Cove," the Major continued, "is a tiny fishing hamlet around the corner from Bolt Tail, consisting of a group of thatched cottages, Cooks Hotel, a few boarding-houses for taking summer visitors, two rowing boats, and half-a-dozen lobster pots. You will proceed thither tomorrow, leaving Paddington at 1030 hours, and will register at the hotel, where a room has been reserved for you, and —"

"I don't like it, Sir," Lovejoy interrupted suddenly with a definite shake of his head. "No, Sir, I don't like anything about it. I'm not the man for the job. Cozening innocent women, that's not John C. Lovejoy, never 'as been, Sir."

The Major didn't reply immediately to this outburst, but sat there regarding the Gunner silently, his thin dark brows drawn into a straight line. His voice was soft, caressing, and barely audible at first. "Lovejoy," he asked, "do you love your country?"

The Gunner could hardly credit his ears. That an Englishman, an officer and a gentleman, should put such a direct and wholly embarrassing question to him was quite beyond the scope of his experience.

"What — what's that, Sir?" he stammered.

"I asked," reiterated the Major, still softly but with slightly more emphasis, "whether you really loved your country — not only here," and the Major touched his skull with his forefinger, "but deep down in here," and the Major placed the same forefinger on his chest, indicating the general location of his heart.

Astonished and baffled, Lovejoy could do no more than reply, "Why, yes, Sir, I suppose so!"

"Oh, it's more than guess," said the Major.

"It's something you know, something you feel, eh, Lovejoy?" He had lifted his gaze from his glass now and turned it full upon the Gunner, his eyes full of earnestness and quite darkly moist. "They teach us to respect the flag, Lovejoy, don't they? Stand up. Salute the colors! Bare the head! Eh? It's a symbol, that's all, a symbol. What it stands for is up to you!"

"If you say so, Sir," said Lovejoy, still bewildered but beginning to feel most queer.

"I do say so," replied Major Clyde. "We all carry self-preservation around in our nut, but in here is where England lives" — the location still being just at the left of his wishbone. "The England that to me is a wooded hill in Westmorland, the small farm by a lakeside, and mountains in the twilight with the wild geese flying homewards overhead; the grinding of old cartwheels over dirt roads and old men holding the reins and looking out over the rumps of their horses with faraway eyes; children walking hand in hand to school; grey mists of rain blotting out the light like curtains closing; the distant whistle of a train and the glow of yellow light in the night from a far house on a hillside. That's my England."

The Gunner suddenly found himself strangely moved. He didn't know how drunk the Major was, but he knew how drunk he himself was on almost half a bottle of the best scotch whisky. What moved him was not the Major's England, which was as foreign to him as Timbuktu, but his own. Beer and the Saturday-night girls were back again, or rather it was the Wanstead of his youth, the crowded pavements; the people shuffling home from work at night; the glare of torchlight over the carts of the barrow boys lined up along the kerb; the smell of frying fish, cheap tobacco, and tired bodies; housewives with their sleeves rolled back gossiping on the threshold of their houses, and, rolling over all, the beautiful and interminable roar and rattle of London.

● **A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.** — *Lord Halifax*

"Bonny England," the Major repeated, "but what are we going to do about it, Lovejoy? She's under fire! Back to the wall! Things aren't going too well. Question is do we lie down and quit? Is she worth fighting for?"

"No, Sir! Yes, Sir!" It was both the alcohol and the inner person that was John C. Lovejoy which was responding to this extraordinary sentimental attack.

"That's the stuff," said the Major and looked as though Lovejoy's reaction had put new life into him, too. "England needs that blooming ape and she's going to have her and blast the filthy Hun."

"Yes, Sir," Lovejoy said again, and for the first time in his life was hearing trumpets call in his soul. "Blast the filthy Hun."

"And you're the one who can do it, Lovejoy," cried the Major, his voice no longer soft but full of steel and fire.

"You are going down to Hope Cove and persuade Miss Constance Boddy to let us have her chimpanzee—you'll take her back to Gibraltar and you'll make old Scruff court her. If it turns out a boy we'll name it John C. Lovejoy after the man who saved the whole Empire."

He was on his feet now and so was the Gunner. "Right, Gunner?"

"Right, Sir—if you say so."

"I do say so," and the Major touched his heart again. "Here where you feel it."

Overflowing with emotion, Lovejoy could only say, "Sir!" and delivered himself of a prodigious salute.

"That's all then, Gunner, carry on!" and then added the only slightly sour note to the beautiful and emotion-packed scene, "and remember, Lovejoy, if you take another drink until this job is done I'll have you flayed and your body nailed to that door."

Somehow the Gunner found himself on the street below, looking up at the Union Jack which floated over the building. The feeling in his heart still lingered, but the hour was beginning to take over somewhat. Depression began to set in.

To be continued

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"I'd like one of your ng A le pillows' young lady!"

Take sugar 'n' spice, sun drenched dried fr ae r over them in smooth cake-like biscuit.
A slow tapering bake to spicy perfection ast lil Mmm! Unmistakable! Arnott's Spicy Fruit
Rolls—the "biscuits that look like little pi ties, n jus in or ed ion er

Arnott's FAMOUS Biscuits

SPICY FRUIT ROLL

There is no Substitute for Quality

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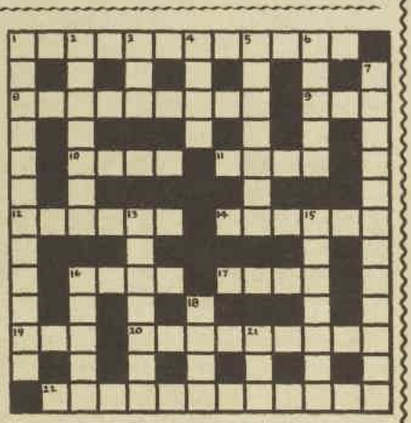
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE tries to question the weird art dealer from outer space, who says he is not allowed to answer. Suddenly he draws a gun he says can destroy everyone. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. To your good health on the boat or even on the land (4, 3, 5).
8. American palm beginning with a parrot (5-4).
9. A human being (3).
10. Pen-name of Charles Lamb (4).
11. Decay a roster (4).
12. In 1642 he discovered a part of Australia (6).
13. A triplet in music (6).
14. Intermission in storm (4).
16. Additional coming from Rome (4).
17. Forest tree produced by Pelmanism (3).
18. Untax beer (anagr., 9).
19. Issued by P.M.G.'s Department authorising the holder to receive the payment of the sums printed on them (6, 6).

tion of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Explains an evil spirit's broken treats (12).
2. We stick to small gates (7).
3. Pull along by a boat owner (3).
4. River in N.E. Spain (4).
5. This flower is just, but only just more than an omen (7).
6. Causes a short pause in reading (5).
7. Examines closely in waistcoat, and I on a broken stage (12).
13. Sickness in metal (7).
15. Burn by a mere cat (7).
16. Condition of neglect or oblivion (5).
18. A mongrel starts a ringlet (4).
21. Listener found in stearin (3).

Fashion PATTERNS

• *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F7615. — Versatile dress has yoke bodice and full skirt with front panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7599. — Maternity separates with contrast jacket trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ⅛yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F7657. — Full-skirted frock with front-buttoned bodice. Sizes [illegible] to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F7661. — Two versions of a feminine, ruffled dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. "A" requires 4⅞yds. 36in. material; "B" requires 4yds. 36in. Price 3/9.

F7640. — After-five dress has camisole top and stole. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: bodice, 1½yds. 36in. material; skirt 2⅝yds. 36in.; stole, 2yds. 36in. Price 3/9.

F7436. — Little girl's button-through dress has yoke bodice and braid trim. Sizes 1 to 3 years. Requires 1¾ to 2yds. 36in. material, 3½yds. ⅜in. braid. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

No. 683—DAY FROCK
Cut out ready to make in no-iron striped cotton in pink, turquoise, red, navy, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 684—DUCHESSE SET
Three-piece set cut out and traced ready to embroider on linen. Colors are white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, green. Price 7/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 685 —MATERNITY SKIRT
Skirt is available cut out in Sundek. Colors are pale blue, navy, pink, and bright blue. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/-; 36 and 38in. bust, 38/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 685 —MATERNITY APRON
Apron is cut out in check gingham in colors of yellow, blue, pink, red, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 14/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 16/6. Postage 2/- extra.

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Positive Relief from Coughing!

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' STOPS COUGHING THREE WAYS

When stubborn coughs and heavy chest congestion "hit" you and your family, you know you can depend on NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR to bring quick, *positive* cough relief.

NYAL 'Decongestant' so effectively breaks stubborn, deep-seated coughs because it contains ten *medically proven*, active ingredients. Night or day, whenever you want relief from coughing, you can depend on the three-way expectorant, sedative, 'decongestant' action of NYAL 'Decongestant.'

Stops Coughing. *NYAL 'Decongestant' suppresses the cough reflex, calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat.*

Loosens Phlegm. *Five gentle expectorants liquefy bronchial secretions which cause irritation . . . rapidly clear congested membranes.*

Makes Breathing Easier. *An exclusive agent—phenylephrine—relieves congestion; shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly, restores normal breathing.*

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' is available in these age-adjusted formulations:

Adult: 6 fl. oz. **6/9**, 12 fl. oz. **11/3**, 16 fl. oz. **13/9**.

Child: (For children 6 or 12 years) 6 fl. oz. **6/9**, 12 fl. oz. **11/3**.

Baby: (For kiddies 6 months to 5 years) 3 fl. oz. **5/-**, 6 fl. oz. **6/9**.

Get Positive Relief from Coughing—take . . .

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT'
COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

You'll breathe freely in just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. Squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack and a fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue . . . **6/6.**

Pain Relief Without Stomach Upset

Get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN *without* stomach upset! DOLAMIN gets to the centre of pain faster; gives long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, migraine and the feverishness of colds and 'flu. 24 tablets, **3/9**; 36 tablets, **4/9**; 100 tablets, **11/3**.

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COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion to restore normal breathing; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection and help speed recovery. 12 tablets, **4/6**; 24 tablets, **8/-**.

Build Resistance to Winter Ills

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. Just one capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals to keep you right "on top" this winter. 30 days, **22/6**; 90 days, **52/6**.

Nyal Medicines are manufactured under conditions of immaculate cleanliness. Each medicine is compounded by the most advanced methods under the supervision of qualified pharmacists.

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